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THE BEACON SONG COLLECTION

HERBERT GRIGGS

FOR SCHOOLS COLLEGES AND CHORAL SOCIETIES

NUMBER TWO

SILVER~BURDETT & COMPANY

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THE

BEACON SONG COLLECTION

NUMBER TWO

FOR USE IN HIGH SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, COLLEGES
AND CHORAL CLASSES

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

HERBERT GRIGGS

SUPERVISOR OF MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DENVER COLORADO

SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

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PREFACE

THIS book is a compilation of songs designed primarily for use in High Schools and all schools of similar grade. The first Beacon Song Collection has proved so helpful that the editor has reason to believe that this second volume will find a ready place in a large number of schools.

The music and words have been carefully selected, with a view to supplying material for every possible occasion. The chorals and devotional music have words strictly undenominational in character and of great variety. The patriotic songs, which are of especial value in a school song book, are the works of the best composers of patriotic music. All the songs in the book have been chosen because they have proved helpful and successful in school work.

HERBERT GRIGGS.

Denver, Colorado, July, 1900

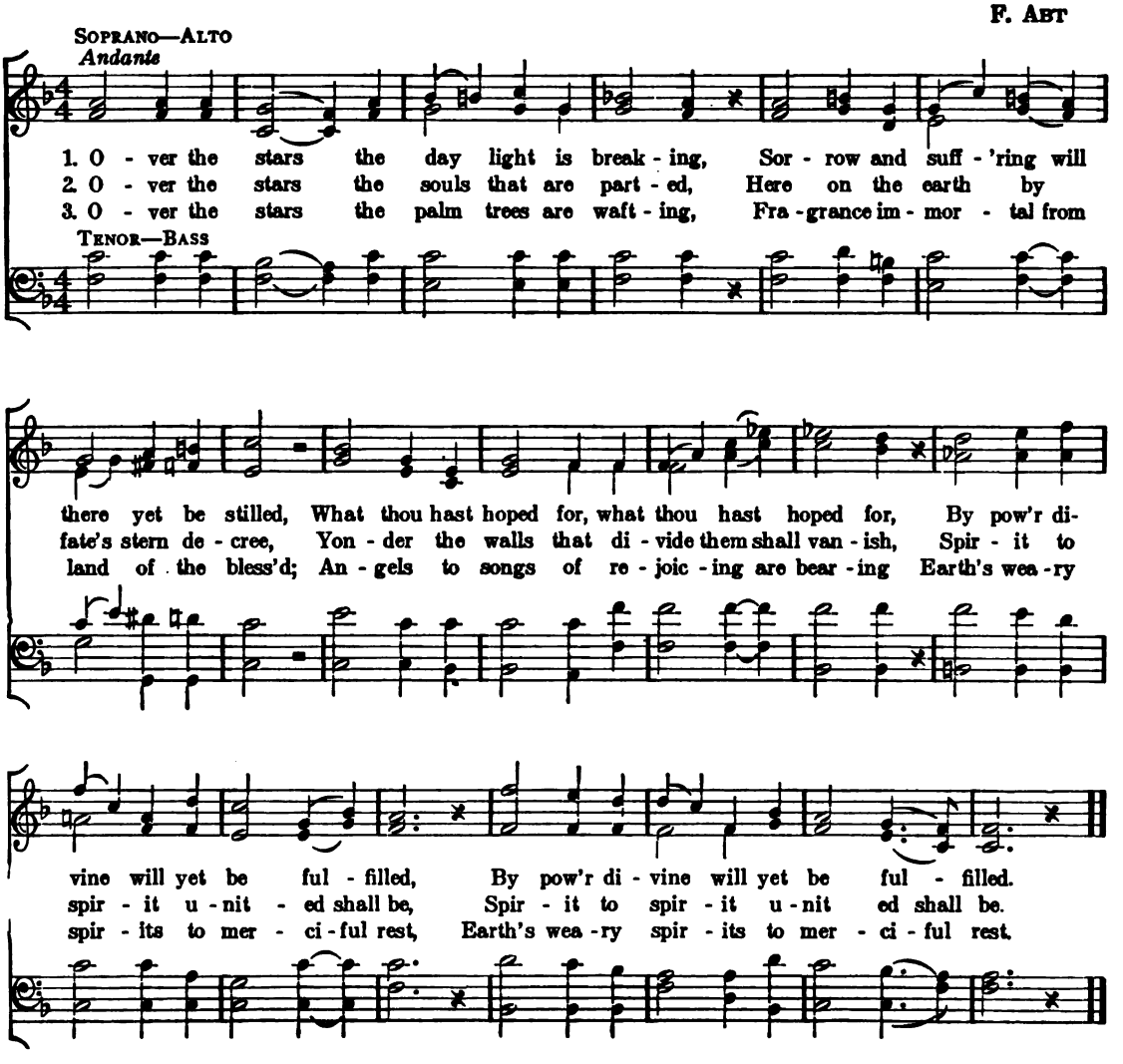
Beacon Song Collection: Number Two

PART I

PART-SONGS AND CHORUSES

Over the Stars

F. Abt



A Cold Frost Came.

MENDELSSOHN

Un poco allegro.

SOPRANO I.

p

1. A cold frost came in a dark Spring night, It nipped the blue flow - 'rets
2. A youth and maid loved each oth - er well, They fled from home where calm

SOPRANO II.

ALTO—TENOR.

1. A cold frost came in a dark Spring night, It nipped the blue flow - 'rets
2. A youth and maid loved each oth - er well, They fled from home where calm

BASS.

Cres. *f* *p*

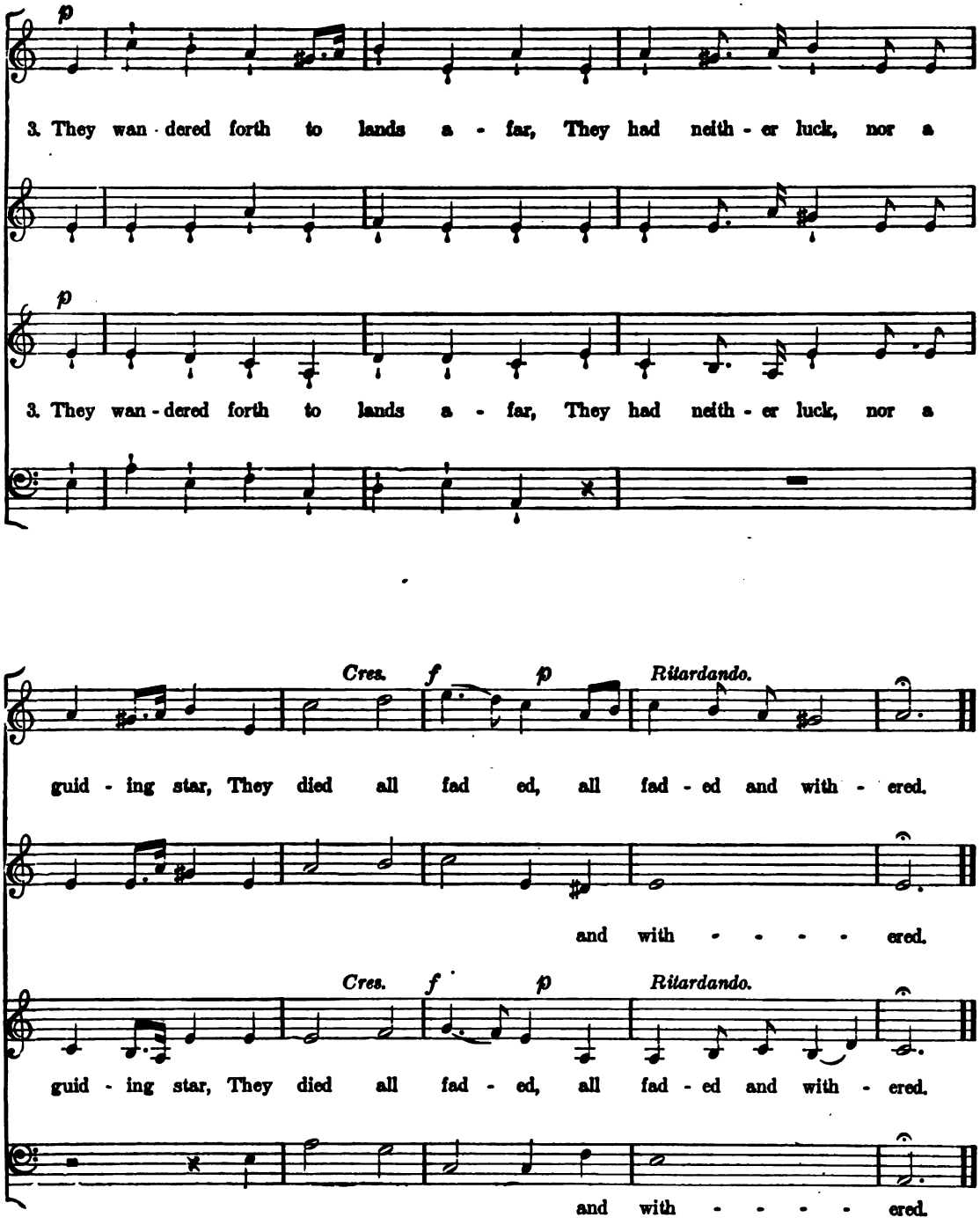
mod - est and bright, They died, all fad - ed, all fad - ed and with - ered.
peace did dwell, Un - known to both fa - ther— to both fa - ther and moth - er.

and with - - - - ered.
and moth - - - - er.

Cres. *f* *p*

mod - est and bright, They died, all fad - ed, all fad - ed and with - ered.
peace did dwell, Un - known to both fa - ther— to both fa - ther and moth - er.

and with - - - - ered.
and moth - - - - er.


p
3. They wan - dered forth to lands a - far, They had neith - er luck, nor a
p
3. They wan - dered forth to lands a - far, They had neith - er luck, nor a
Cres. f p Ritardando.
guid - ing star, They died all fad ed, all fad - ed and with - ered.
and with - - - - ered.
Cres. f p Ritardando.
guid - ing star, They died all fad - ed, all fad - ed and with - ered.
and with - - - - ered.

The Night has a Thousand Eyes

BOURDILLON

SOPRANO

The night has a thou - sand eyes, a thou - sand eyes, The day but

ALTO

The night has a thou - sand eyes, a thou - sand eyes, The day but

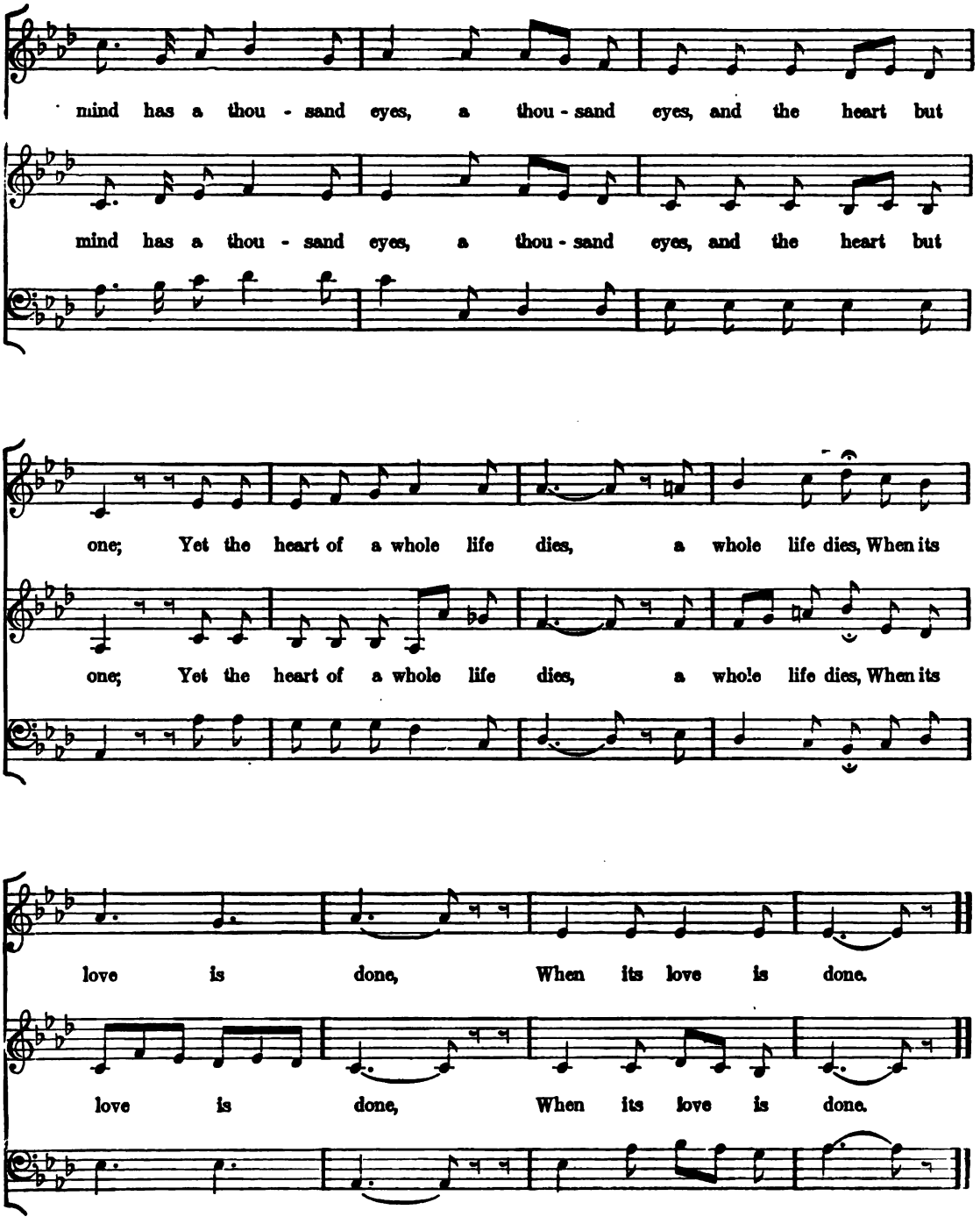
BASS

one; Yet the light of the bright world dies, . . . Yet the

one; Yet the light of the bright world dies, . . . Yet the

light of the bright world dies . . With the dy ing sun. The

light of the bright world dies . . With the dy - ing sun. The


mind has a thou - sand eyes, a thou - sand eyes, and the heart but
mind has a thou - sand eyes, a thou - sand eyes, and the heart but
one; Yet the heart of a whole life dies, a whole life dies, When its
one; Yet the heart of a whole life dies, a whole life dies, When its
love is done, When its love is done.
love is done, When its love is done.

The Blushing Maple Tree

J. P. McCaskey

Soprano—Alto

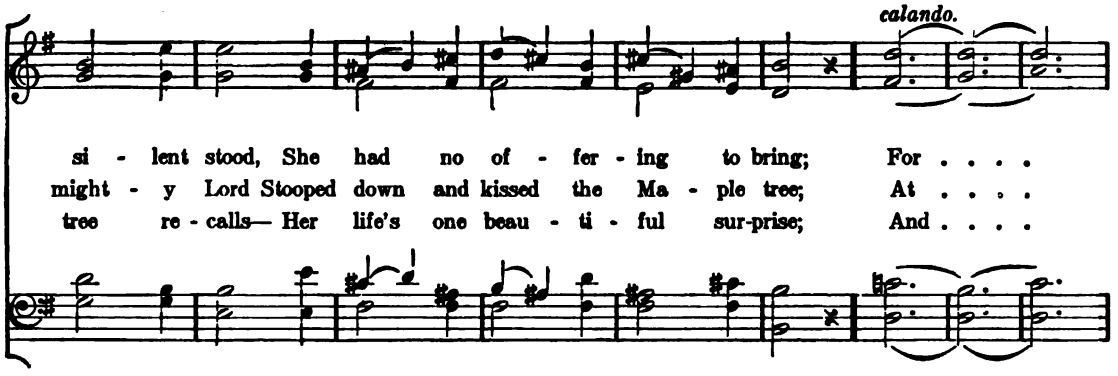
1. When on the world's first har - vest day, The for - est trees be - fore the Lord Laid
2. There ran thro' all the leaf - y wood A mur - mur and a scorn - ful smile, But
3. And there be - fore the for - est trees, Blush-ing and pale by turns she stood; In

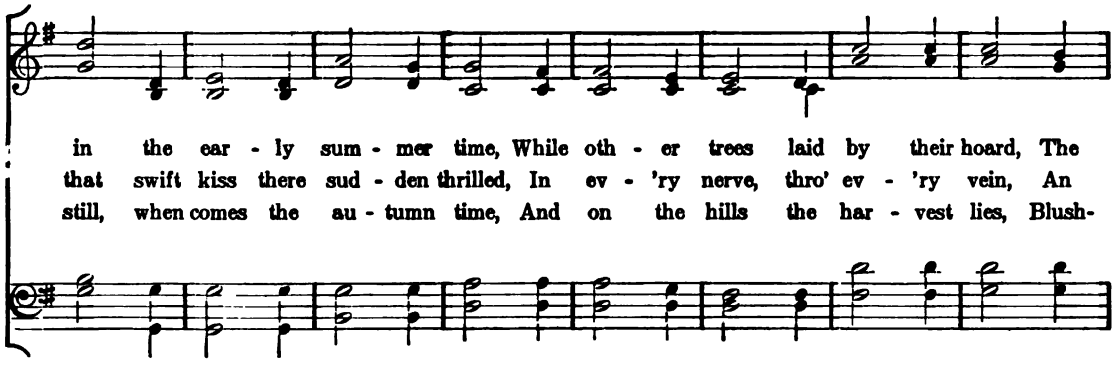
Tenor—Bass

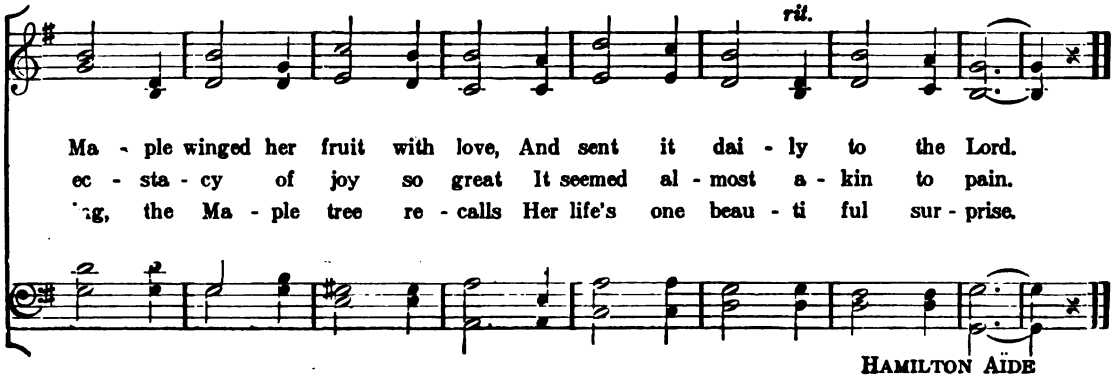
down their au - tumn of - fer - ings Of fruit in sun-shine stored, The Ma - ple
si - lent still the Ma - ple stood, And looked to God the while. And then, while
ev - 'ry leaf, now red and gold, She knew the kiss of God; And still, when

on - ly, of them all, Be - fore the world's great har - vest King, With emp - ty hands and
fell on earth a hush, So great it seemed like death to be, From His white throne the
comes the au - tumn time, And on the hills the har - vest lies, Blush-ing, the Ma - ple

By permission.







HAMILTON AÏDE

'Tis the Evening's Holy Hour

E. R. L. BEETHOVEN

TENOR *Adagio*

1. 'Tis the ho - ly hour of eve - ning, And the sun is sink - ing

SOPRANO—ALTO

2. To their fa - v'rite boughs are flit - ting Twit - t'ring birds, on noise - less

BASS

cres

low, And we can al - most hear the voic - es Of the cher - ished
And zeph-yrs breath - ing 'round us soft - ly, Sooth - ing ech - oes

And we can al - most hear the voic - es Of the cher - ished
wing; And zeph - yrs breath - ing 'round us soft - ly, Sooth - ing ech - oes

CHORUS

Long A - go! Of the cher - ished Long A - go! Ju - bi - la-

p *pp*

to us bring! Sooth - ing ech - oes to us bring! Ju - bi - la-

te, Ju - bi - la te, A - - - - men.

cres. *dim.*

te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - - - - - men.

Tell Me, Roses

BARNBY

1. Tell me, ros - es, ere ye die, While on De - lia's breast ye lay,
2. Yet a - gain, sweet ros - es, Tell, While on De - lia's breast ye lay,

Since ye were al - lowed so nigh, Pri - thee, cher - ished ros - es, say,
Since that ye did fare so well, Pri - thee, fa - vored ros - es, say,

hear a sigh that might chase my doubts a - way?
Did you hear a sin - gle sigh
hear a sigh

Tell me, ros - es, can it be,
Tell . . . . . me, That she heaved a sigh for me?
Tell . . . me, ros - es,

Sweet and Low

Larghetto

JOSEPH BARNBY

pp

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon. Rest, rest on

sf *p* *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea. O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon. Fa - ther will come to his

A. O - - ver the
Fa - - ther will

pp *f*

wa - ters go; Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow; Blow him a - gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

wa - ters go, A. B. Come from the moon and blow,
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west;

dim *rall e dim* *in - u - en - do*

p

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
moon. Sleep, my lit - tle one; sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .

ALFRED TENNYSON

Last Night, When All Was Still

HALFDAN KJERULF

p *Andante*

1. Last night the night-ing-gale woke me! Last night when all was still! It
2. I think of you in the day-time, I dream of you by night, I
3. Oh, think not I can for-get you; I could not, tho' I would; I

dolce

sang in the gold-en moon-light, From out the wood-land hill. I
wake and would you were here, love, And tears are blind-ing my sight. I
see you in all a-round me, The stream, the night, the wood, The

o-pened my win-dow so gent-ly, I looked on the dream-ing dew,
hear a low breath in the lime-tree, The wind is float-ing through;
flow-ers that slum-ber so gent-ly, The stars a-bove the blue;

p

And oh! the bird, my darl-ing, Was sing-ing, sing-ing of you, of you!
And oh! the night, my darl-ing, Is sigh-ing, sigh-ing for you, for you!
Oh! heaven it-self, my darl-ing, Is pray-ing, pray-ing for you, for you!

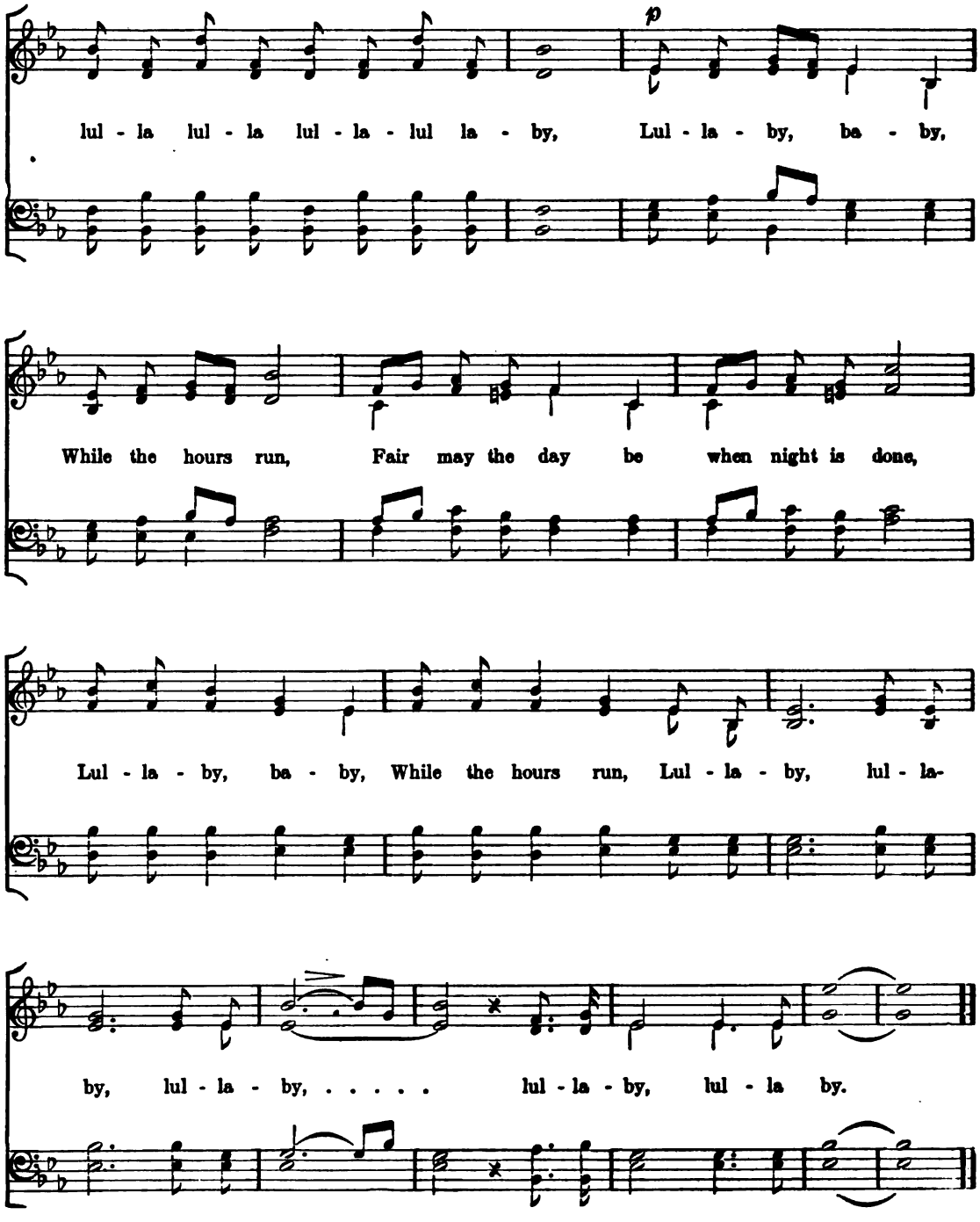
Birds in the Night

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Gently

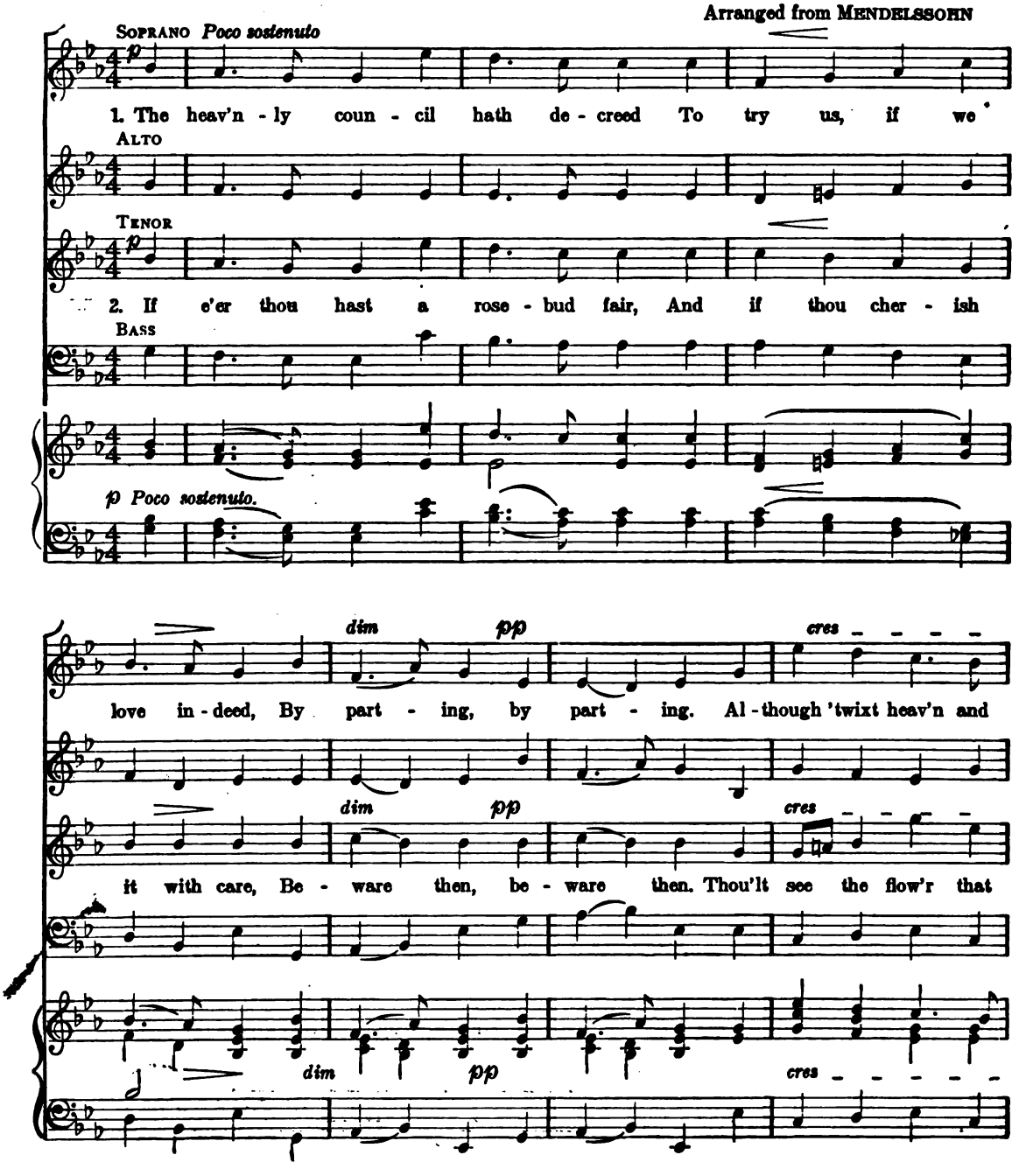
1. Birds in the night that soft - ly call, Winds in the night that strange - ly sigh, Come to me, help me, one and all, And mur mur, mur - mur, mur - mur, mur - mur ba - - by's lul - la - by, Lul - la - by,
2. Life may be sad for us that wake; Sleep, lit - tle bird, and dream not why; Soon is the sleep but God can break, When an - gels whis - per, whis - per, an - gels whis - - per Lul - la - by, Lul - la-

f *pp*


p
lul - la lul - la lul - la - lul la - by, Lul - la - by, ba - by,
While the hours run, Fair may the day be when night is done,
Lul - la - by, ba - by, While the hours run, Lul - la - by, lul - la-
by, lul - la - by, ... lul - la - by, lul - la by.

Parting and Meeting

Arranged from MENDELSSOHN



cen - - - - - - - do f

earth there's naught, So bit - ter - ly with sor - row fraught As

cen - - - - - - - do f

bloomed at dawn, Ere night is clos - ing, dead and gone, Pre-

cen - - - - - - - do

p pp morendo ppp

part - - ing, as part - - ing, yes, part - - - - - - - - - - ing!

p pp morendo ppp

pare . . . then, pre - pare then, pre - pare . . . . . then!

p pp morendo ppp

Translated from the German by NATALIA MACFARREN

The Sea-King's Bride

Allegretto HENRY LESLIE

SOPRANO *mf*

1. From your cor - al cham - bers speed ye, Gold-haired daughters of the sea;

ALTO *mf*

2. From the lakes and leaf - y cov - erts, Where ye nymphs and dry - ads dwell,

TENOR

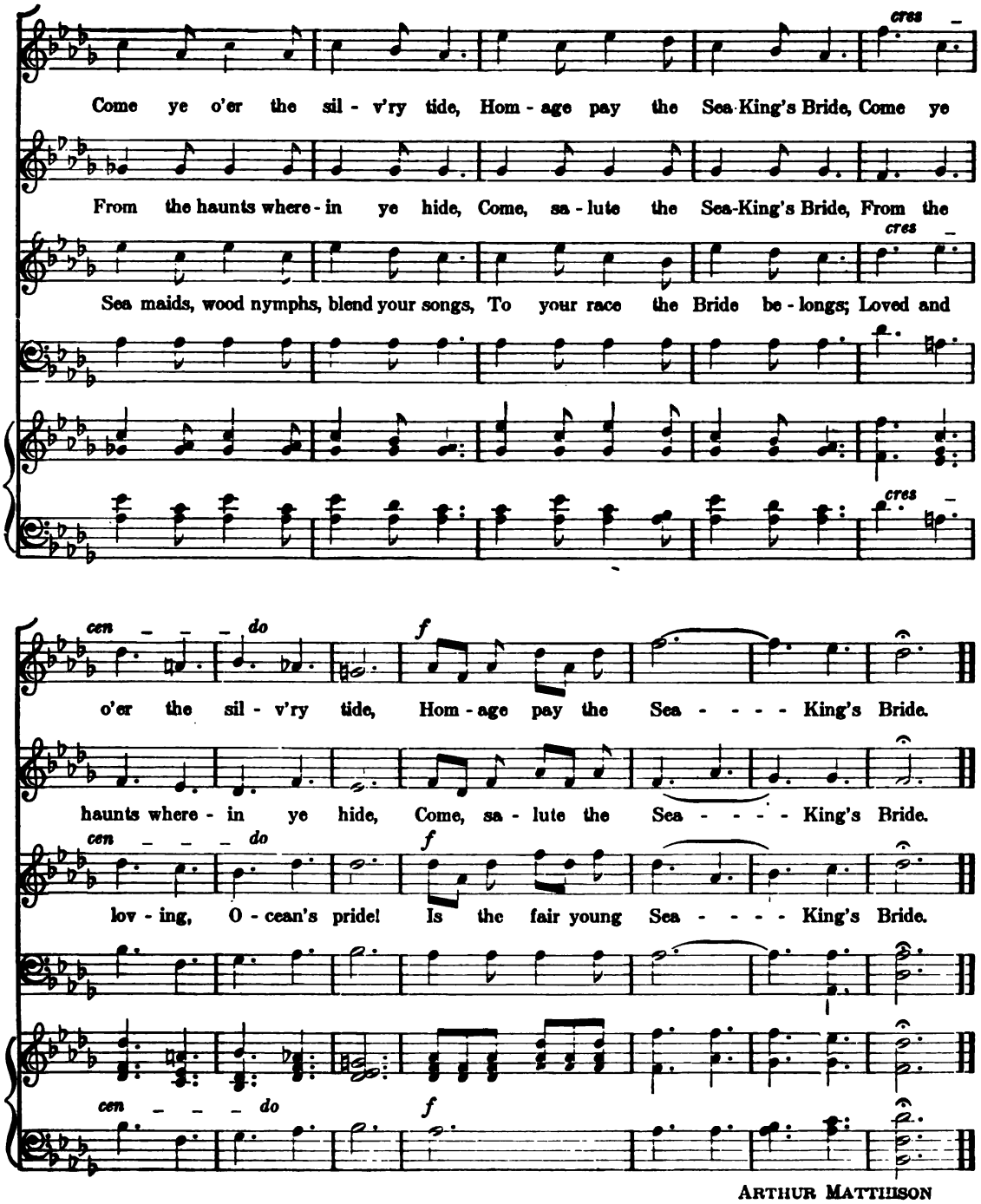
3. Lo! she comes, the beau - teous maid - en, Bright-ly beam her a - zure eyes;

BASS *mf*

Bear your wealth of pearl and am - ber, Bring the gift and bend the knee!

Cull the fresh wild flow'rs of Na - ture, Leaf and bud from dale and dell;

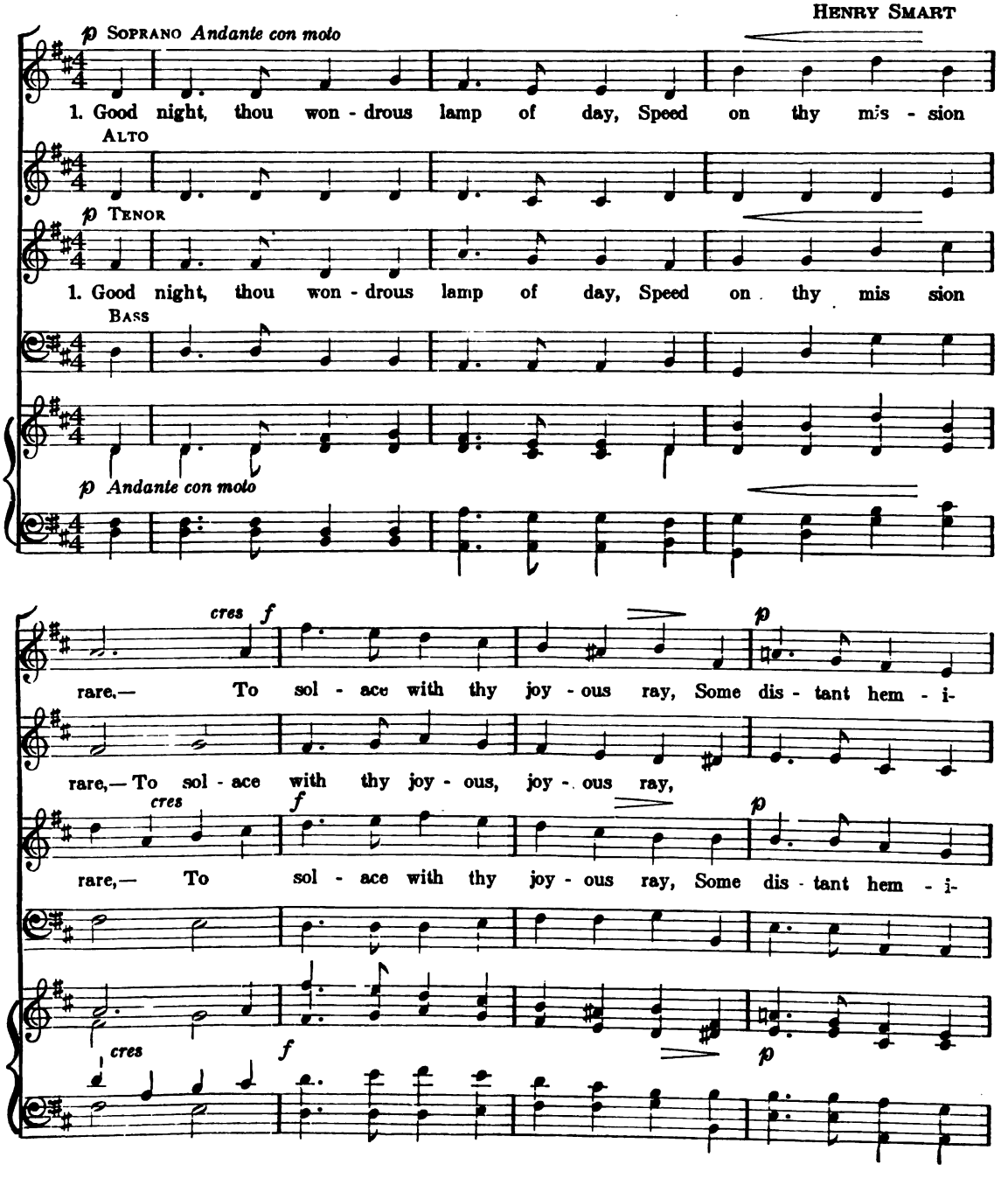
Gleams like gold her soft hair flow - ing, Love's sweet blush her young cheek dyes.

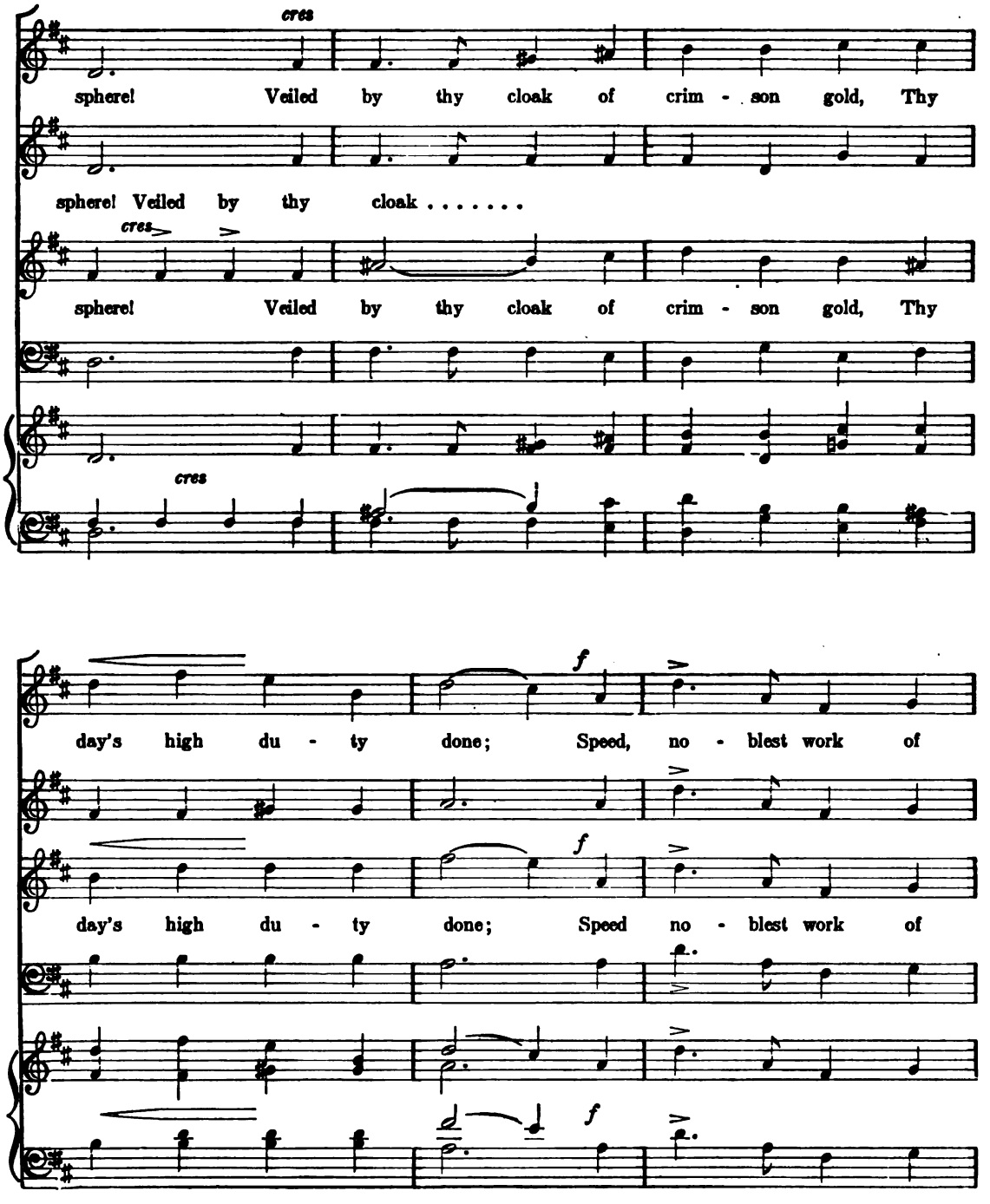


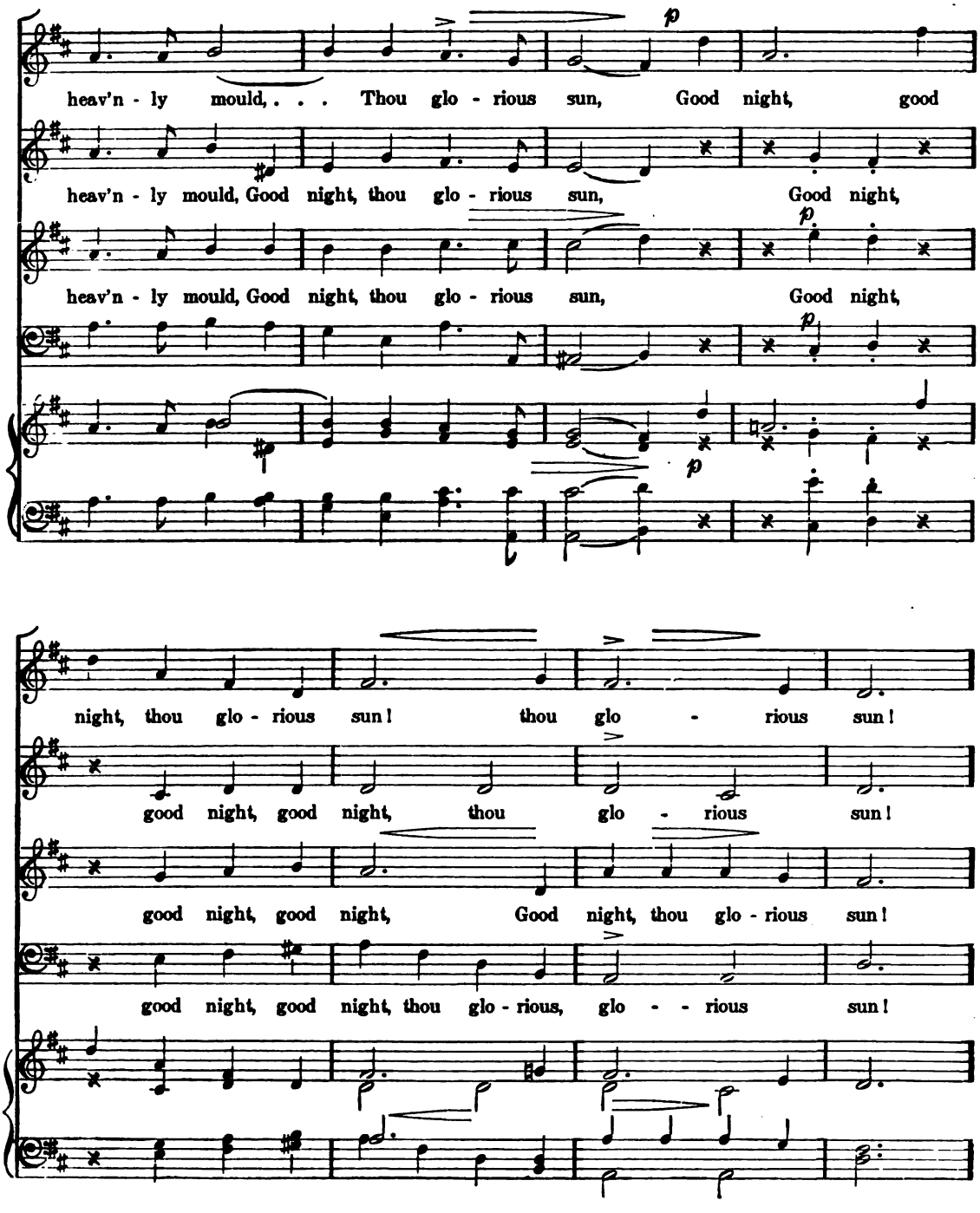
ARTHUR MATTHISON

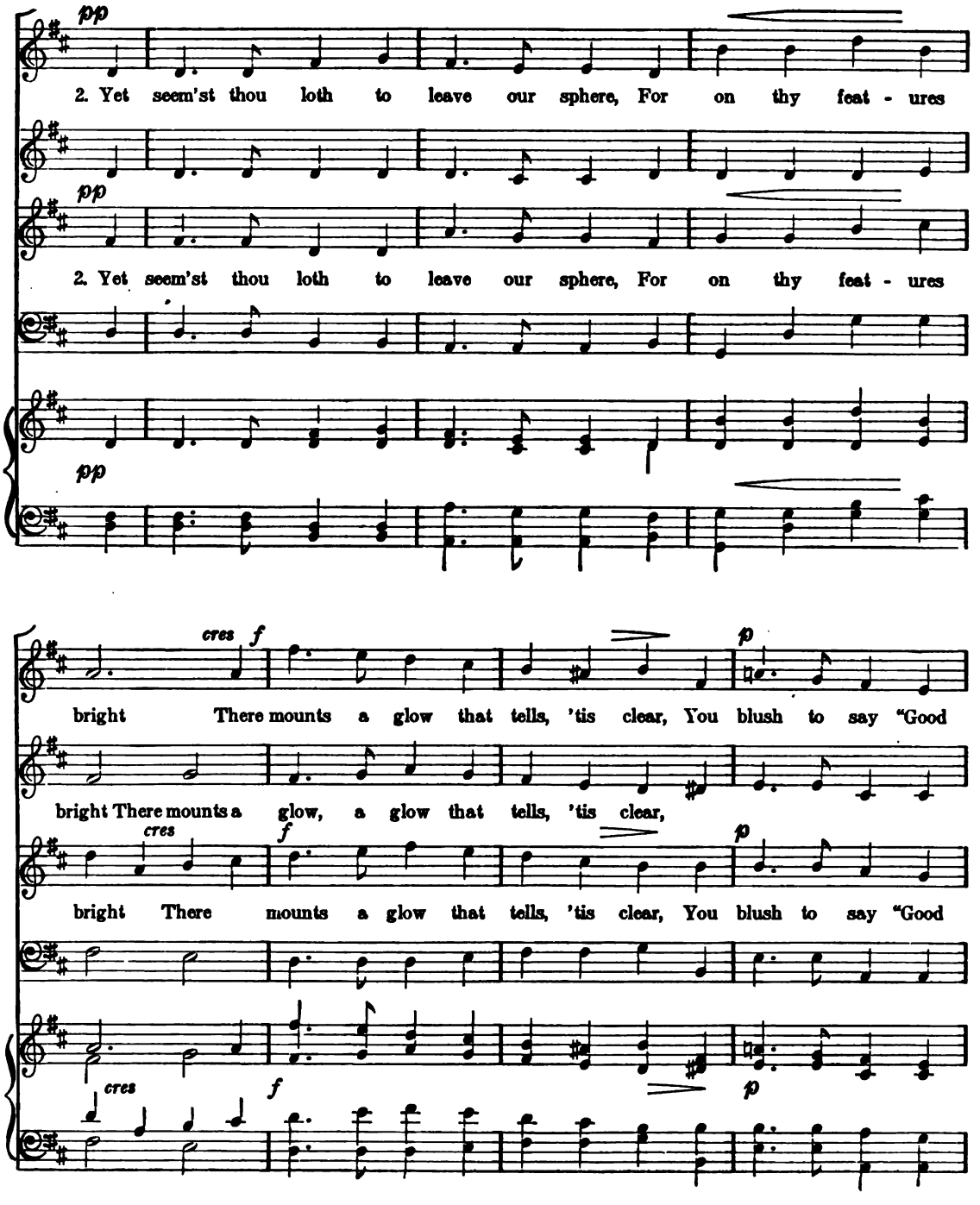
Good Night, Thou Glorious Sun

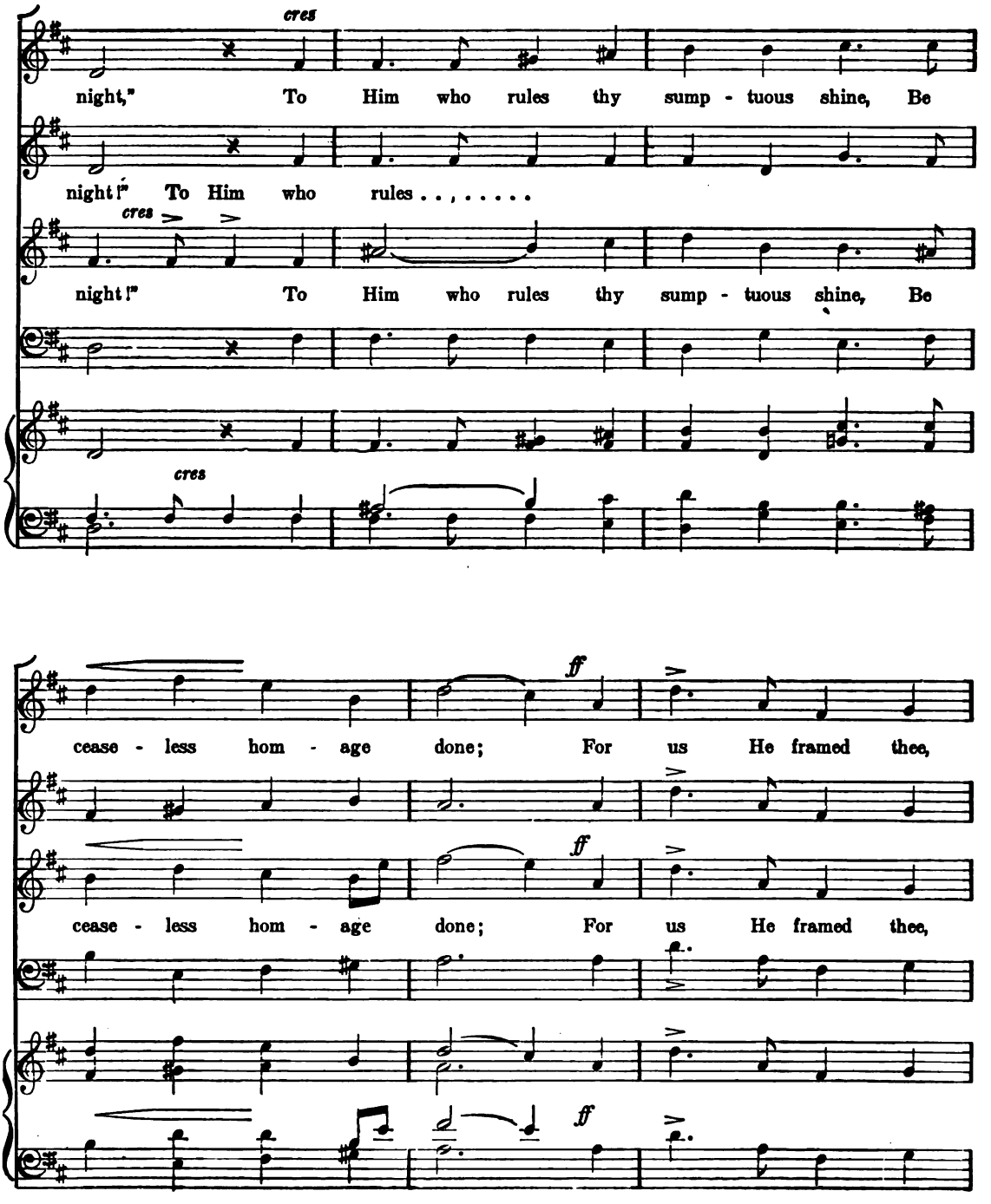
HENRY SMART




cres
sphere! Veiled by thy cloak of crim - son gold, Thy
sphere! Veiled by thy cloak . . . . . .
cres
sphere! Veiled by thy cloak of crim - son gold, Thy
cres
f
day's high du - ty done; Speed, no - blest work of
f
day's high du - ty done; Speed no - blest work of
f


heav'n - ly mould, . . . Thou glo - rious sun, Good night, good
heav'n - ly mould, Good night, thou glo - rious sun, Good night,
heav'n - ly mould, Good night, thou glo - rious sun, Good night,
night, thou glo - rious sun! thou glo - rious sun!
good night, good night, thou glo - rious sun!
good night, good night, Good night, thou glo - rious sun!
good night, good night, thou glo - rious, glo - - rious sun!


pp
2. Yet seem'st thou loth to leave our sphere, For on thy feat - ures
pp
2. Yet seem'st thou loth to leave our sphere, For on thy feat - ures
pp
cres f p
bright There mounts a glow that tells, 'tis clear, You blush to say "Good
bright There mounts a glow, a glow that tells, 'tis clear,
cres f p
bright There mounts a glow that tells, 'tis clear, You blush to say "Good
cres f p


cres
night," To Him who rules thy sump - tuous shine, Be
night!" To Him who rules . . . . . .
cres
night!" To Him who rules thy sump - tuous shine, Be
cres
ff
cease - less hom - age done; For us He framed thee,
ff
cease - less hom - age done; For us He framed thee,
ff

lamp di - vine, . . . thou glo - rious sun! Good night, good

lamp di - vine,—Good night, thou glo - rious sun! Good night,

lamp di - vine,—Good night, thou glo - rious sun, Good night,

night, thou glo - rious sun, Good night, thou glo - - rious, glo - - rious sun!

good night, thou glo - - - rious sun, thou glo - rious sun!

good night, thou glo - rious sun, Good night, (good night,) thou glo - rious sun!

good night, thou glo - rious sun, Good night, ... thou glo-rious sun!

W. S. PASSMORE

The Red Sun is Sinking

A LULLABY

HENRY LESLIE

Andantino Legato

SOPRANO *p*

1. The red sun is sink - ing, And fa - ther at sea Is
2. While fa - ther is keep - ing His watch in the storm, And

ALTO

TENOR *p*

1. The red sun is sink - ing, And fa - ther at sea Is
2. While fa - ther is keep - ing His watch in the storm, And

BASS

Andantino ♩ = 76

p Legato

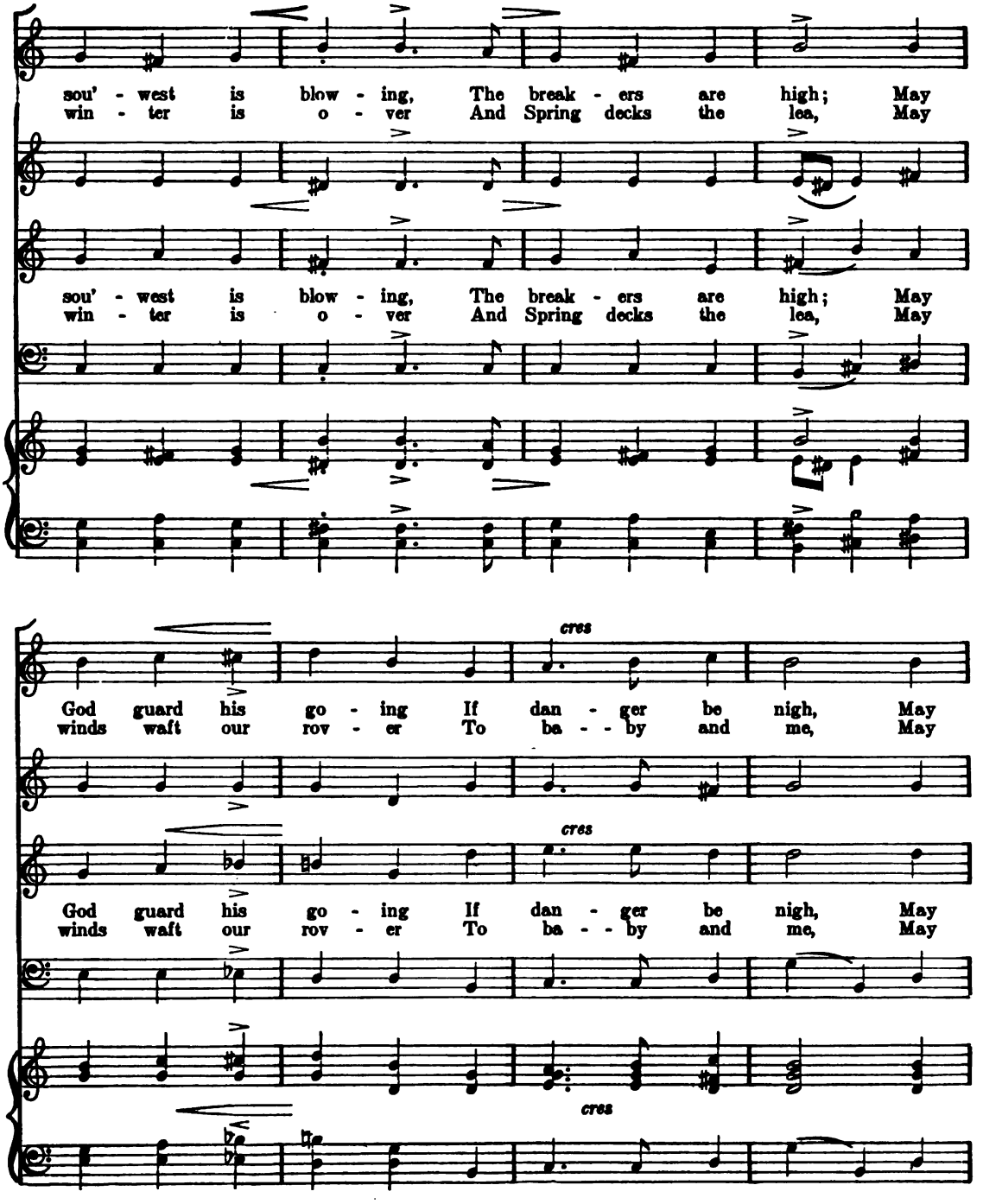
p esp

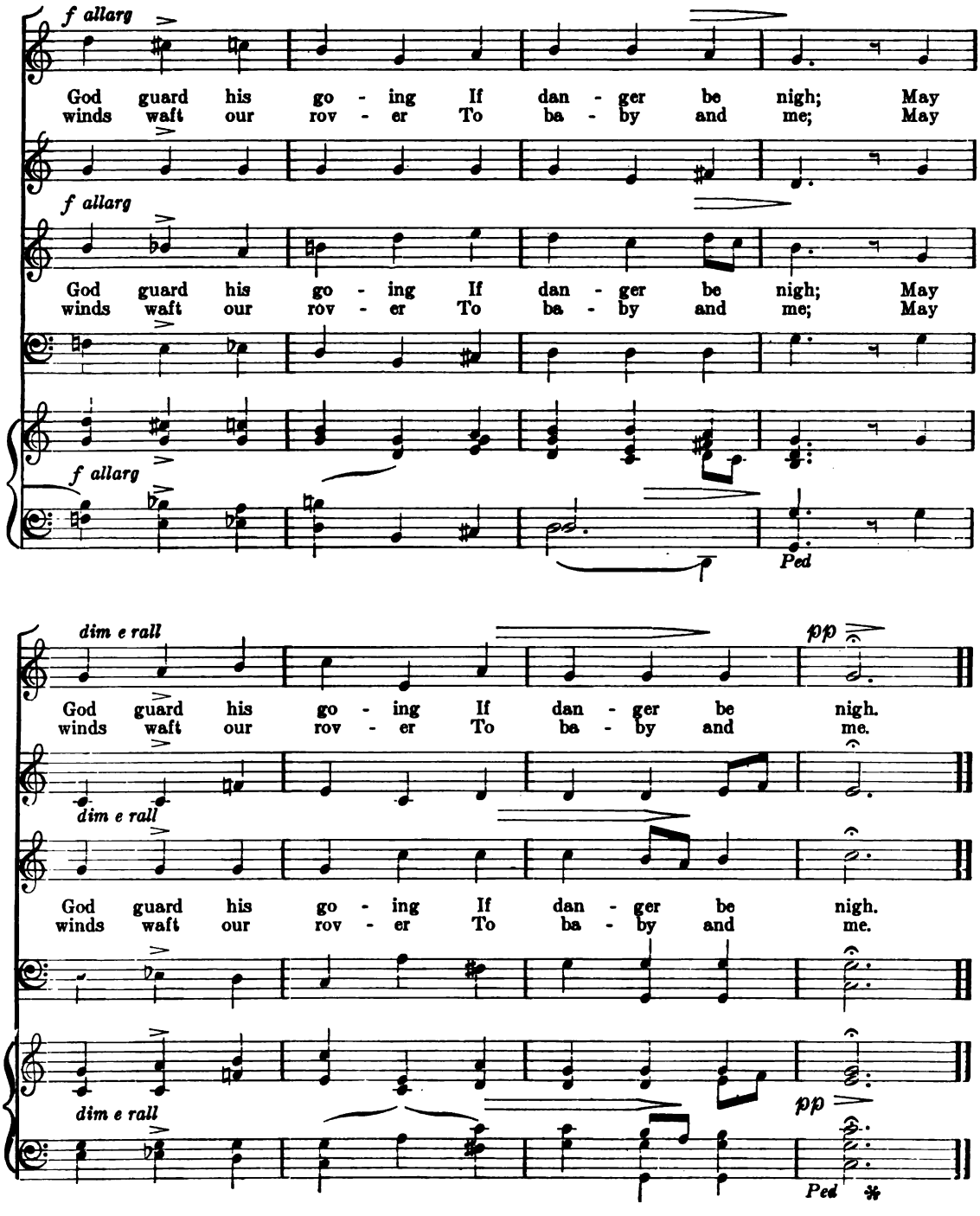
sure to be think - ing of ba - by and me. The
moth - - er is weep - ing, our ba - by keeps warm; When

p esp

sure to be think - ing of ba - by and me. . . . The
moth - er is weep - ing, our ba - by keeps warm; When

p esp


sou' - west is blow - ing, The break - ers are high; May
win - ter is o - ver And Spring decks the lea, May
sou' - west is blow - ing, The break - ers are high; May
win - ter is o - ver And Spring decks the lea, May
cres
God guard his go - ing If dan - ger be nigh, May
winds waft our rov - er To ba - - by and me, May
cres
God guard his go - ing If dan - ger be nigh, May
winds waft our rov - er To ba - - by and me, May
cres


f allarg
God guard his go - ing If dan - ger be nigh; May
winds waft our rov - er To ba - by and me; May
f allarg
God guard his go - ing If dan - ger be nigh; May
winds waft our rov - er To ba - by and me; May
f allarg
Ped
dim e rall
pp
God guard his go - ing If dan - ger be nigh.
winds waft our rov - er To ba - by and me.
dim e rall
God guard his go - ing If dan - ger be nigh.
winds waft our rov - er To ba - by and me.
dim e rall
pp
Ped

'Twas a Trumpet's Pealing Sound

R. L. de PEARSALL

Marziale

f SOPRANO *marcato* *mf*

'Twas a trum - pet's peal - ing sound, And the Knight looked down from the

ALTO

f TENOR *marcato* *mf*

'Twas a trum - pet's peal - ing sound, And the Knight looked down from the

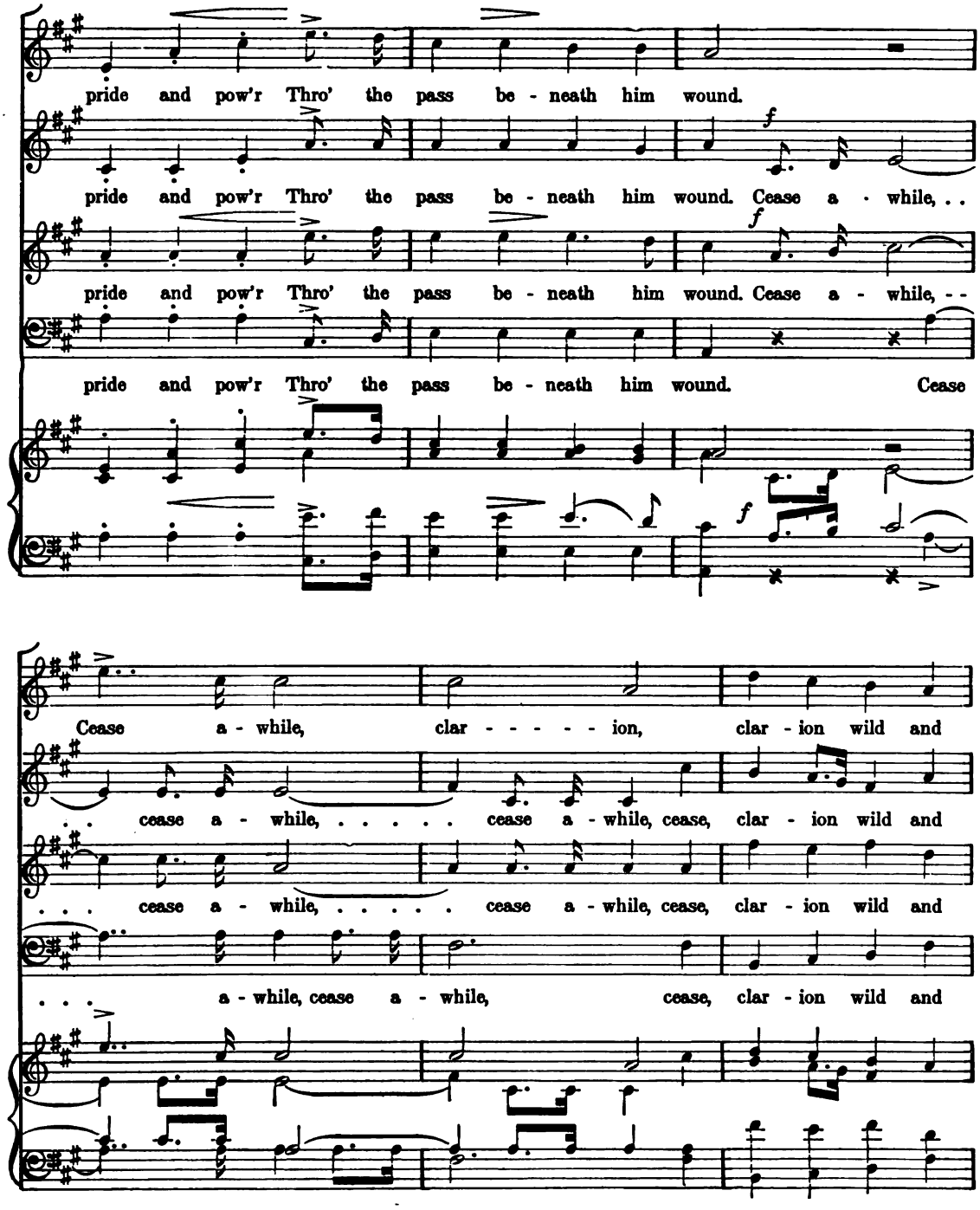
BASS

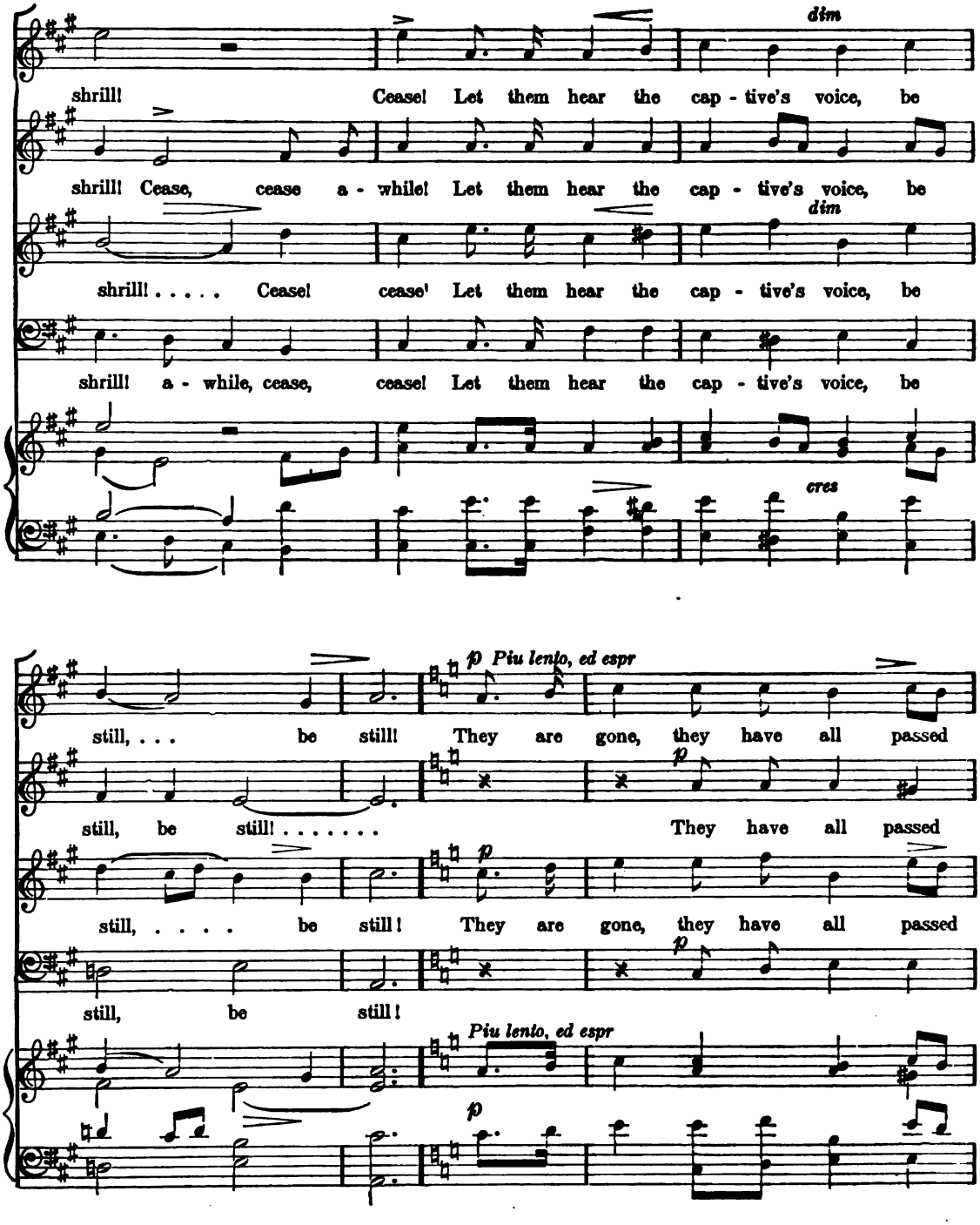
Marziale ♩ = 120

f *marcato* *uf*

Pay - nim's tow'r, And a Chris - tian host in its

Pay - nim's tow'r, And a Chris - tian host in its


pride and pow'r Thro' the pass be - neath him wound.
pride and pow'r Thro' the pass be - neath him wound. Cease a - while, . .
pride and pow'r Thro' the pass be - neath him wound. Cease a - while, - -
pride and pow'r Thro' the pass be - neath him wound. Cease
Cease a - while, clar - - - - - ion, clar - ion wild and
. . cease a - while, ... cease a - while, cease, clar - ion wild and
. . . cease a - while, ... cease a - while, cease, clar - ion wild and
. . . a - while, cease a - while, cease, clar - ion wild and


dim
shrill! Cease! Let them hear the cap - tive's voice, be
shrill! Cease, cease a - while! Let them hear the cap - tive's voice, be
dim
shrill! . . . . . Cease! cease! Let them hear the cap - tive's voice, be
shrill! a - while, cease, cease! Let them hear the cap - tive's voice, be
cres
p Piu lento, ed espr
still, . . . be still! They are gone, they have all passed
still, be still! . . . . . They have all passed
still, ... be still! They are gone, they have all passed
still, be still!
Piu lento, ed espr
p

by! They in whose wars I had borne my part;

by! They are gone, ... in whose wars I had borne my part;

by! They are gone, ... in whose wars I had borne my part;

by! They in whose wars I had borne my part;

pp

They that I loved with a broth - er's heart, They have

They that I loved with a broth - er's heart, have

pp

They that I loved, ... they have

pp

They that I loved, they have

pp

left me here to die! Sound a - gain,

marcato *p*

left me here to die! Sound a - gain, sound, sound a - gain,

marcato *p*

left me here to die! Sound a - gain, sound, sound a - gain, ...

p

left me here to die, to die! Sound, sound a - gain, sound a -

cres.

cres.

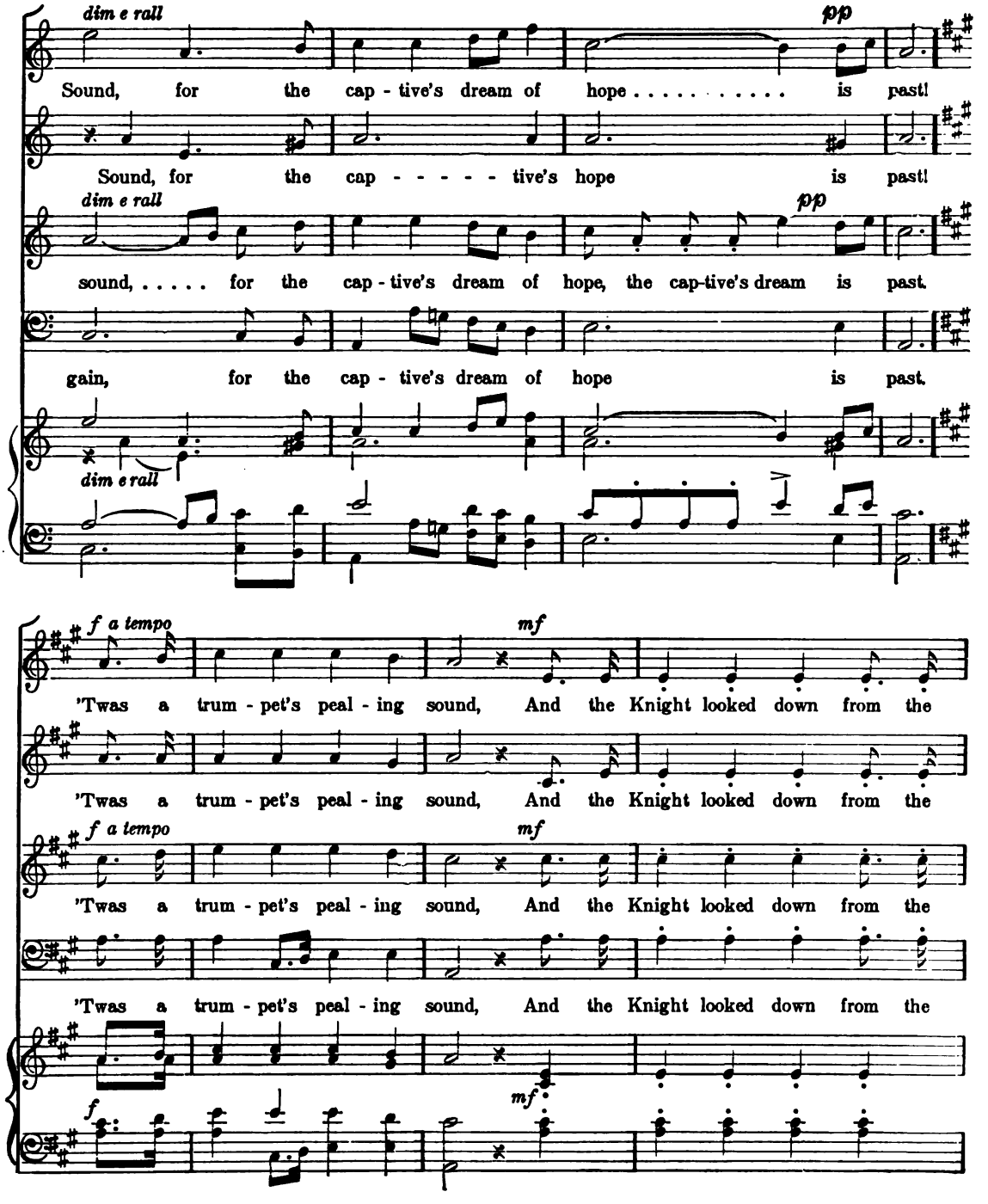
clar - - - ion, clar - ion, pour thy blast! . . . . . .

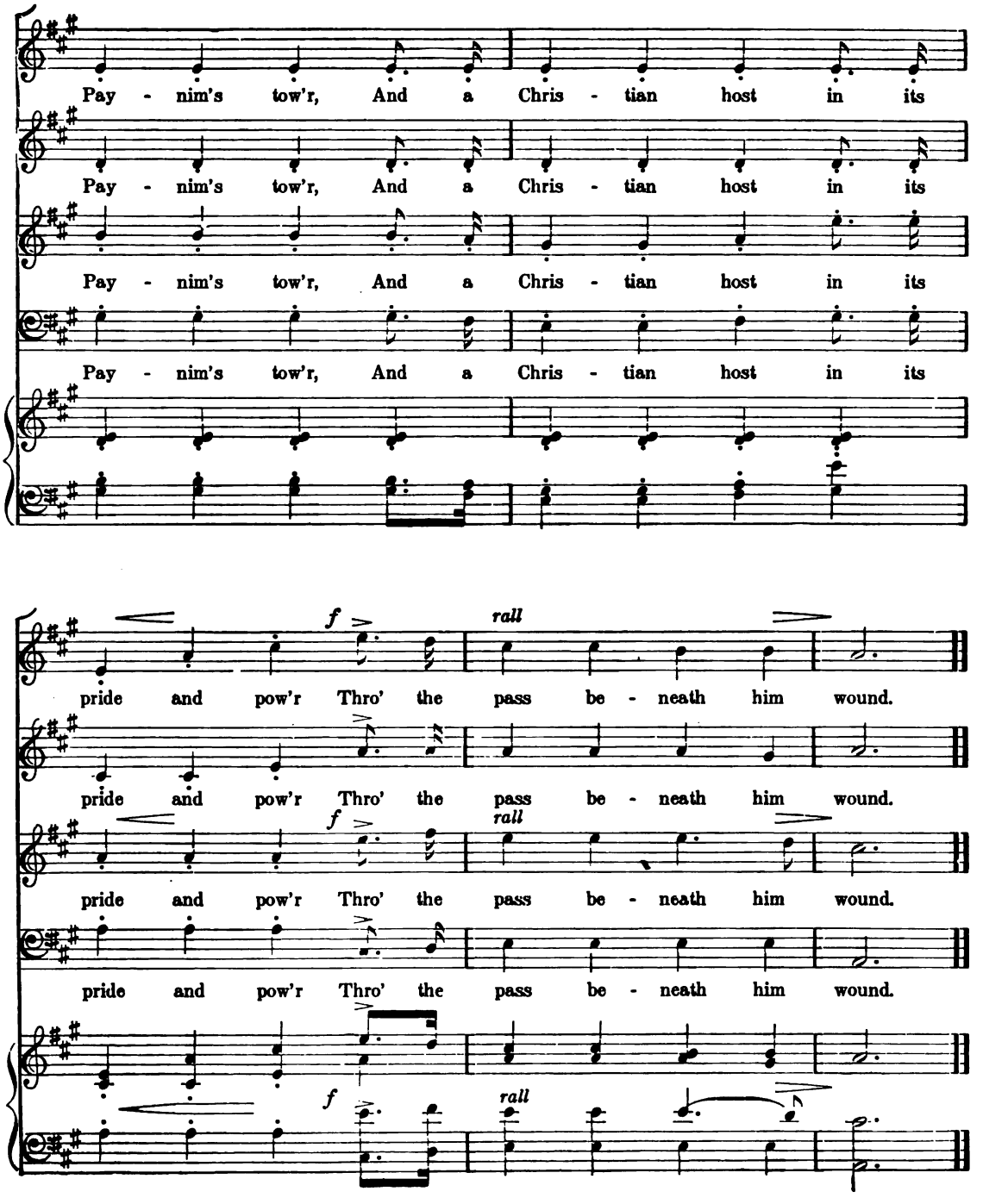
sound, sound a - gain, clar - - ion, pour thy blast! Sound a - gain,

cres.

. . sound a - gain, clar - ion, pour thy blast! Sound,

gain, ... clar - ion, pour thy blast! Sound a - gain, a -


dim e rall
pp
Sound, for the cap - tive's dream of hope . . . . . is past!
Sound, for the cap - - - - - tive's hope is past!
dim e rall
pp
sound, ... for the cap - tive's dream of hope, the cap-tive's dream is past.
gain, for the cap - tive's dream of hope is past.
dim e rall
f a tempo
mf
'Twas a trum - pet's peal - ing sound, And the Knight looked down from the
'Twas a trum - pet's peal - ing sound, And the Knight looked down from the
f a tempo
mf
'Twas a trum - pet's peal - ing sound, And the Knight looked down from the
'Twas a trum - pet's peal - ing sound, And the Knight looked down from the
f
mf


Pay - nim's tow'r, And a Chris - tian host in its
Pay - nim's tow'r, And a Chris - tian host in its
Pay - nim's tow'r, And a Chris - tian host in its
Pay - nim's tow'r, And a Chris - tian host in its
f
rall
pride and pow'r Thro' the pass be - neath him wound.
pride and pow'r Thro' the pass be - neath him wound.
f
rall
pride and pow'r Thro' the pass be - neath him wound.
pride and pow'r Thro' the pass be - neath him wound.
f
rall

Lullaby of Life

HENRY LESLIE

mf SOPRANO

1. Sleep, lit - tle flow - er, . . whose pet - als fade and
2. Sleep, sum - mer wind, ... whose breath - ing grows more

ALTO

1. Sleep, lit - tle flow - er, . . whose pet - als fade and
2. Sleep, sum - mer wind, ... whose breath -ing grows more

mf TENOR

1. Sleep, lit - tle flow - er, . . whose pet - als fade and
2. Sleep, sum - mer wind, ... whose breath - ing grows more

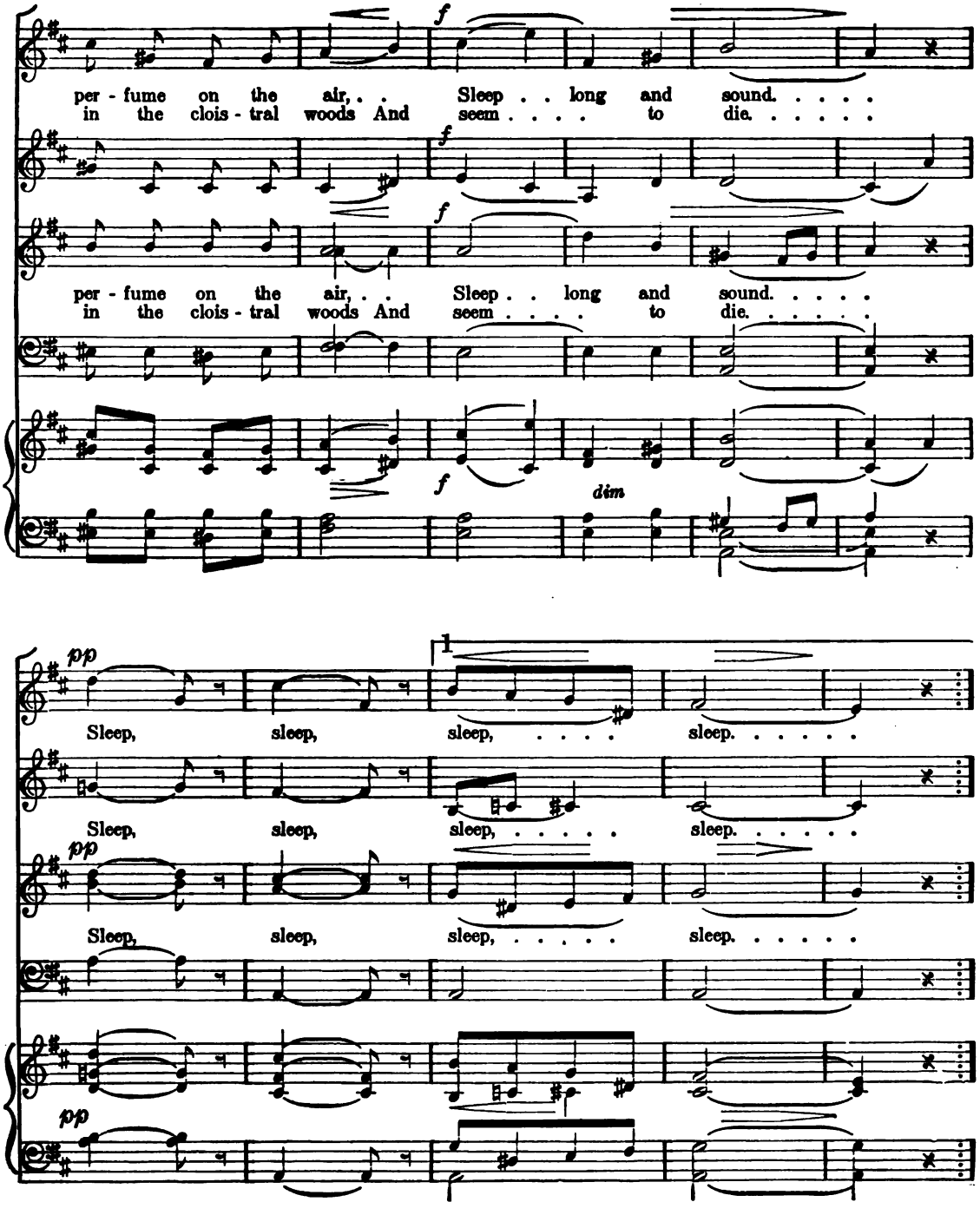
BASS

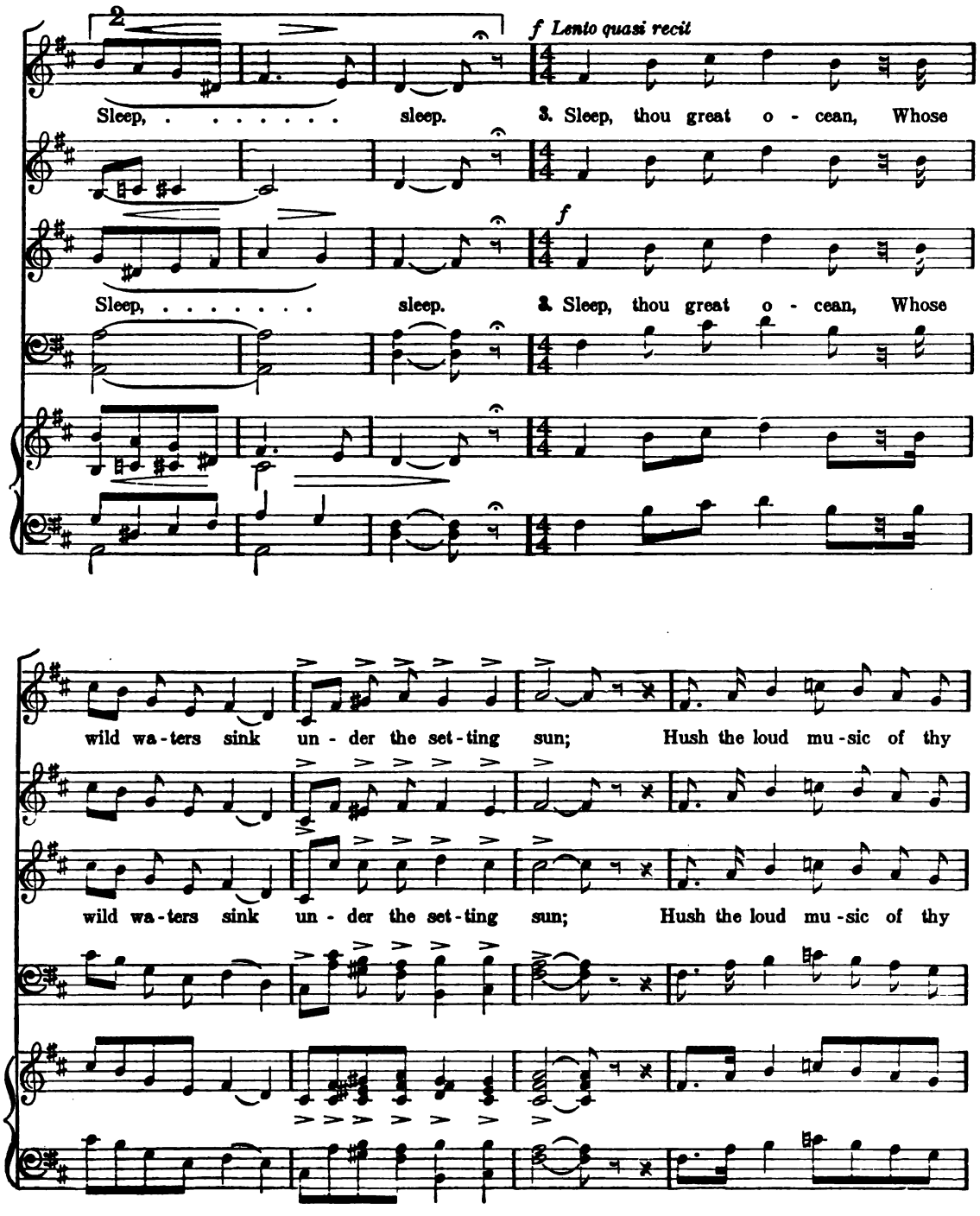
mf

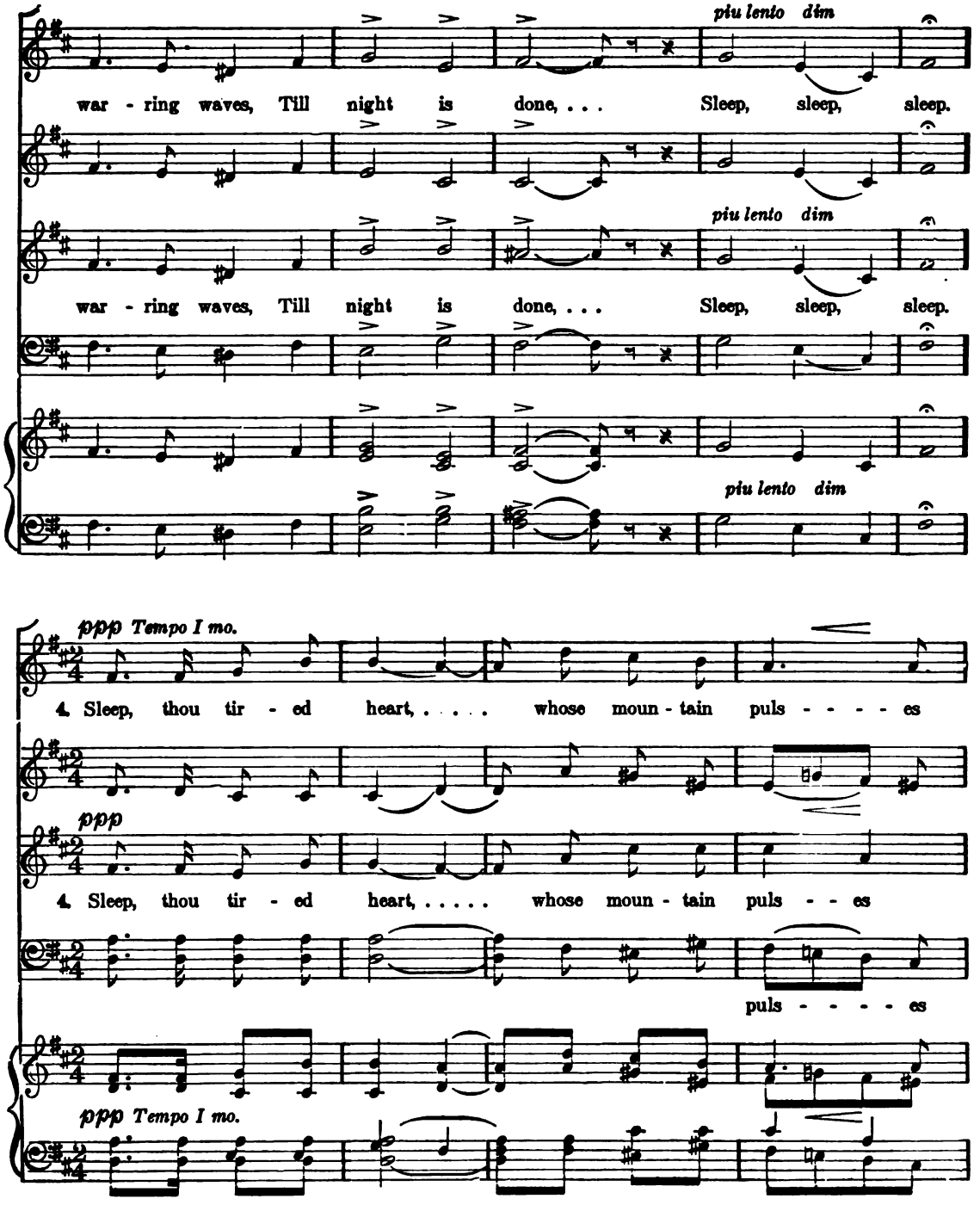
fall, O'er the sun - less ground; Ring no more peals of
faint, As night draws slow - ly nigh; Cease thy sweet chant - ing

fall, O'er the sun - less ground; Ring no more peals of
faint, As night draws slow - ly nigh; Cease thy sweet chant - ing

fall, O'er the sun - less ground; Ring no more peals of
faint, As night draws slow - ly nigh; Cease thy sweet chant - ing


per - fume on the air, . . Sleep . . long and sound. . . . .
in the clois - tral woods And seem . . . . to die. . . . . .
per - fume on the air, . . Sleep . . long and sound. . . . .
in the clois - tral woods And seem . . . . to die. . . . . .
f
dim
pp
1
Sleep, sleep, sleep, ... sleep. . . . . .
Sleep, sleep, sleep, ... sleep. . . . . .
Sleep, sleep, sleep, ... sleep. . . . . .


2
f Lento quasi recit
Sleep, ... sleep. 3. Sleep, thou great o - cean, Whose
f
Sleep, ... sleep. 3. Sleep, thou great o - cean, Whose
wild wa - ters sink un - der the set - ting sun; Hush the loud mu - sic of thy
wild wa - ters sink un - der the set - ting sun; Hush the loud mu - sic of thy


piu lento dim
war - ring waves, Till night is done, . . . Sleep, sleep, sleep.
piu lento dim
war - ring waves, Till night is done, . . . Sleep, sleep, sleep.
piu lento dim
ppp Tempo I mo.
4. Sleep, thou tir - ed heart, ... whose moun - tain puls - - - - es
ppp
4. Sleep, thou tir - ed heart, ... whose moun - tain puls - - es
puls - - - - es
ppp Tempo I mo.

droop With - in the val - ley cold, On pains, and pleas - ures,

droop With - in the val - ley cold, On pains, and pleas - ures,

droop With - in the val - ley cold, On pains, and pleas - ures,

pp

fears and hopes of life, Let go thine hold, ...

f

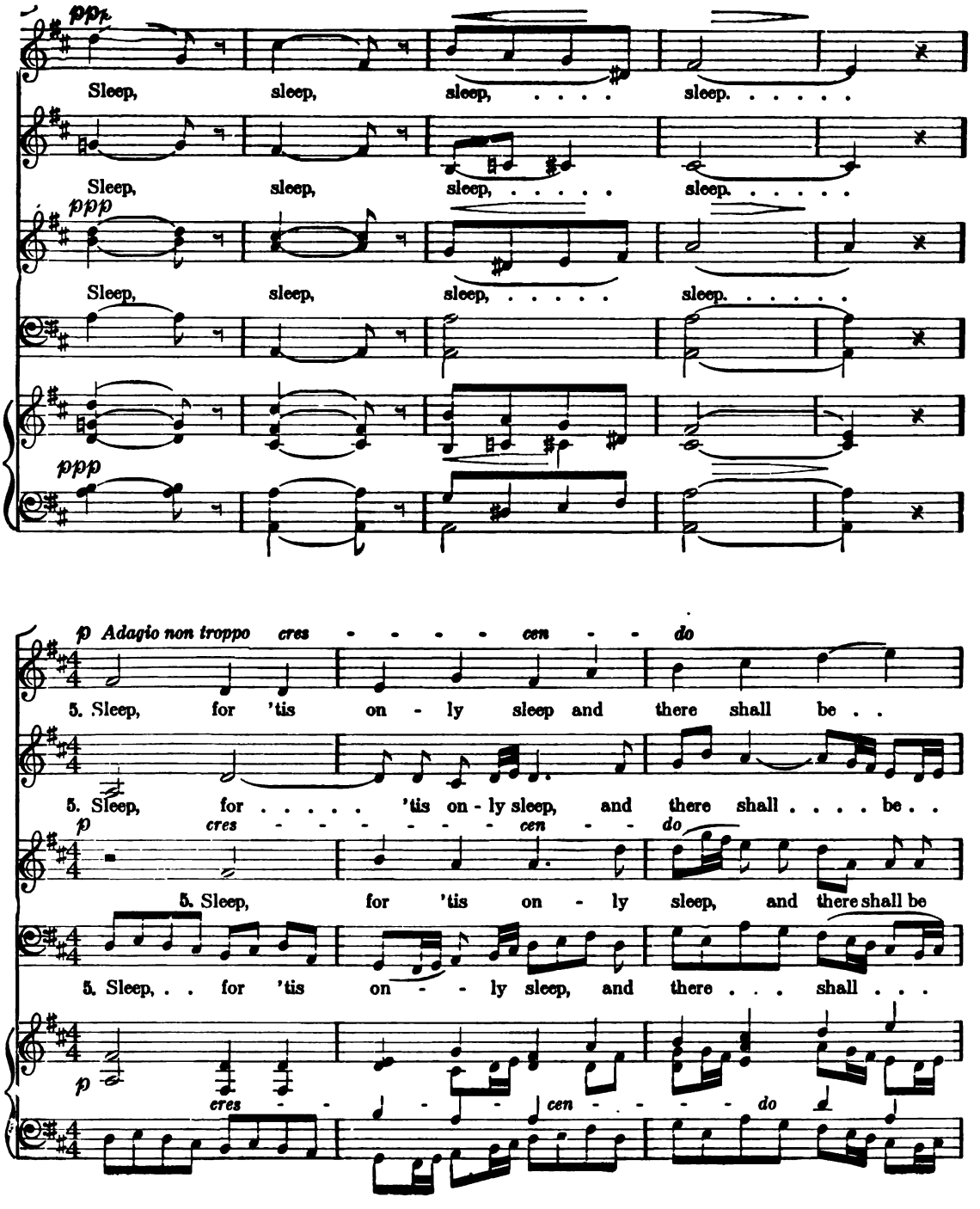
fears and hopes of life, Let go thine hold, ...

f

fears and hopes of life, Let go thine hold, ...

f

dim


ppp
Sleep, sleep, sleep, ... sleep. . . . . .
Sleep, sleep, sleep, ... sleep. . . . . .
ppp
Sleep, sleep, sleep, ... sleep. . . . . .
ppp
p Adagio non troppo cres - - - - - cen - - do
5. Sleep, for 'tis on - ly sleep and there shall be . .
5. Sleep, for . . . . . 'tis on - ly sleep, and there shall . . . . be . .
p cres - - - - - - - cen - - do
5. Sleep, for 'tis on - ly sleep, and there shall be
5. Sleep, . . for 'tis on - - ly sleep, and there . . . shall . . .
p
cres - - - - - cen - - - - do

f

new . . . life for all at day, So sleep, . . all . .

new . . . . life . . . . . for all at day, So sleep, all . . .

f

new . . . . life for all . . at . . day, . . So sleep, ...

. . . . be new life for all at day, ...

f

sleep . . . all un - til . . . the rest - - - - ful night has

dim

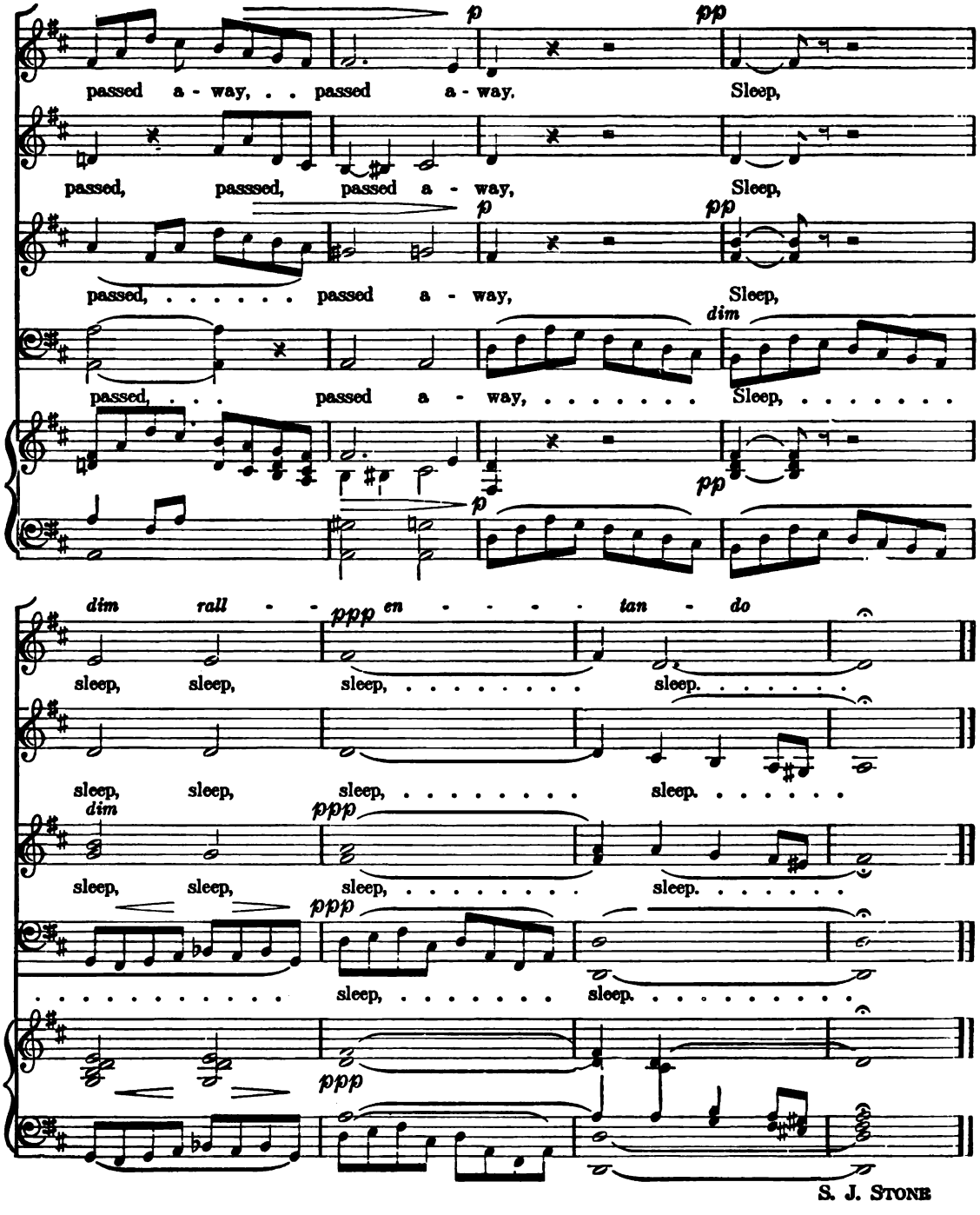
sleep . . all un - til the rest - - - - ful night has

sleep . . . all un - til the rest - - - - ful night has

dim

. . . . . So sleep un - til the rest - ful night has

dim


p
pp
passed a - way, . . passed a - way. Sleep,
passed, passsed, passed a - way, Sleep,
passed, ... passed a - way, Sleep,
dim
passed, . . . passed a - way, ... Sleep, ...
dim rall - - ppp en - - - - - tan - do
sleep, sleep, sleep, ... sleep. . . . . .
sleep, sleep, sleep, ... sleep. . . . . .
dim
ppp
sleep, sleep, sleep, ... sleep. . . . . .
ppp
. . . . . sleep, ... sleep. . . . . .
ppp

S. J. STONE

The Violet's Fate

Allegretto FRANZ ABT

p SOPRANO

cres

1. 'Neath a wood - stack a - lone, A - mid ma - ny a thorn, A
2. Its soft voice it would raise, And full sweet was its lay, It

ALTO

p TENOR

cres

1. 'Neath a wood - stack a - lone, A - mid ma - ny a thorn, A
2. Its soft voice it would raisc, And full sweet was its lay, It

BASS

p Allegretto

cres

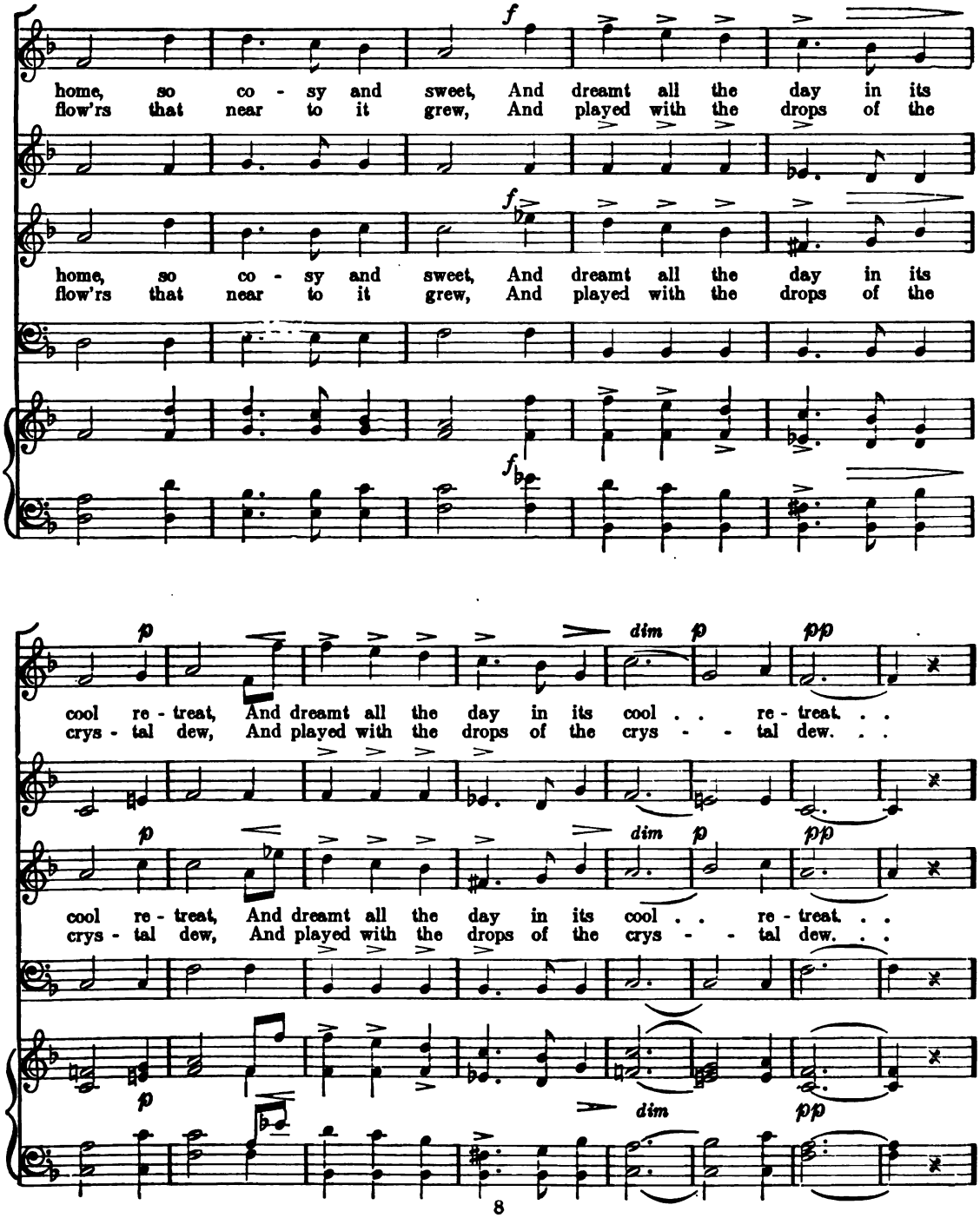
poco a poco cres

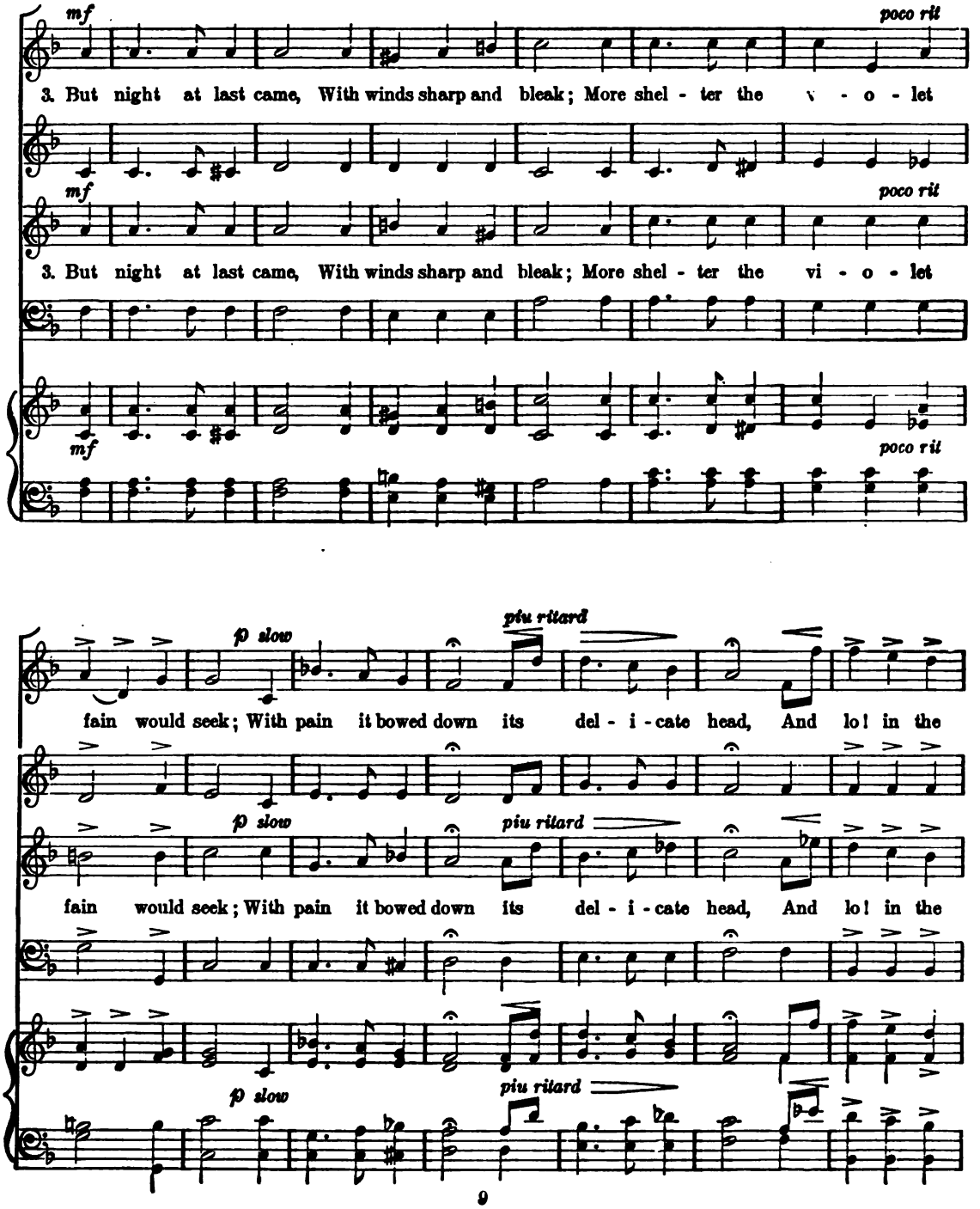
vi - o - let fair in the Spring was born; It smiled in its
sang of the sun and its gold - en ray; It sang of the

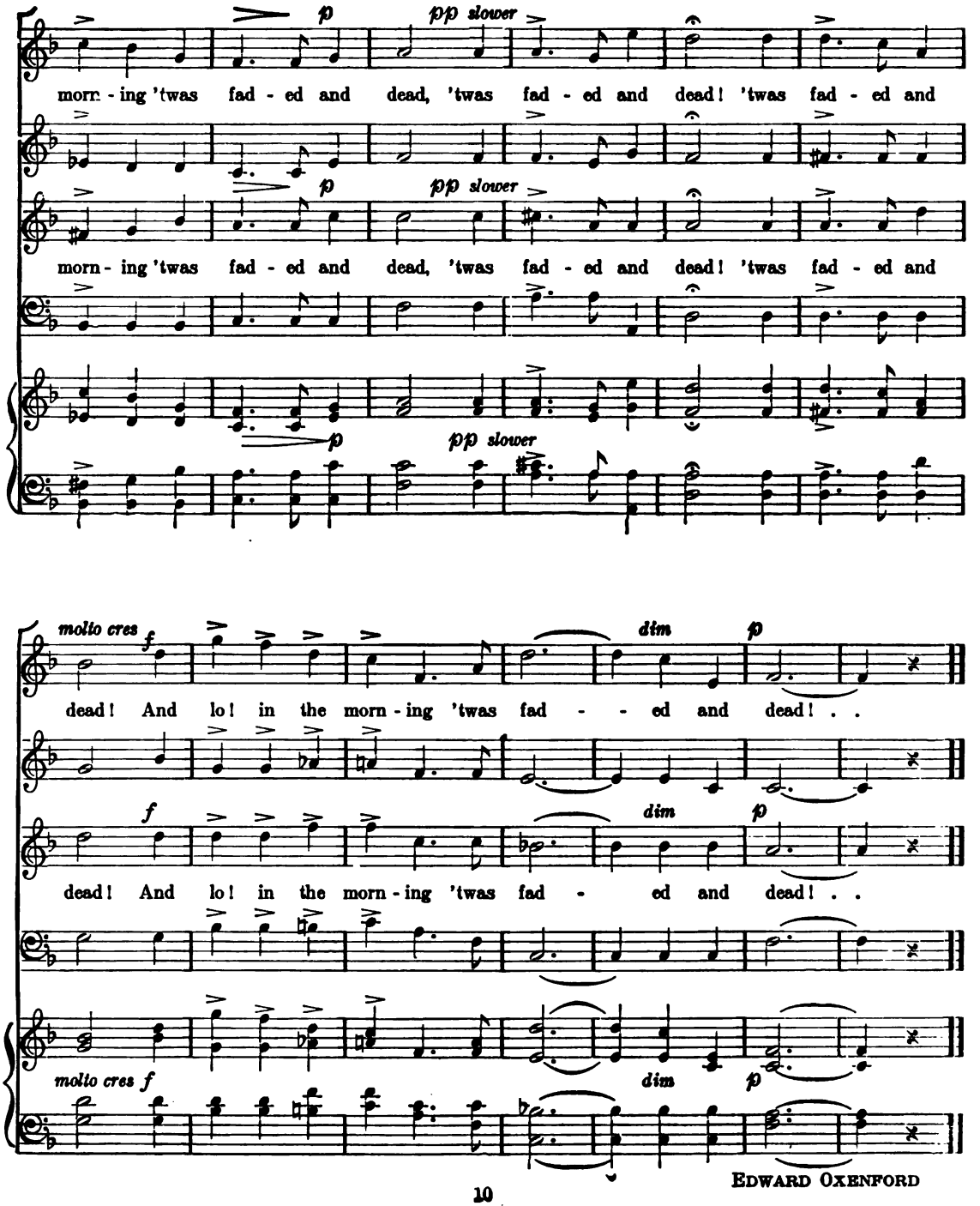
poco a poco cres

vi - o - let fair in the Spring was born; It smiled in its
sang of the sun and its gold - en ray; It sang of the

poco a poco cres

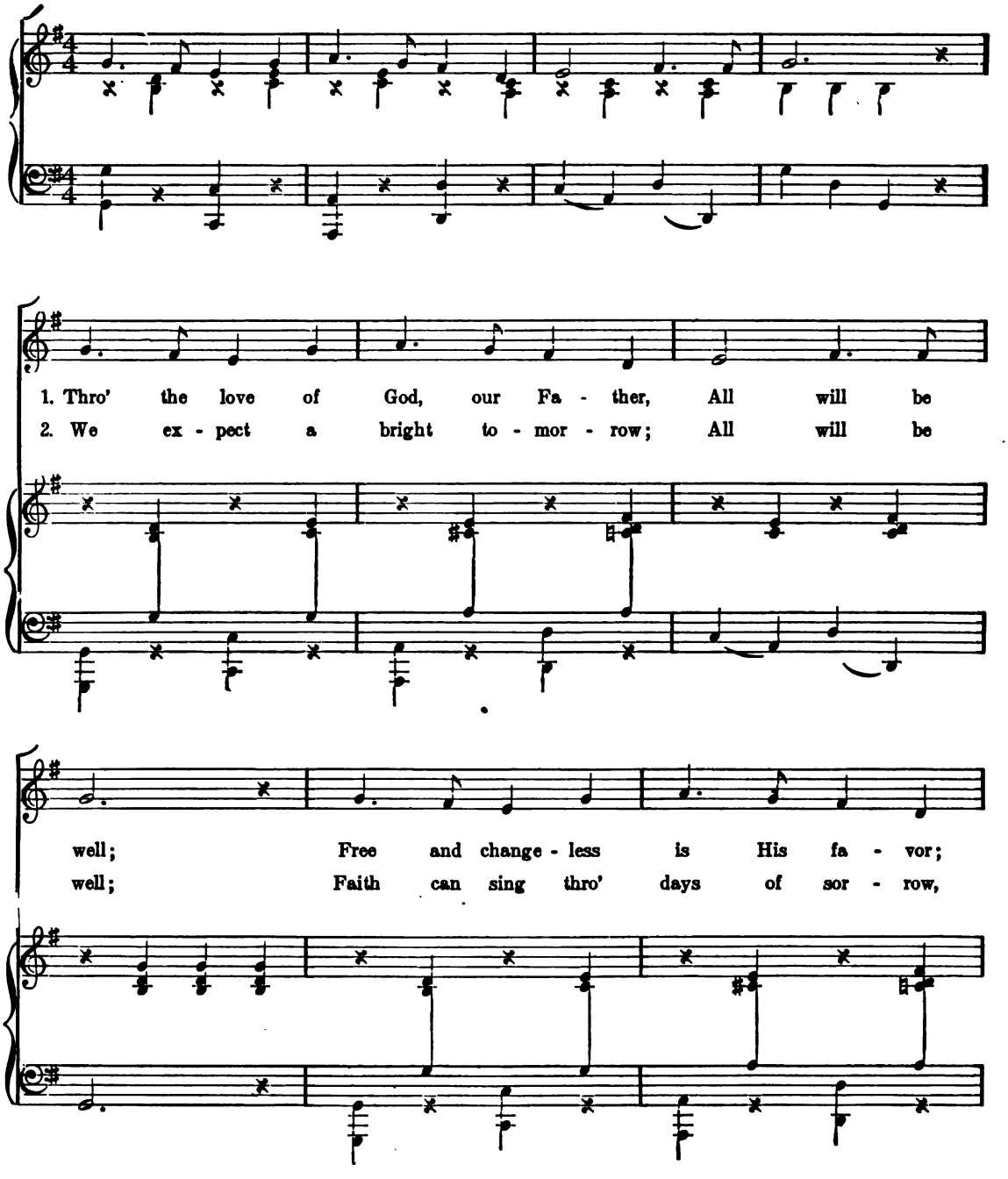

f
home, so co - sy and sweet, And dreamt all the day in its
flow'rs that near to it grew, And played with the drops of the
f
home, so co - sy and sweet, And dreamt all the day in its
flow'rs that near to it grew, And played with the drops of the
p
dim
p
pp
cool re - treat, And dreamt all the day in its cool . . re - treat. . .
crys - tal dew, And played with the drops of the crys - - tal dew. . .
p
dim
p
pp
cool re - treat, And dreamt all the day in its cool . . re - treat. . .
crys - tal dew, And played with the drops of the crys - - tal dew. . .
p
dim
pp


mf
poco rit
3. But night at last came, With winds sharp and bleak; More shel - ter the v - o - let
mf
poco rit
3. But night at last came, With winds sharp and bleak; More shel - ter the vi - o - let
mf
poco rit
p slow
piu ritard
fain would seek; With pain it bowed down its del - i - cate head, And lo! in the
p slow
piu ritard
fain would seek; With pain it bowed down its del - i - cate head, And lo! in the
p slow
piu ritard



EDWARD OXENFORD

An Old Welsh Melody



All, all is well; Pre - cious is the
All, all is well; On our Fa - ther's

love that healed us; Per - fect is the grace that sealed us;
love re - ly - ing, He our ev - 'ry need sup - ply - ing,

Strong the hand stretched out to shield us; All must be well.
Or in liv - ing, or in dy - ing, All must be well.

M. B. PETERS

Brooks Shall Murmur

VAN BREE

Vivace

p

p SOPRANO

Brooks shall mur - mur, rocks shall sing, For - ests too shall wave their proud - est,

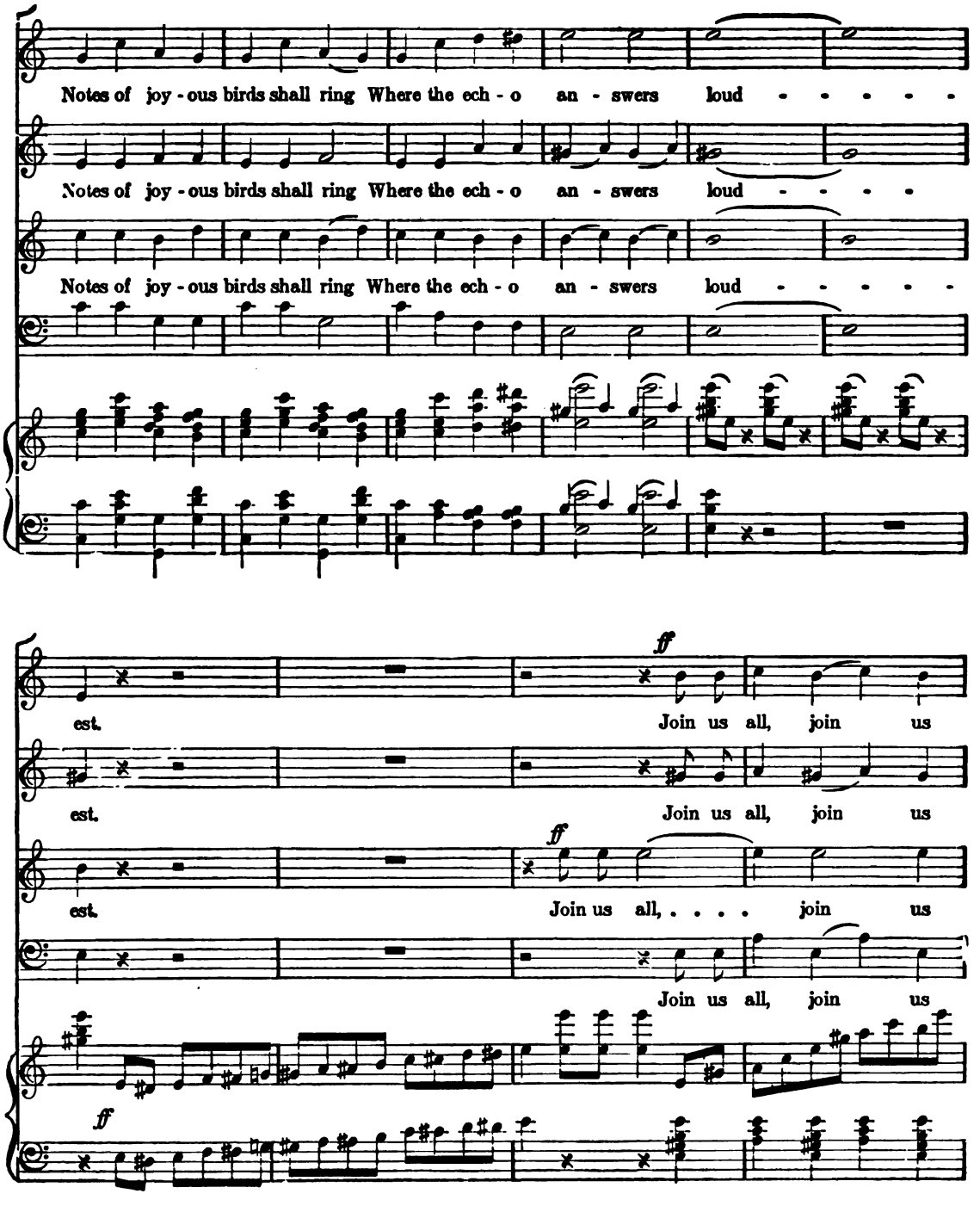
p ALTO

Brooks shall mur - mur, rocks shall sing, For - ests too shall wave their proud - est,

p TENOR

Brooks shall mur - mur, rocks shall sing, For - ests too shall wave their proud - est,

BASS


Notes of joy - ous birds shall ring Where the ech - o an - swers loud - - - - -
Notes of joy - ous birds shall ring Where the ech - o an - swers loud - - - -
Notes of joy - ous birds shall ring Where the ech - o an - swers loud - - - - -
ff
est. Join us all, join us
est. Join us all, join us
ff
est. Join us all, ... join us
Join us all, join us
ff

all, Join us all, and sing the

all, Join us all, ... and sing the

all, Join us all, and sing the

lay, join us all, and sing the lay, join us all, join us all, join us

lay, join us all, and sing the lay, join us all, join us all, join us

lay, join us all, and sing the lay, join us all, join us all, join us

all, join us all,

all, join us all,

join us all,

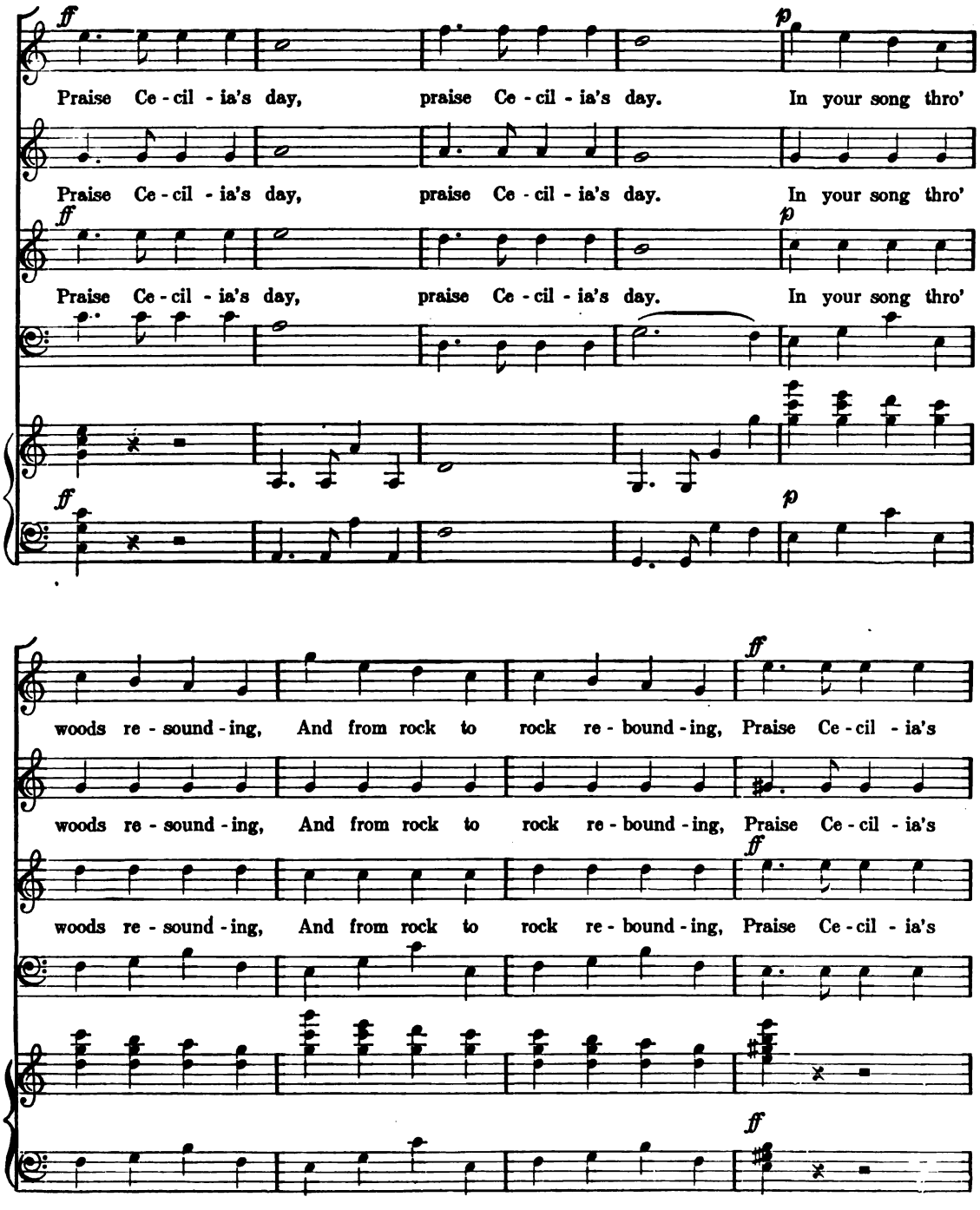
p

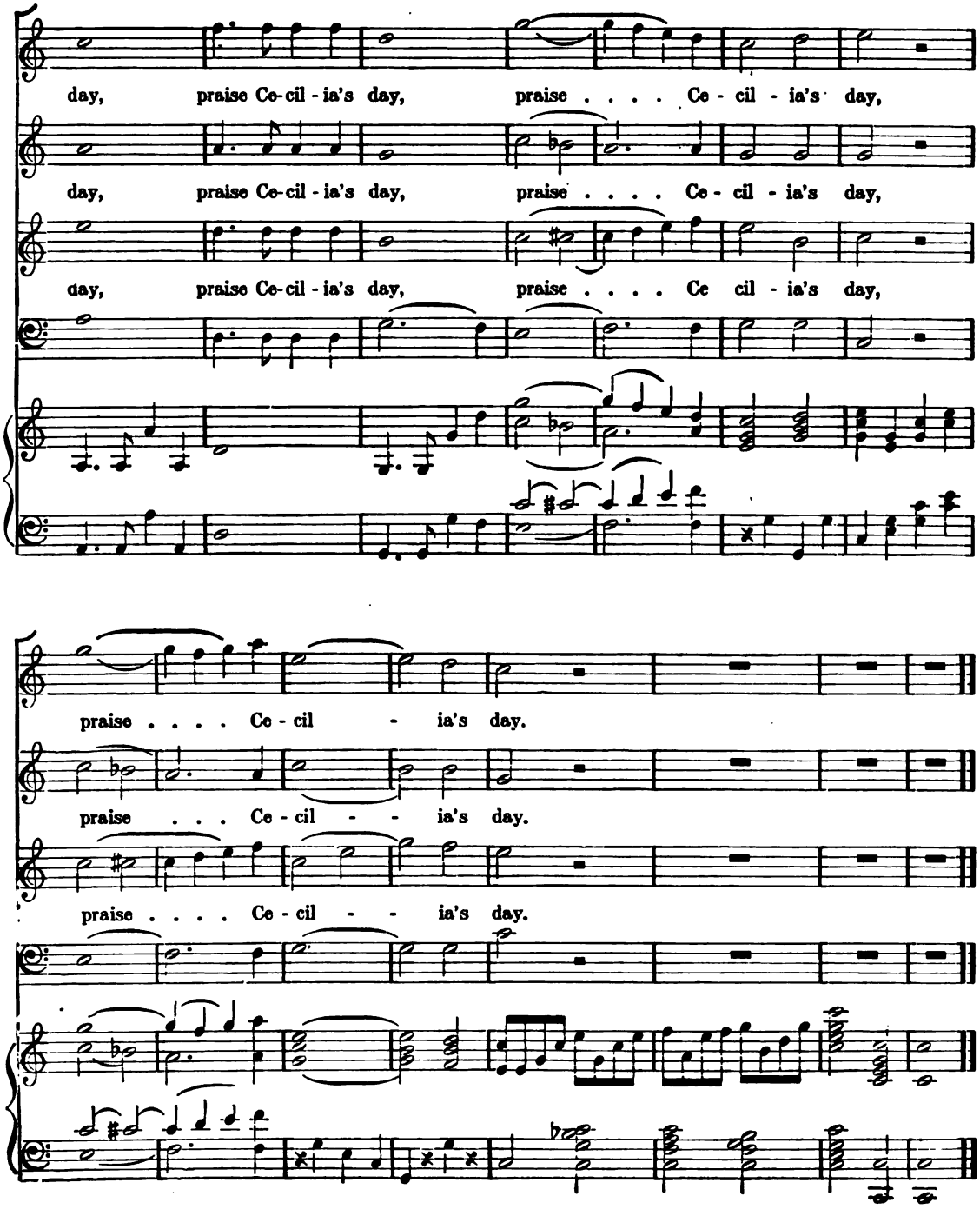
In your song thro' woods re - sound - ing, And from rock to rock re - bound - ing,

In your song thro' woods re - sound - ing, And from rock to rock re - bound - ing,

p

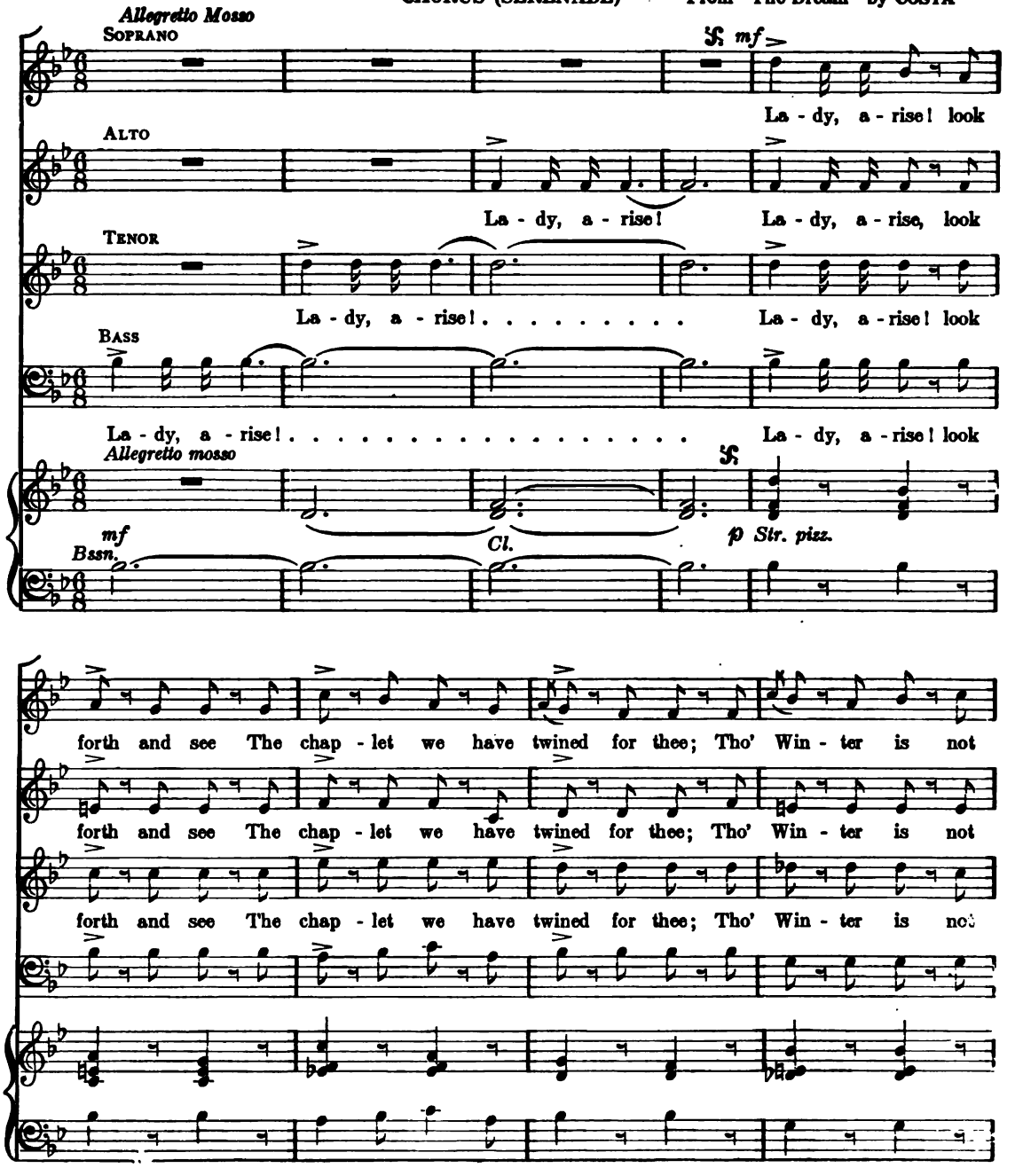
In your song thro' woods re - sound - ing, And from rock to rock re - bound - ing,


ff
Praise Ce - cil - ia's day, praise Ce - cil - ia's day. In your song thro'
p
Praise Ce - cil - ia's day, praise Ce - cil - ia's day. In your song thro'
ff
Praise Ce - cil - ia's day, praise Ce - cil - ia's day. In your song thro'
p
ff
p
woods re - sound - ing, And from rock to rock re - bound - ing, Praise Ce - cil - ia's
ff
woods re - sound - ing, And from rock to rock re - bound - ing, Praise Ce - cil - ia's
ff
woods re - sound - ing, And from rock to rock re - bound - ing, Praise Ce - cil - ia's
ff
ff


day, praise Ce-cil - ia's day, praise . . . . Ce - cil - ia's day,
day, praise Ce-cil - ia's day, praise . . . . Ce - cil - ia's day,
day, praise Ce-cil - ia's day, praise . . . . Ce cil - ia's day,
praise . . . . Ce - cil - ia's day.
praise . . . Ce - cil - - ia's day.
praise . . . . Ce - cil - - ia's day.

Lady, Arise

CHORUS (SERENADE) From "The Dream" by COSTA



end - ed, tho' Win - ter is not end - ed; The sweet - est flow'rs that

end - ed, tho' Win - ter is not end - ed; The sweet - est flow'rs that

end - ed, tho' Win - ter is not end - ed; The sweet - est flow'rs that

owe their birth To Art, ere Spring re - vis - its earth, In this fair wreath are

owe their birth To Art, ere Spring re - vis - its earth In this fair wreath are

owe their birth To Art, ere Spring re - vis - its earth, In this fair wreath are

blend - - - - ed the sweet - est flow'rs that owe their birth to Art, ere Spring re-

blend - - - - ed the sweet - est flow'rs that owe their birth to Art, ere Spring re-

blend - - - - ed the sweet - est flow'rs that owe their birth to Art, ere Spring re-

blend - - - - ed the sweet - est flow'rs that owe their birth to Art, ere Spring re-

animato f

vis - its earth, in this fair wreath are blend - ed, are blend - - - - ed, Look

vis - its earth, in this fair wreath are blend - ed, are blend - - - - ed, Look

animato f

vis - its earth, in this fair wreath are blend - ed, are blend - - - ed, Look

vis - its earth, in this fair wreath are blend - ed, are blend - - - - ed, Look

animato mf

p cres

forth and see, look forth and . . . . see, ...

f

forth and see, look forth and see, look

p f

forth and see, La - - dy, a - rise, look forth and see, look

forth and see, ... and see, look

p Bssn f

p poco riten Fine a tempo

. . . and see, La - dy, a - rise! look forth and see.

forth and see, look forth and see.

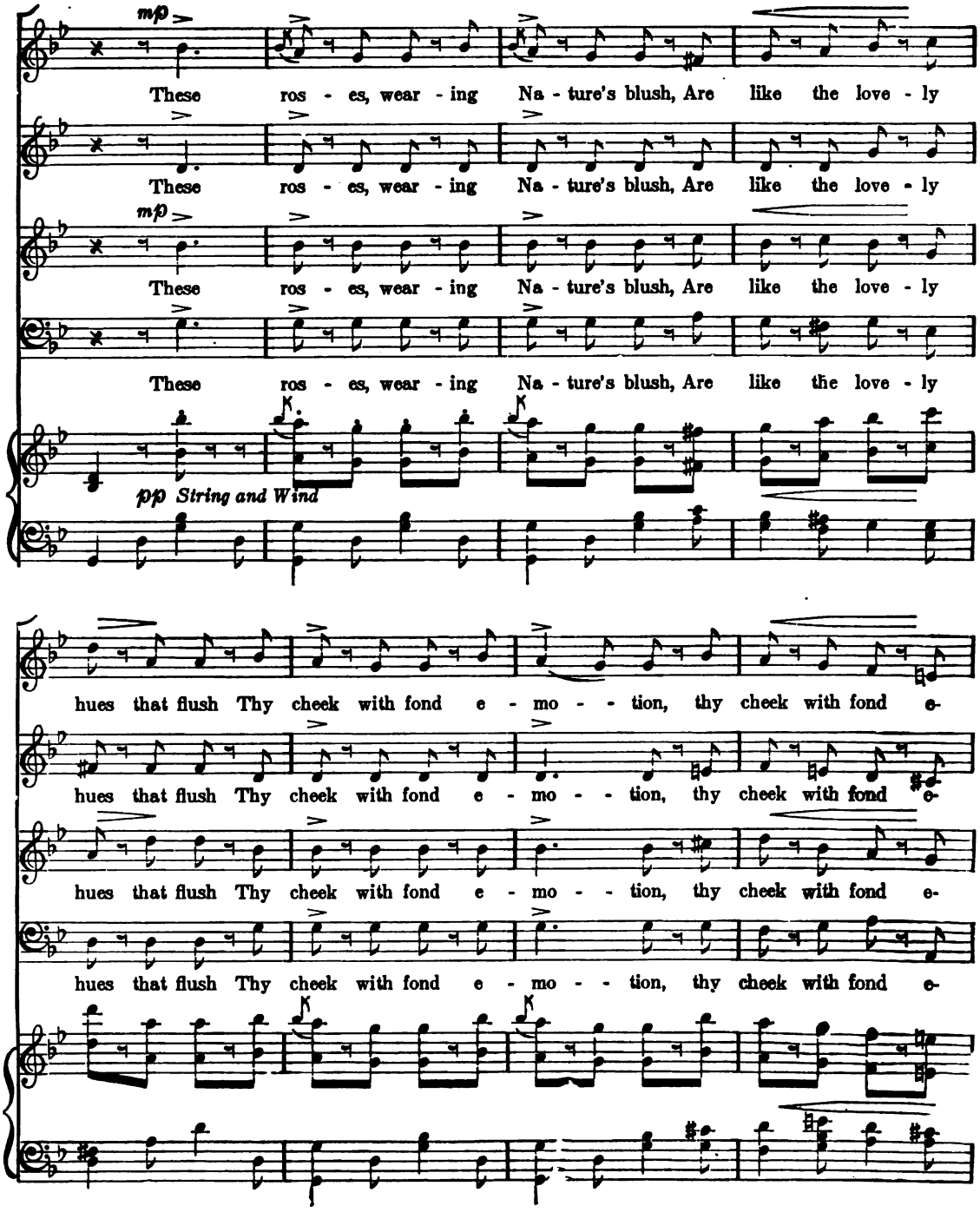
p Fine

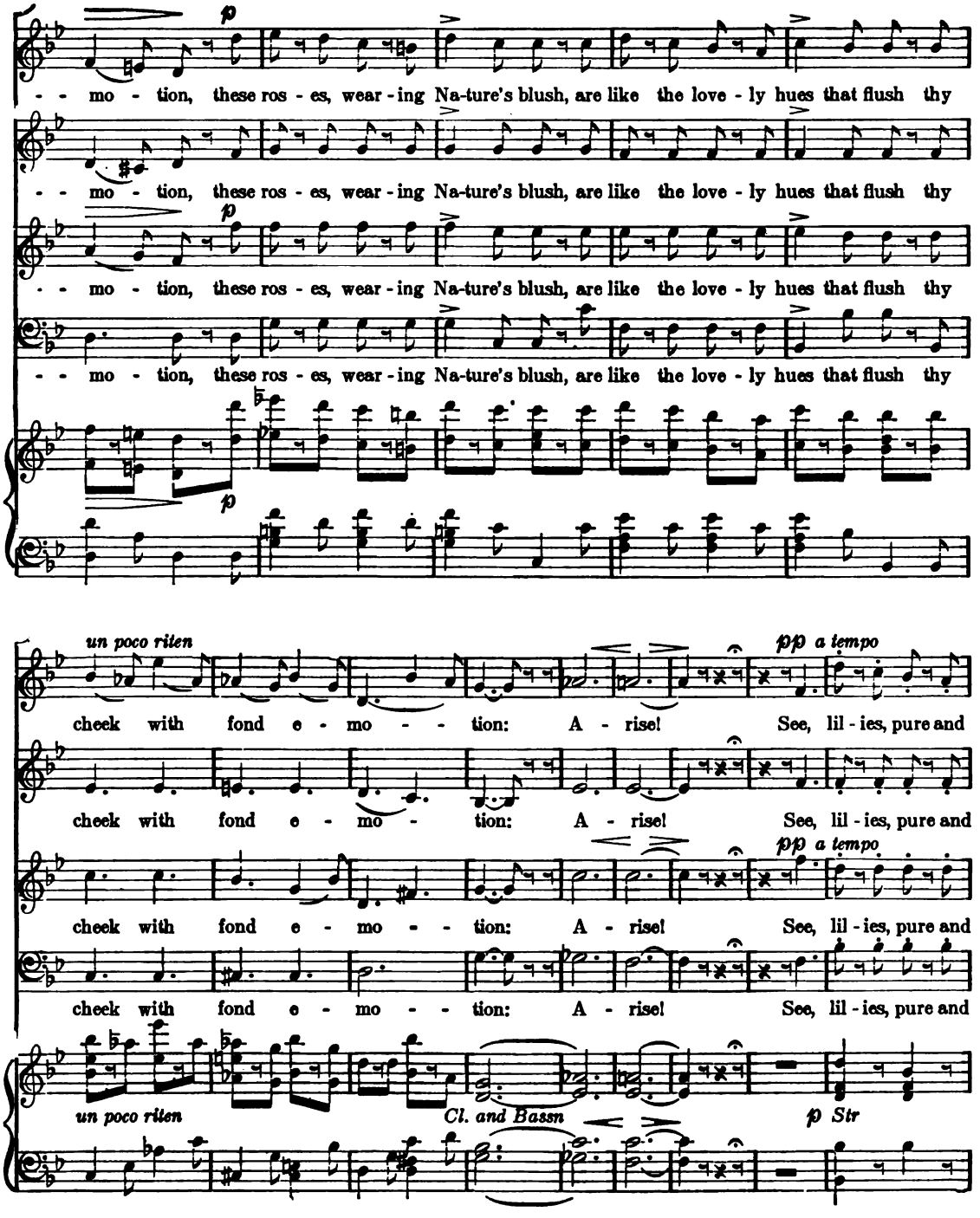
forth and see, look forth and see.

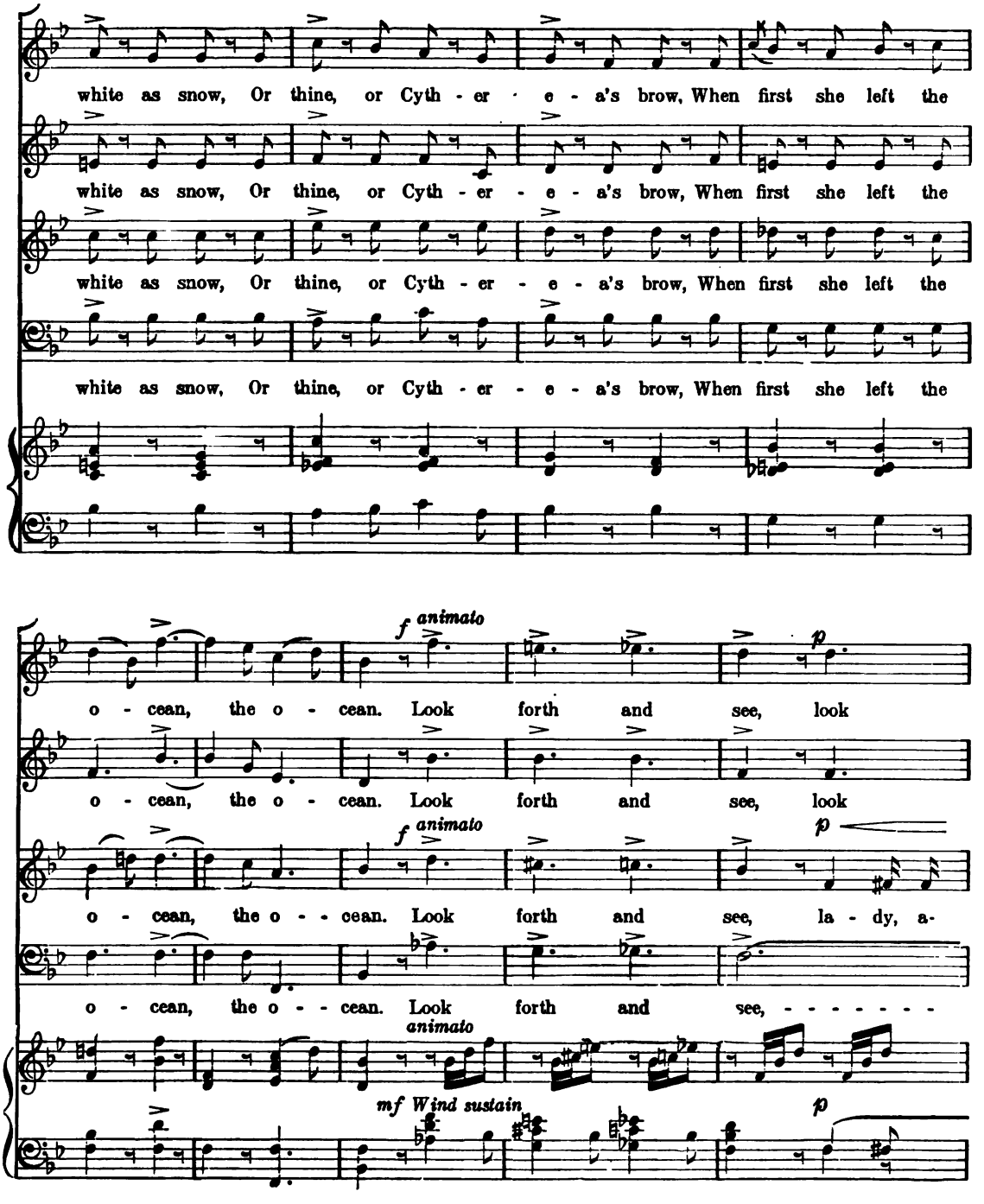
forth and see, and see.

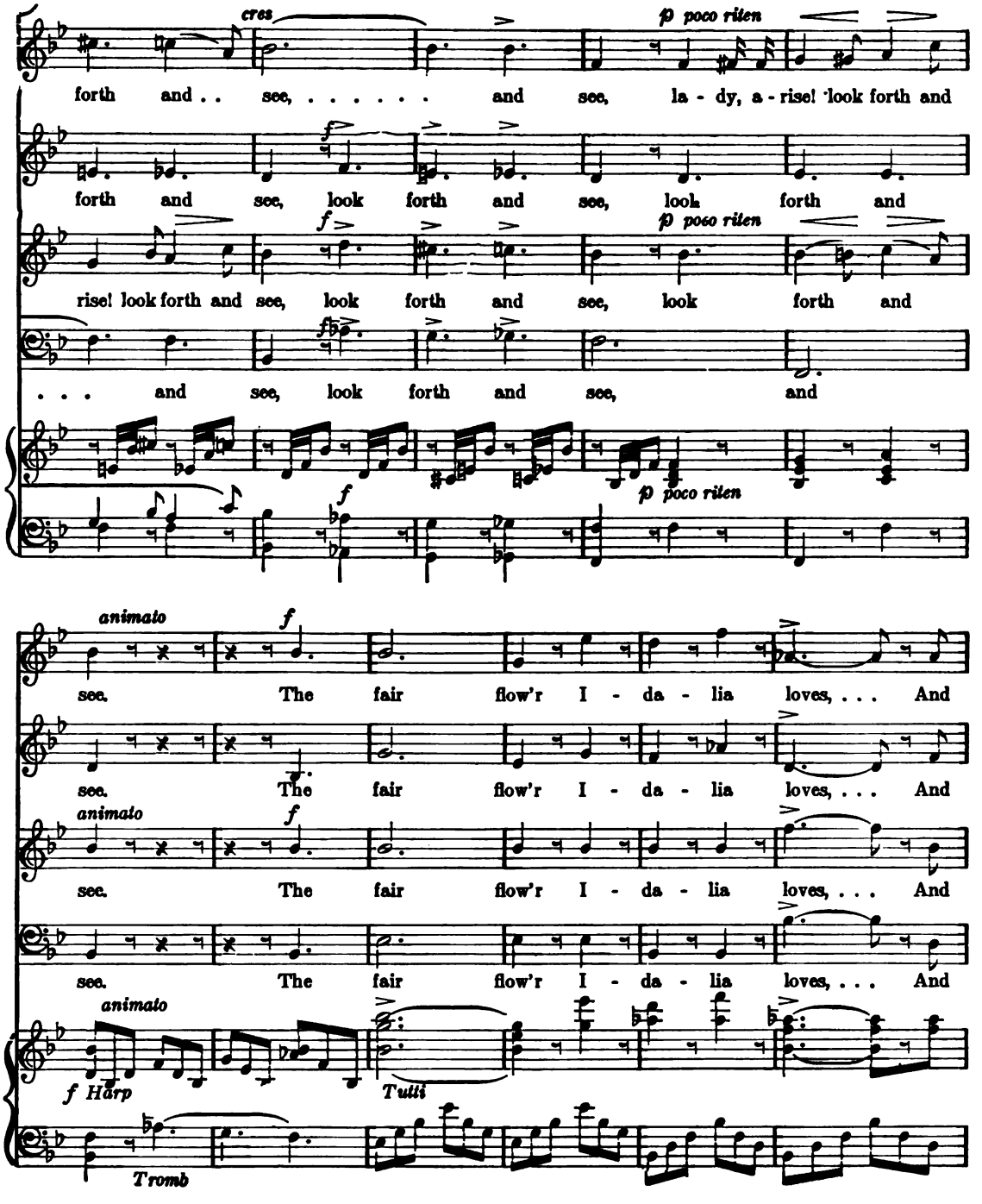
Fine

p poco riten f a tempo p


mp
These ros - es, wear - ing Na - ture's blush, Are like the love - ly
These ros - es, wear - ing Na - ture's blush, Are like the love - ly
mp
These ros - es, wear - ing Na - ture's blush, Are like the love - ly
These ros - es, wear - ing Na - ture's blush, Are like the love - ly
pp String and Wind
hues that flush Thy cheek with fond e - mo - - tion, thy cheek with fond e-
hues that flush Thy cheek with fond e - mo - - tion, thy cheek with fond e-
hues that flush Thy cheek with fond e - mo - - tion, thy cheek with fond e-
hues that flush Thy cheek with fond e - mo - - tion, thy cheek with fond e-


p
- - mo - tion, these ros - es, wear - ing Na-ture's blush, are like the love - ly hues that flush thy
- - mo - tion, these ros - es, wear - ing Na-ture's blush, are like the love - ly hues that flush thy
- - mo - tion, these ros - es, wear - ing Na-ture's blush, are like the love - ly hues that flush thy
- - mo - tion, these ros - es, wear - ing Na-ture's blush, are like the love - ly hues that flush thy
un poco riten
cheek with fond e - mo - - tion: A - rise! See, lil - ies, pure and
pp a tempo
cheek with fond e - mo - tion: A - rise! See, lil - ies, pure and
cheek with fond e - mo - - tion: A - rise! See, lil - ies, pure and
cheek with fond e - mo - - tion: A - rise! See, lil - ies, pure and
un poco riten
Cl. and Bassn
p Str


white as snow, Or thine, or Cyth - er - e - a's brow, When first she left the
white as snow, Or thine, or Cyth - er - e - a's brow, When first she left the
white as snow, Or thine, or Cyth - er - e - a's brow, When first she left the
white as snow, Or thine, or Cyth - er - e - a's brow, When first she left the
f animato
p
o - cean, the o - cean. Look forth and see, look
o - cean, the o - cean. Look forth and see, look
f animato
p
o - cean, the o - - cean. Look forth and see, la - dy, a-
o - cean, the o - - cean. Look forth and see, - - - - - - -
animato
mf Wind sustain
p


cres
p poco riten
forth and . . see, ... and see, la - dy, a - rise! look forth and
f
forth and see, look forth and see, look forth and
f
p poco riten
rise! look forth and see, look forth and see, look forth and
f
. . . and see, look forth and see, and
f
p poco riten
animato
f
see. The fair flow'r I - da - lia loves, . . . And
see. The fair flow'r I - da - lia loves, . . . And
animato
f
see. The fair flow'r I - da - lia loves, . . . And
see. The fair flow'r I - da - lia loves, . . . And
animato
f Harp
Tutti
Tromb

jas - mine stars from Flo - - ra's groves For thee . . a-dorn'd the bow - - -

jas - mine stars from Flo - - ra's groves For thee . . a-dorn'd the bow - - -

jas - mine stars from Flo - - ra's groves For thee . . a-dorn'd the bow - - -

jas - mine stars from Flo - - ra's groves For thee . . a-dorn'd the bow -

- - er, . . for thee a - dorn'd the bow - - er: These

- - er, . . . for thee a - dorn'd the bow - - er: These or - - ange-blos - soms

- - er, . . . for thee a - dorn'd the bow - - er: These or - - ange-blos - soms

- - er, . . . for thee a - dorn'd the bow - - er: These or - - ange-blos - soms

or - ange-blossoms crown'd the Bride, crown'd . . . the Bride, When Love . . and

crown'd the Bride, When Love and Pys-che were al-lied, when Love . . and

crown'd the Bride, When Love and Pys-che were al-lied, when Love . . and

crown'd the Bride, When Love and Pys-che were al-lied, when Love . . and

D. S.

Pys - che were al-lied By Hy - men's nup - tial pow - - er.

Pys - che were al-lied By Hy - men's nup - tial pow - - er.

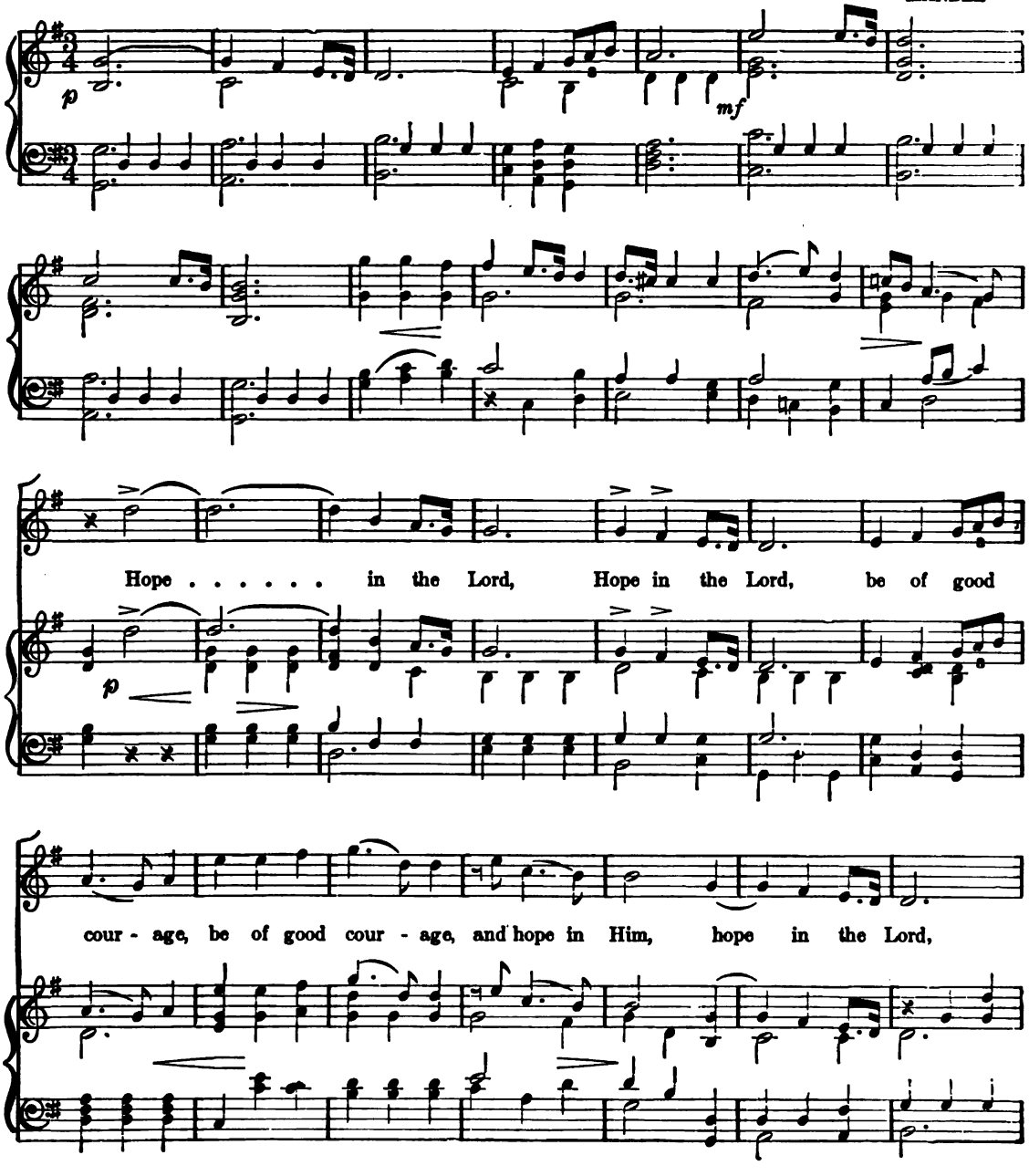
Pys - che were al-lied By Hy - men's nup - tial pow - - er.

Pys - che were al-lied By Hy - men's nup - tial pow - - er.

Largo

UNISON SONG

HANDEL



be of good cour - age And He shall strength-en your heart, that hope in

f

Him, all . . ye that hope, Hope in the Lord, and He shall strengthen your

p *f*

heart, all ye . . . that hope in the Lord, . . that hope in the Lord.

mf *mf* *ff*

Rit

A Slumber Song

Andante tranquillo

FREDERIC N. LOHR

mf SOPRANO

1. Wind of night, low and light, Mur - mur - ing soft - ly nigh, ...
2. Waft the day far a - way, Out a - bove the shad - ows throng,

ALTO

TENOR

1. Wind of night, low and light, Mur - mur - ing soft - ly nigh, ...
2. Waft the day far a - way, Out a - bove the shad - ows throng,

BASS

mf

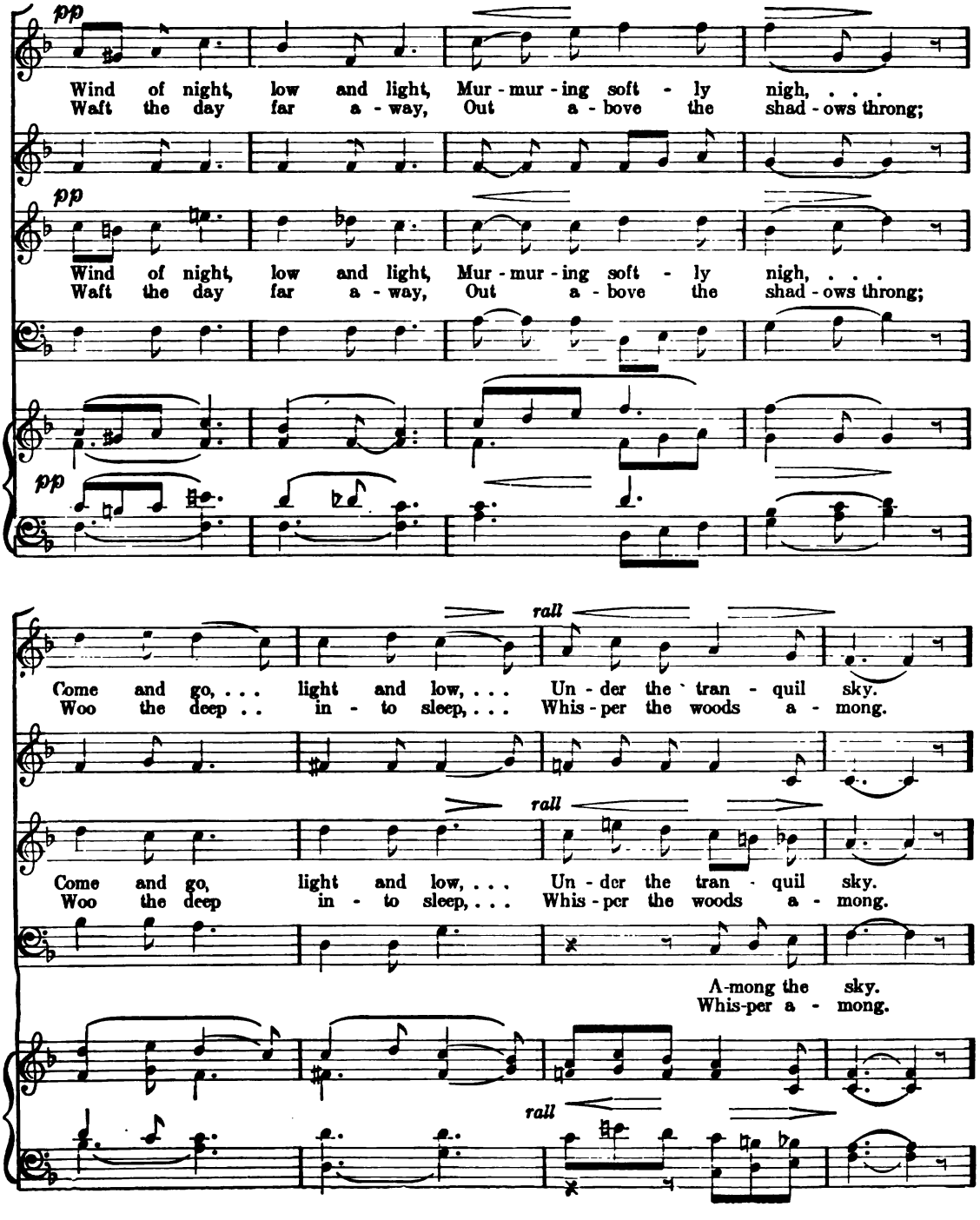
Come and go, light and low, Un - der the tran - - - - - - quil sky;
Woo the deep in - to sleep, Whis - per the woods . . . . a - mong;

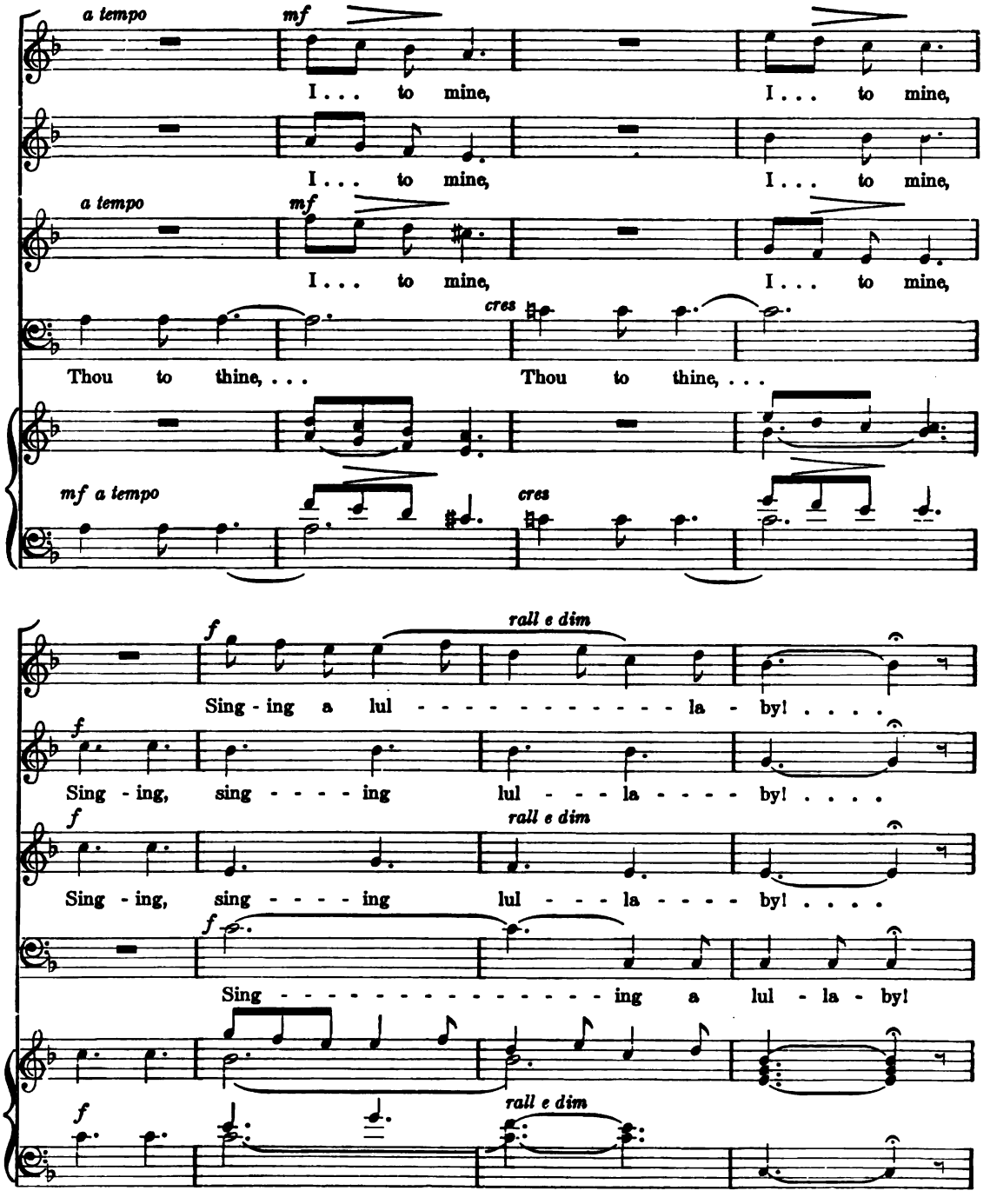
Un - der the tran - quil sky;
Whis-per the woods a - mong;

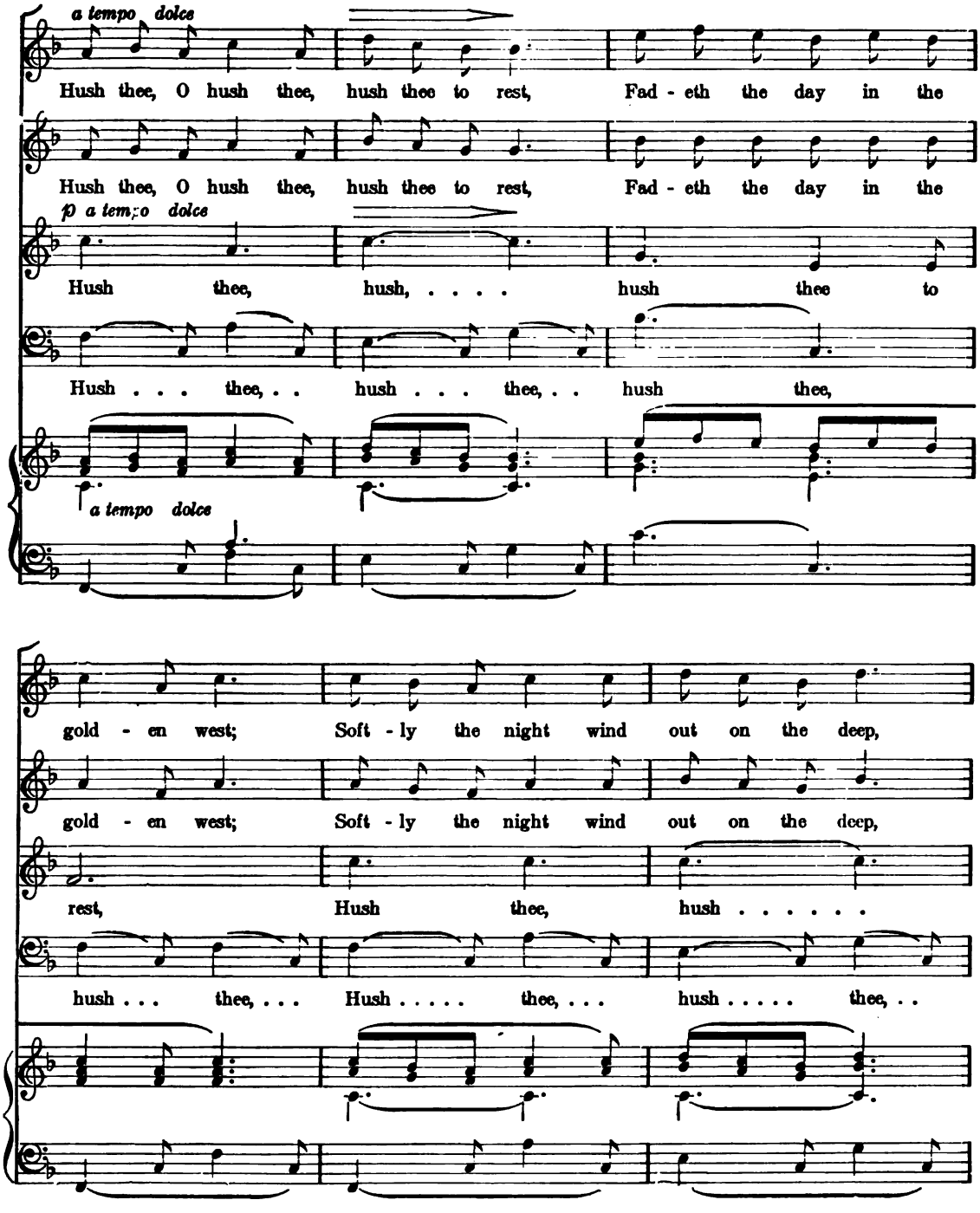
Come and go, light and low, Un - der the tran - quil sky;
Woo the deep in - to sleep, Whis - per the woods a - mong;

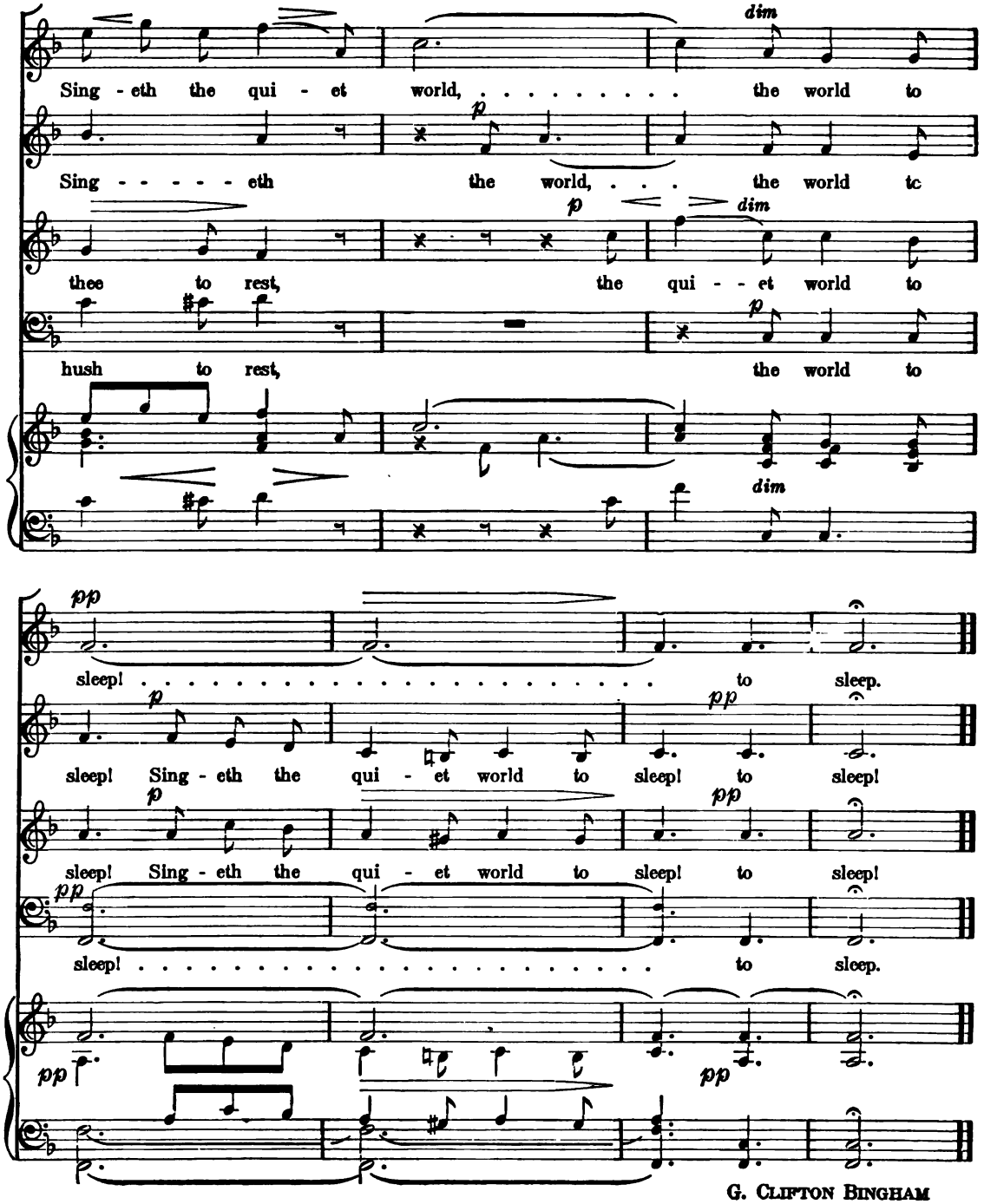
Un - der the sky;
Whis-per a - mong;

cres


pp
Wind of night, low and light, Mur - mur - ing soft - ly nigh, . . .
Waft the day far a - way, Out a - bove the shad - ows throng;
pp
Wind of night, low and light, Mur - mur - ing soft - ly nigh, . . .
Waft the day far a - way, Out a - bove the shad - ows throng;
pp
rall
Come and go, . . . light and low, . . . Un - der the tran - quil sky.
Woo the deep . . in - to sleep, . . . Whis - per the woods a - mong.
rall
Come and go, light and low, . . . Un - der the tran - quil sky.
Woo the deep in - to sleep, . . . Whis - per the woods a - mong.
A-mong the sky.
Whis-per a - mong.
rall

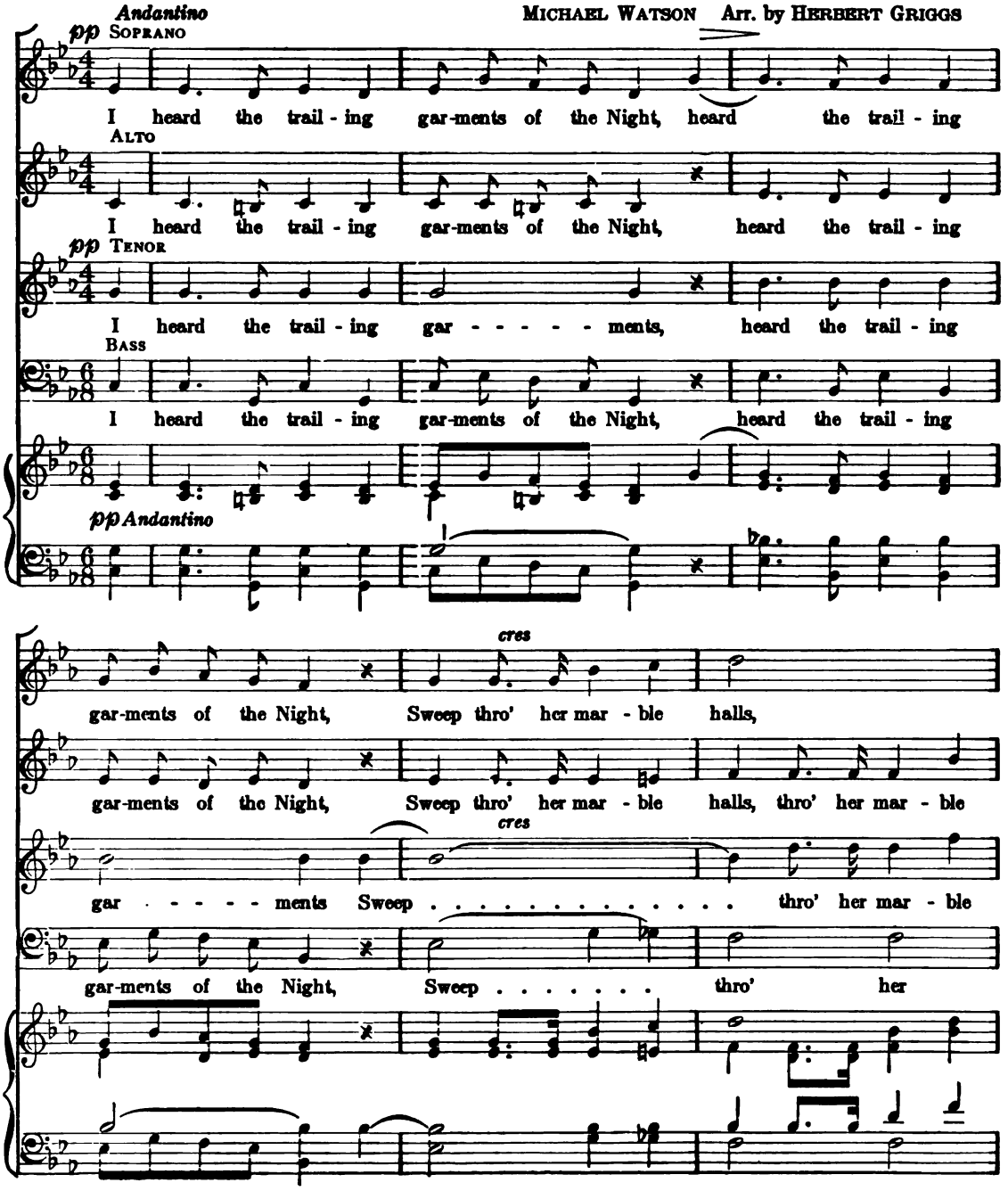

a tempo
mf
I . . . to mine, I . . . to mine,
I . . . to mine, I . . . to mine,
a tempo
mf
I . . . to mine, I . . . to mine,
cres
Thou to thine, . . . Thou to thine, . . .
mf a tempo
cres
f
rall e dim
Sing - ing a lul - - - - - - - - - - - - la - by! . . . .
f
Sing - ing, sing - - - - ing lul - - - la - - - - by! . . . .
f
rall e dim
Sing - ing, sing - - - - ing lul - - - la - - - - by! . . . .
f
Sing - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ing a lul - la - by!
f
rall e dim


a tempo dolce
Hush thee, O hush thee, hush thee to rest, Fad - eth the day in the
Hush thee, O hush thee, hush thee to rest, Fad - eth the day in the
p a tempo dolce
Hush thee, hush, ... hush thee to
Hush . . . thee, . . hush . . . thee, . . hush thee,
a tempo dolce
gold - en west; Soft - ly the night wind out on the deep,
gold - en west; Soft - ly the night wind out on the deep,
rest, Hush thee, hush . . . . . .
hush . . . thee, . . . Hush . . . . . thee, . . . hush . . . . . thee, . .



G. Clifton Bingham

Night


Andantino
MICHAEL WATSON Arr. by HERBERT GRIGGS
pp SOPRANO
I heard the trail - ing gar-ments of the Night, heard the trail - ing
ALTO
I heard the trail - ing gar-ments of the Night, heard the trail - ing
pp TENOR
I heard the trail - ing gar - - - - - ments, heard the trail - ing
BASS
I heard the trail - ing gar-ments of the Night, heard the trail - ing
pp Andantino
cres
gar-ments of the Night, Sweep thro' her mar - ble halls,
gar-ments of the Night, Sweep thro' her mar - ble halls, thro' her mar - ble
cres
gar - - - - - ments Sweep . . . . . thro' her mar - ble
gar-ments of the Night, Sweep . . . . . thro' her

sf *mf*

sweep thro' her mar ble halls! Sa - ble skirts all fringed with

halls, her mar - ble halls! Sa - ble skirts all fringed with

mf

halls, mar - - ble halls! Sa - ble skirts all fringed with

mar - - - ble halls! I saw her sa - ble skirts all fringed with

mf

ff

light, fringed with light, From the ce - les - tial walls!

light, fringed with light, From the ce - les - tial walls!

light, fringed with light, with light!

light, fringed with light, all fringed with light!

ff

mp

I felt her pres-ence by its spell, by its spell of

by its spell,

mp

I felt her pres-ence by its

mp

I felt her pres-ence by its spell . . . . of might,

mp

cres

might, Stoop o'er me from a - bove, Stoop o'er me

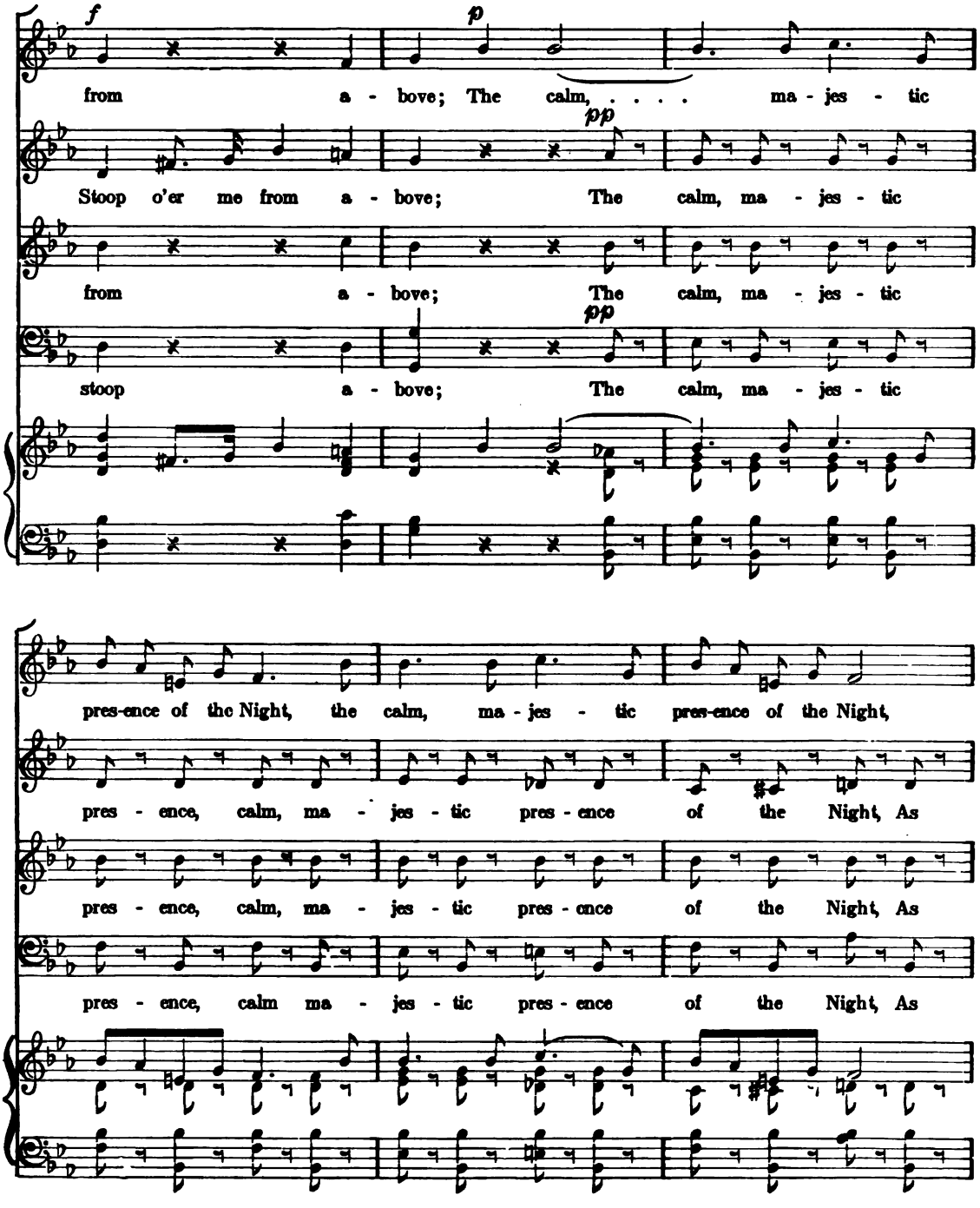
I felt her pres - ence by its spell o'er me from a - bove, Stoop,

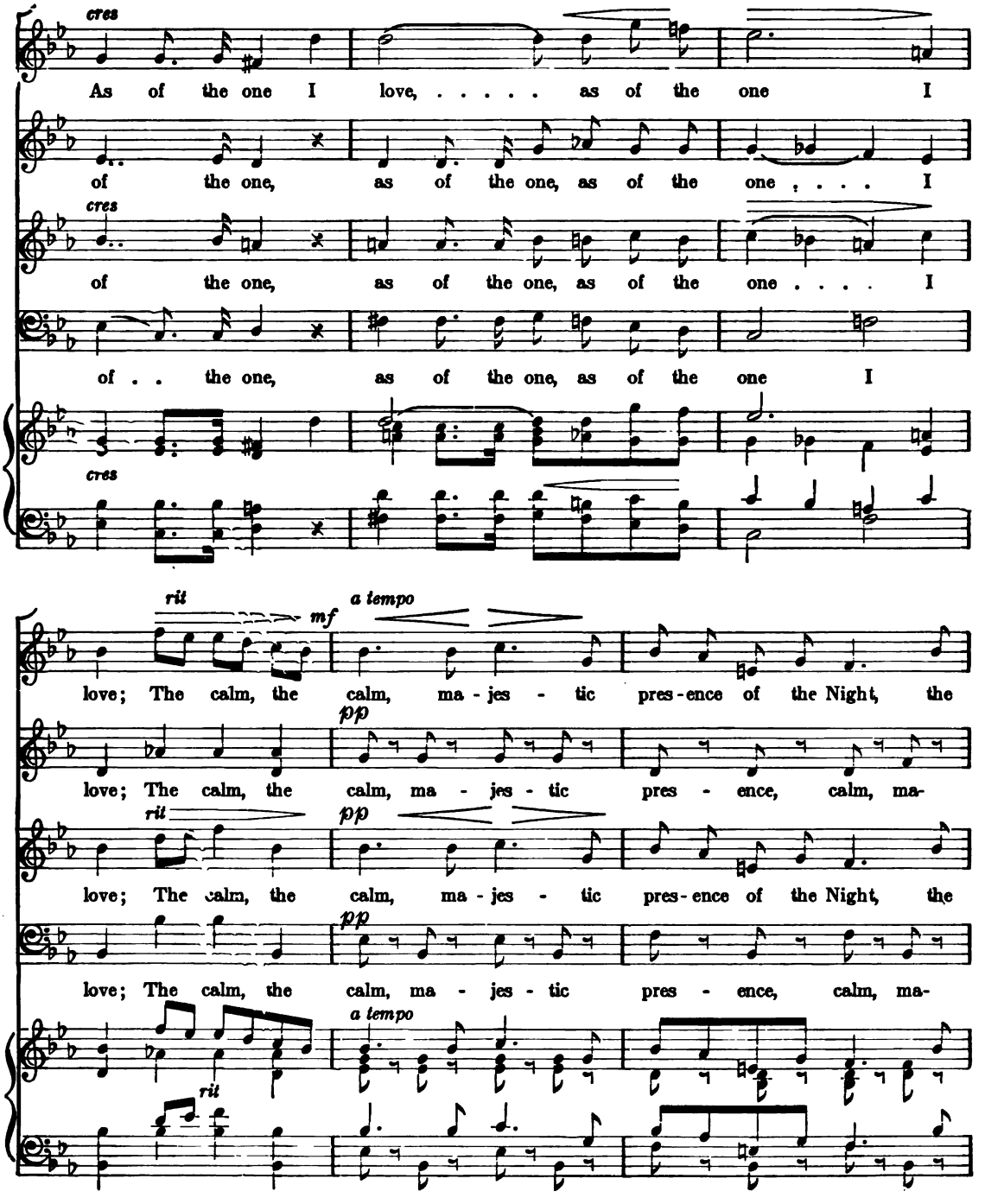
cres

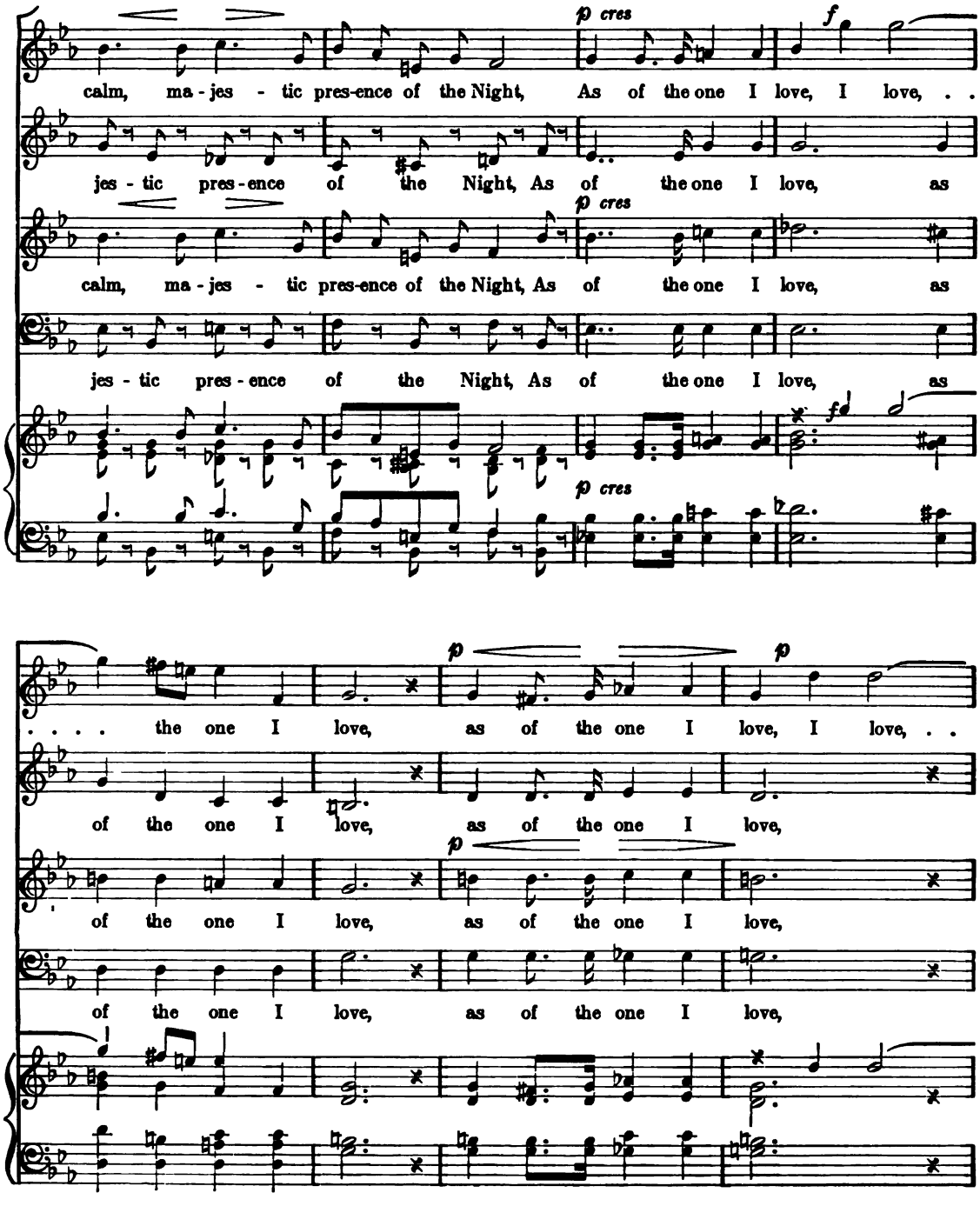
spell, felt her pres - ence Stoop o'er me from a - bove, Stoop o'er me

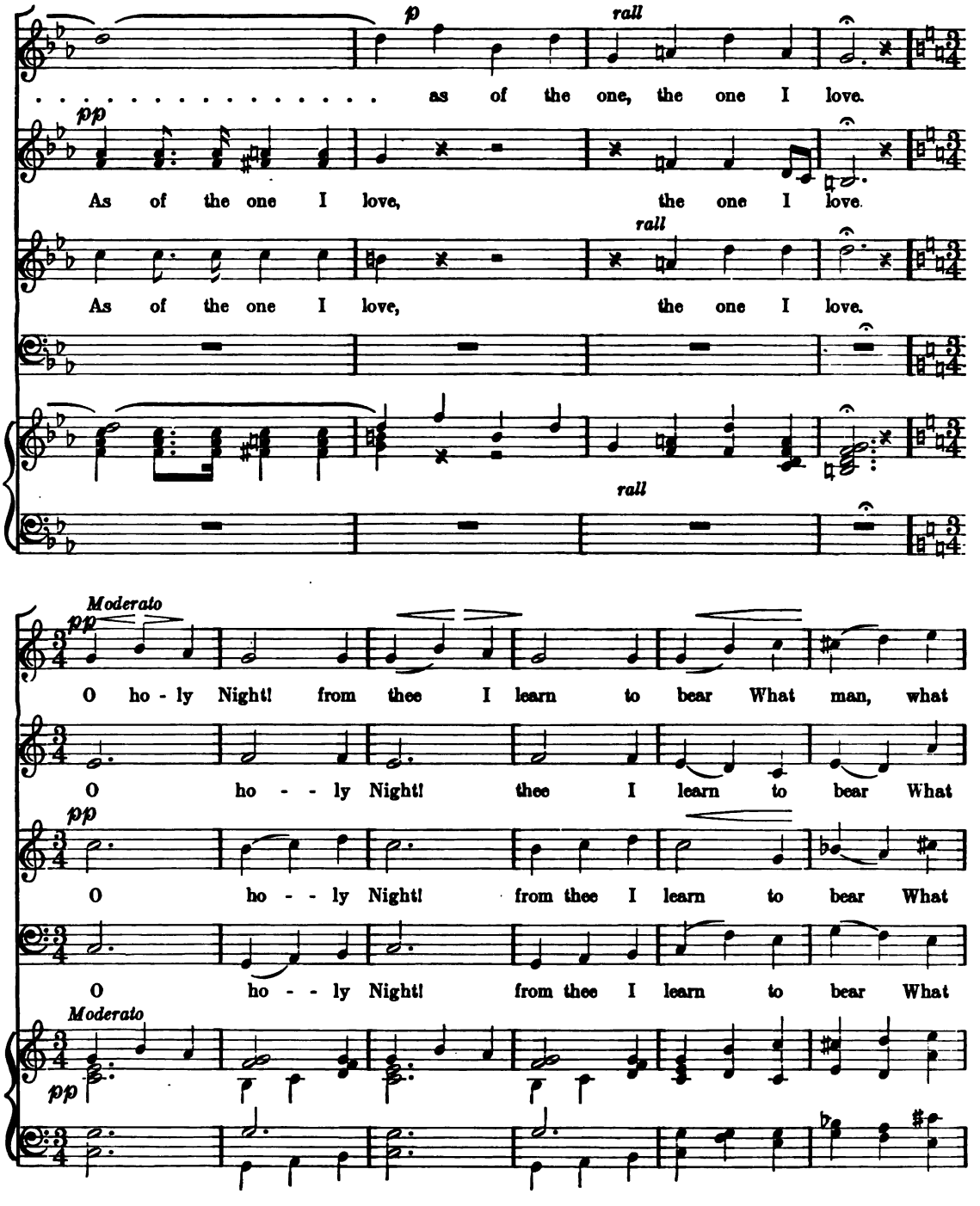
Stoop . . . . . o'er me from a - bove, Stoop,

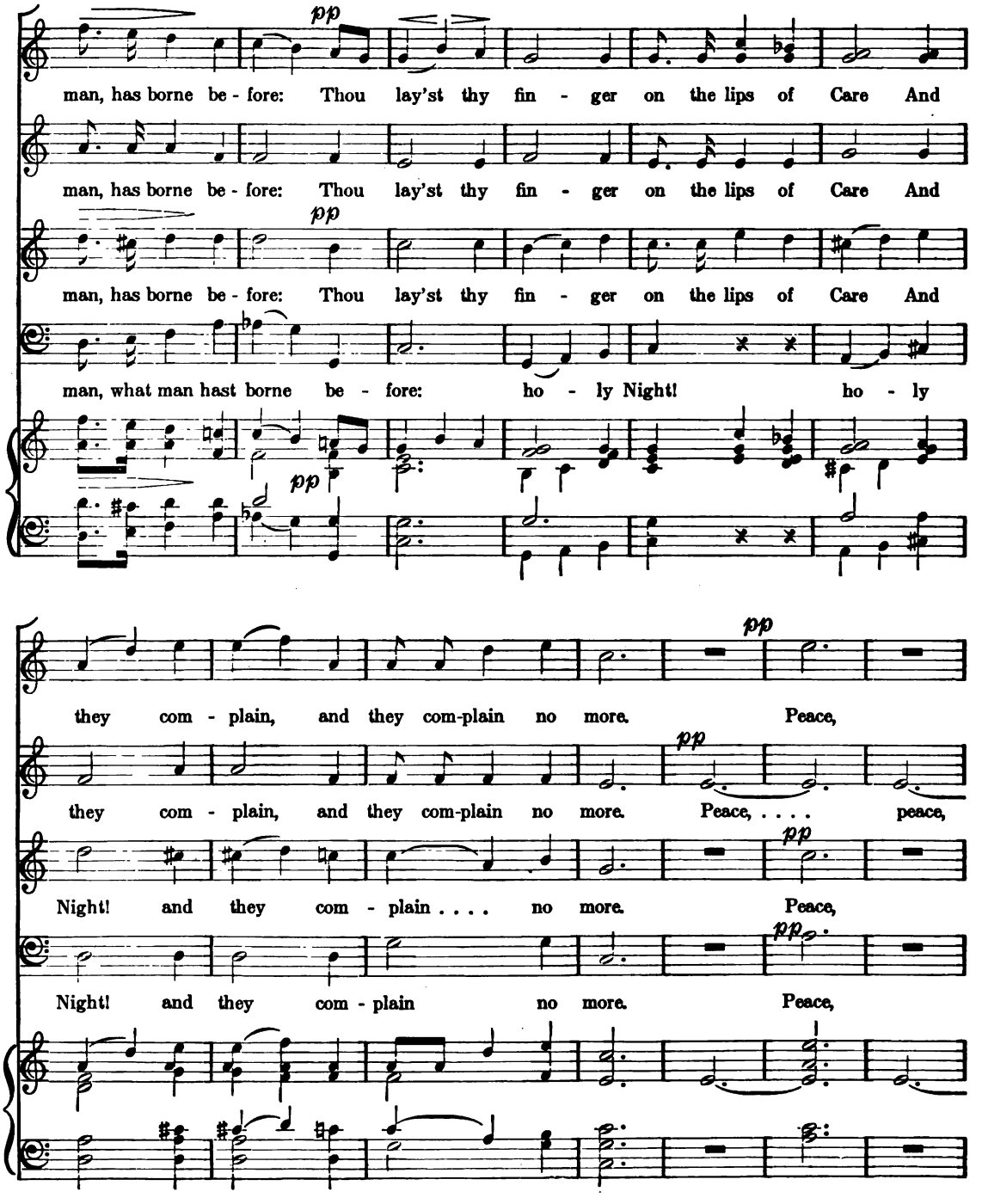
cres

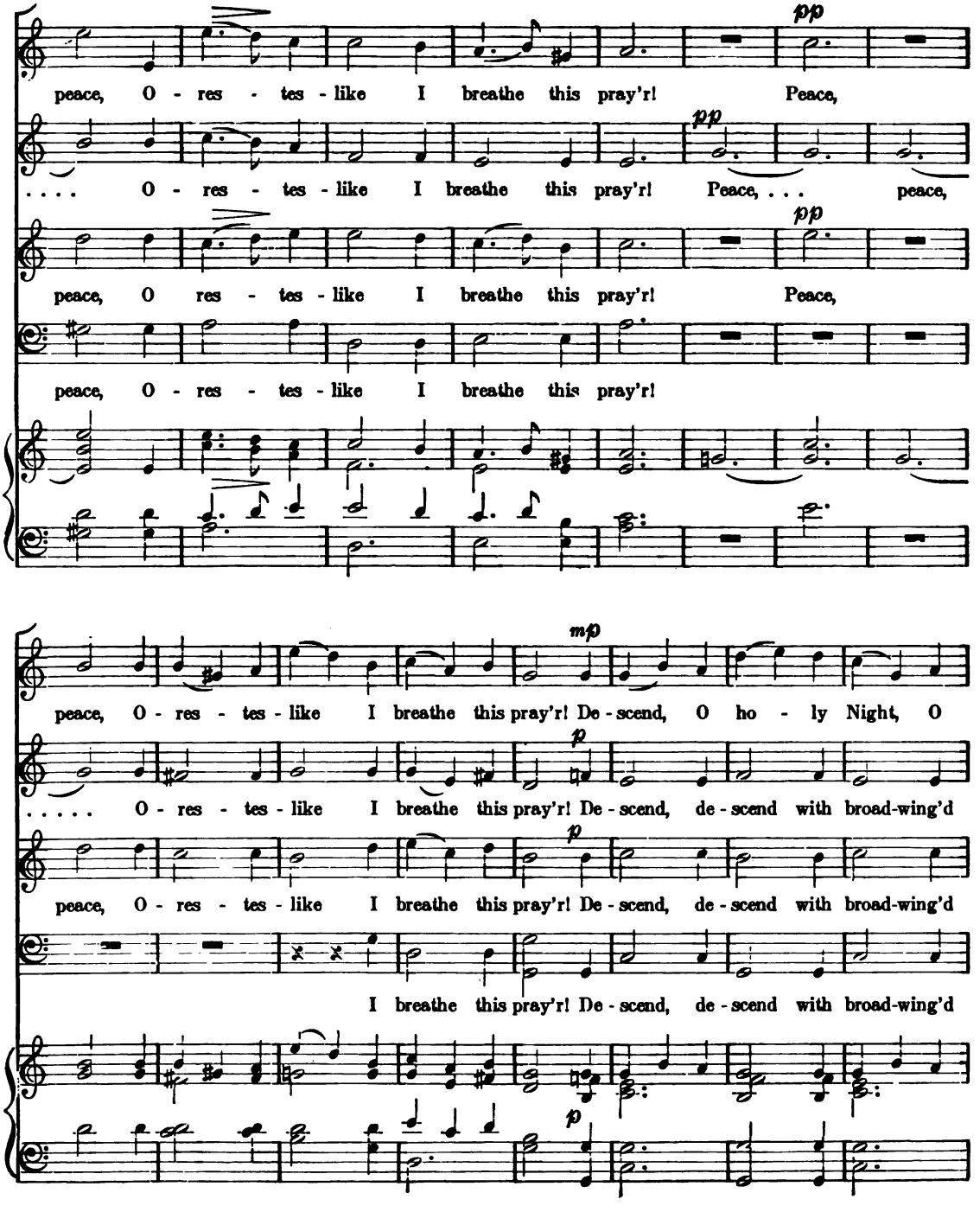

f
p
from a - bove; The calm, ... ma - jes - tic
pp
Stoop o'er me from a - bove; The calm, ma - jes - tic
from a - bove; The calm, ma - jes - tic
pp
stoop a - bove; The calm, ma - jes - tic
pres-ence of the Night, the calm, ma - jes - tic pres-ence of the Night,
pres - ence, calm, ma - jes - tic pres - ence of the Night, As
pres - ence, calm, ma - jes - tic pres - ence of the Night, As
pres - ence, calm ma - jes - tic pres - ence of the Night, As

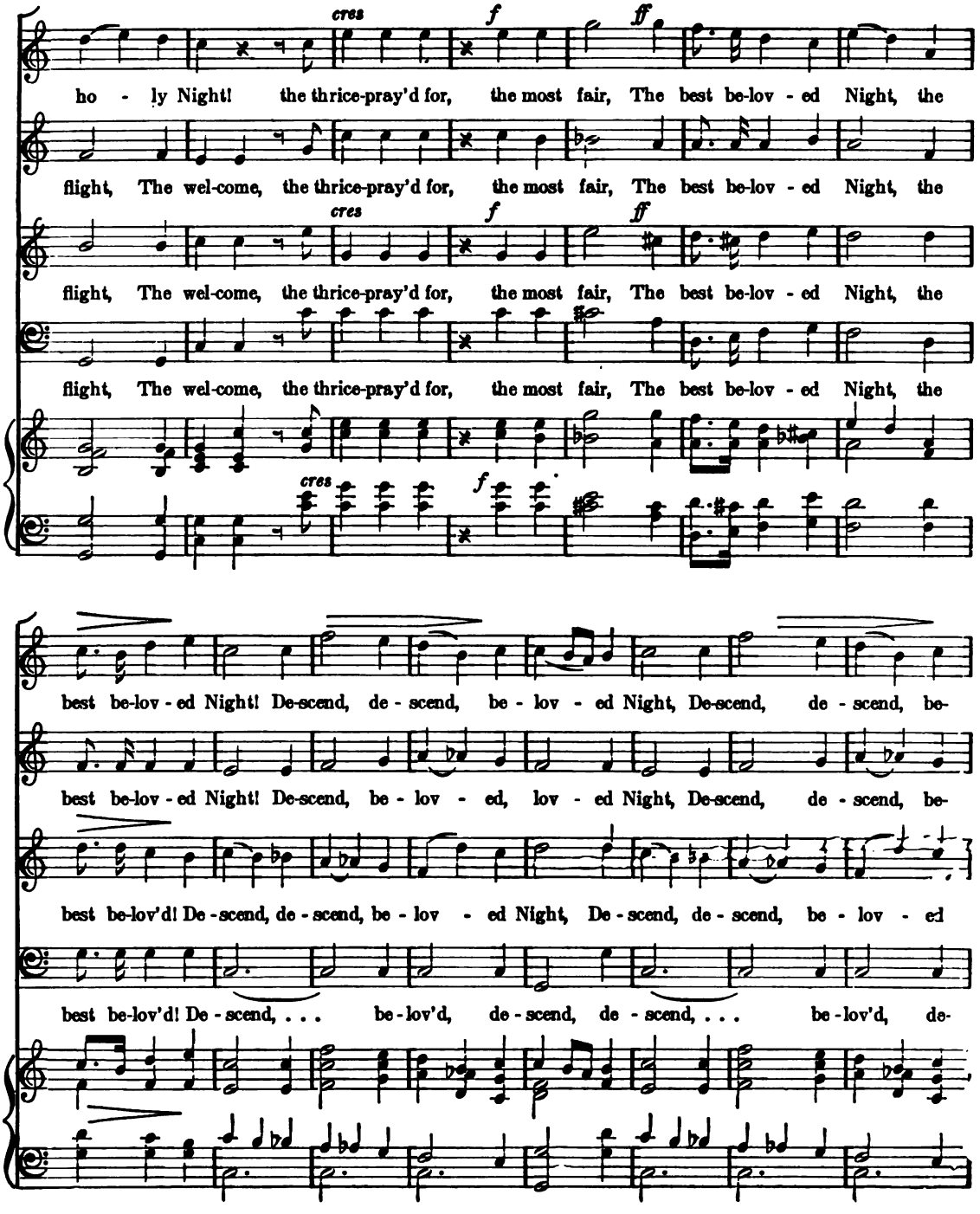

cres
As of the one I love, ... as of the one I
of the one, as of the one, as of the one I
cres
of the one, as of the one, as of the one I
of . . the one, as of the one, as of the one I
cres
rit
mf
a tempo
love; The calm, the calm, ma - jes - tic pres - ence of the Night, the
pp
love; The calm, the calm, ma - jes - tic pres - ence, calm, ma-
rit
pp
love; The calm, the calm, ma - jes - tic pres - ence of the Night, the
pp
love; The calm, the calm, ma - jes - tic pres - ence, calm, ma-
a tempo
rit

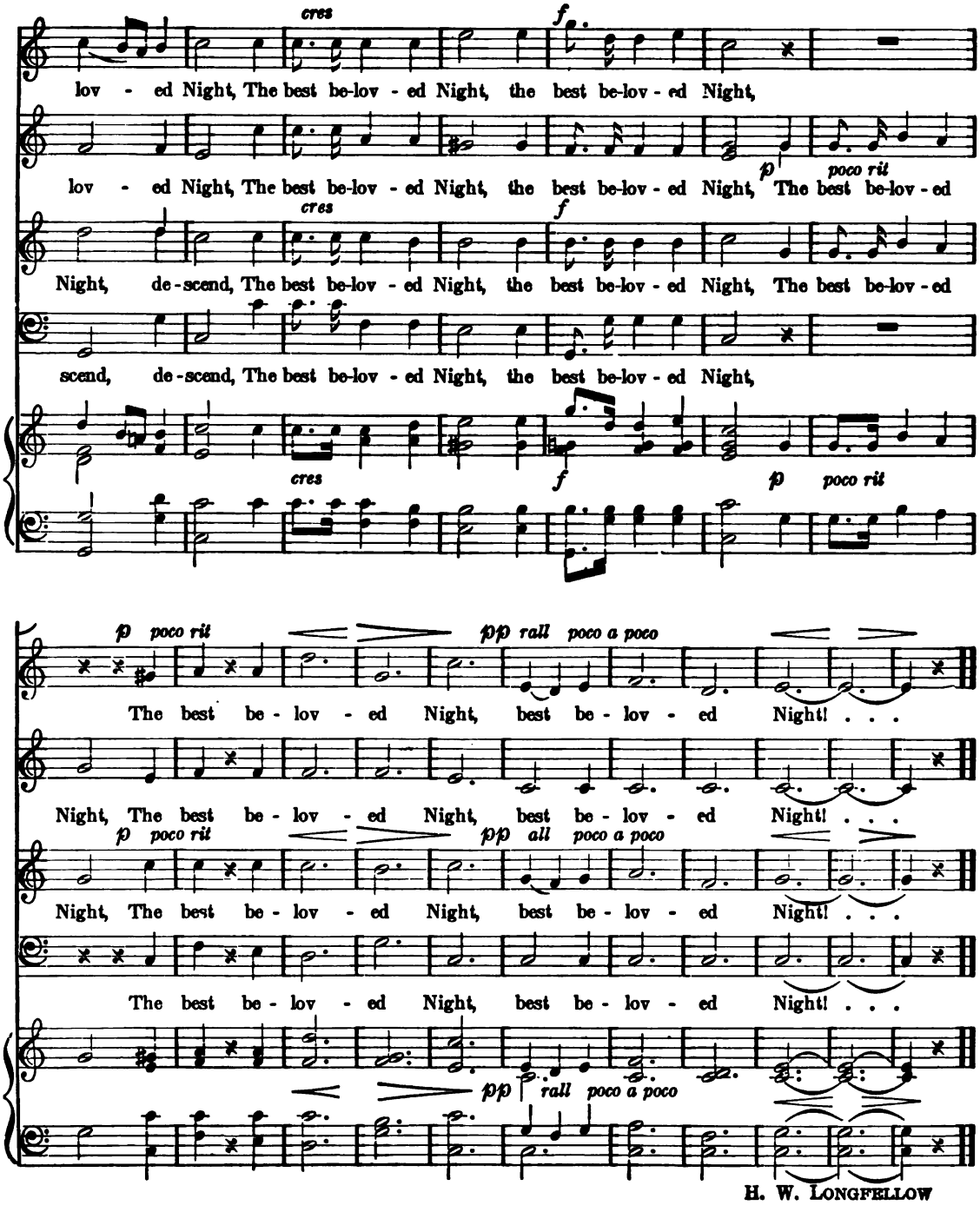

p cres
f
calm, ma - jes - tic pres-ence of the Night, As of the one I love, I love, . .
jes - tic pres - ence of the Night, As of the one I love, as
p cres
calm, ma - jes - tic pres-ence of the Night, As of the one I love, as
jes - tic pres - ence of the Night, As of the one I love, as
fd
p cres
. . . . the one I love, as of the one I love, I love, . .
p
of the one I love, as of the one I love,
p
of the one I love, as of the one I love,
of the one I love, as of the one I love,


p
rall
as of the one, the one I love.
pp
As of the one I love, the one I love.
rall
As of the one I love, the one I love.
rall
Moderato
pp
O ho - ly Night! from thee I learn to bear What man, what
O ho - - ly Night! thee I learn to bear What
pp
O ho - - ly Night! from thee I learn to bear What
O ho - - ly Night! from thee I learn to bear What
Moderato
pp


pp
man, has borne be - fore: Thou lay'st thy fin - ger on the lips of Care And
man, has borne be - fore: Thou lay'st thy fin - ger on the lips of Care And
pp
man, has borne be - fore: Thou lay'st thy fin - ger on the lips of Care And
man, what man hast borne be - fore: ho - ly Night! ho - ly
pp
they com - plain, and they com-plain no more. Peace,
pp
they com - plain, and they com-plain no more. Peace, ... peace,
pp
Night! and they com - plain . . . . no more. Peace,
pp
Night! and they com - plain no more. Peace,


pp
peace, O - res - tes - like I breathe this pray'r! Peace,
pp
. . . . O - res - tes - like I breathe this pray'r! Peace, . . . peace,
pp
peace, O res - tes - like I breathe this pray'r! Peace,
peace, O - res - tes - like I breathe this pray'r!
mp
peace, O - res - tes - like I breathe this pray'r! De - scend, O ho - ly Night, O
p
. . . . . O - res - tes - like I breathe this pray'r! De - scend, de - scend with broad-wing'd
p
peace, O - res - tes - like I breathe this pray'r! De - scend, de - scend with broad-wing'd
I breathe this pray'r! De - scend, de - scend with broad-wing'd
p


cres
f
ff
ho - ly Night! the thrice-pray'd for, the most fair, The best be-lov - ed Night, the
flight, The wel-come, the thrice-pray'd for, the most fair, The best be-lov - ed Night, the
flight, The wel-come, the thrice-pray'd for, the most fair, The best be-lov - ed Night, the
flight, The wel-come, the thrice-pray'd for, the most fair, The best be-lov - ed Night, the
best be-lov - ed Night! De-scend, de - scend, be - lov - ed Night, De-scend, de - scend, be-
best be-lov - ed Night! De-scend, be - lov - ed, lov - ed Night, De-scend, de - scend, be-
best be-lov'd! De - scend, de - scend, be - lov - ed Night, De - scend, de - scend, be - lov - ed
best be-lov'd! De - scend, . . . be - lov'd, de - scend, de - scend, . . . be - lov'd, de-



H. W. LONGFELLOW

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

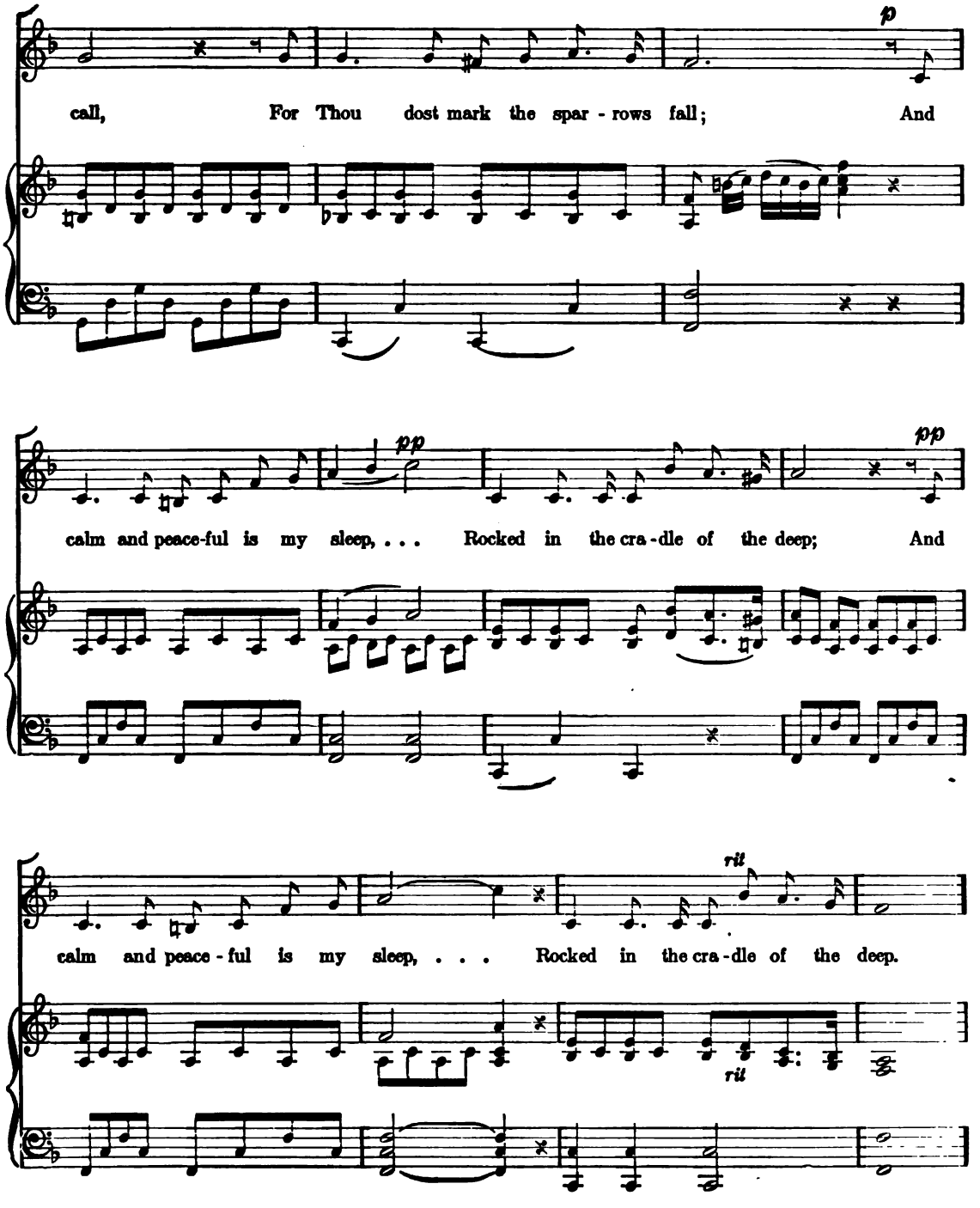
J. P. KNIGHT
Acc. arranged by HERBERT GRIGGS

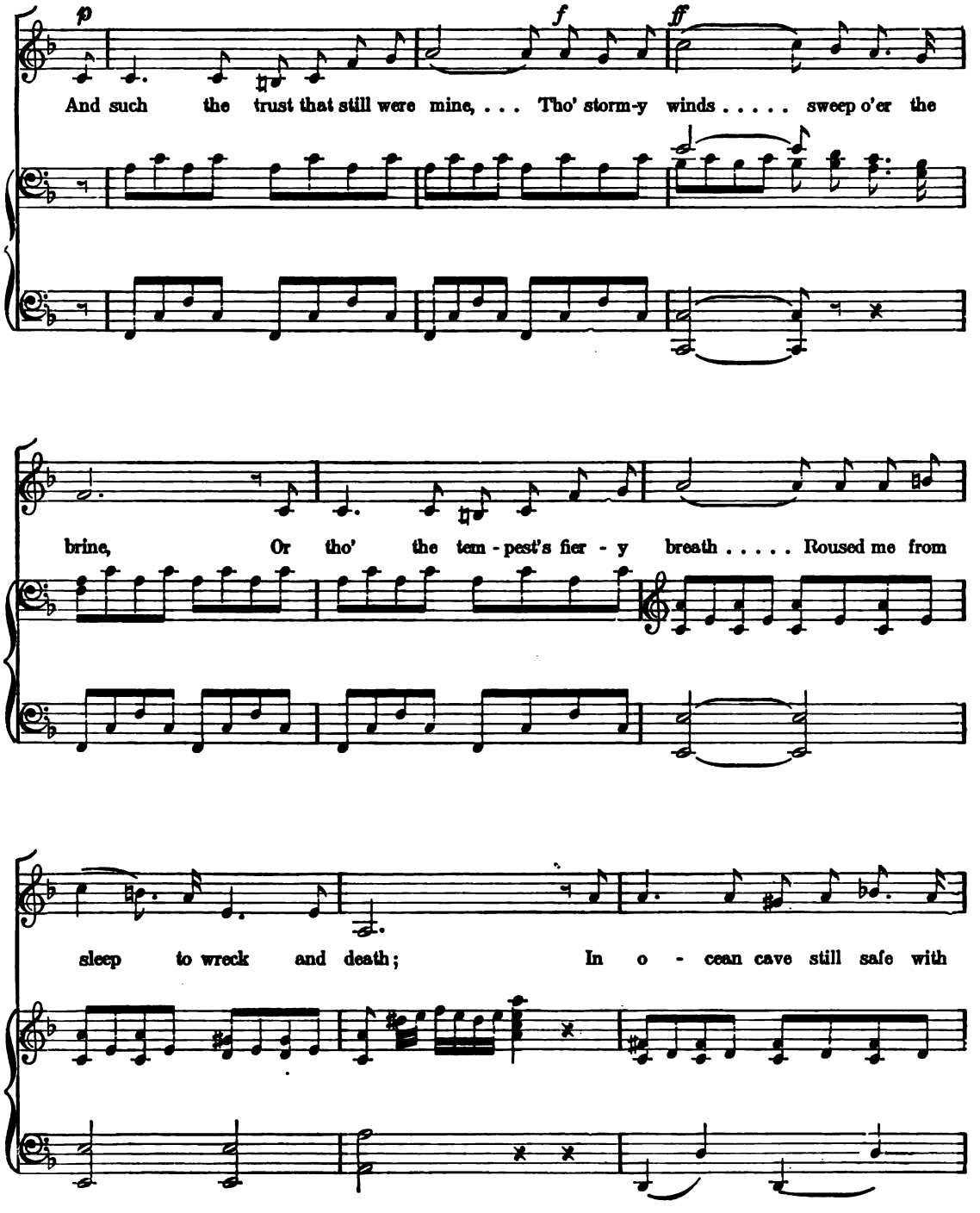
p

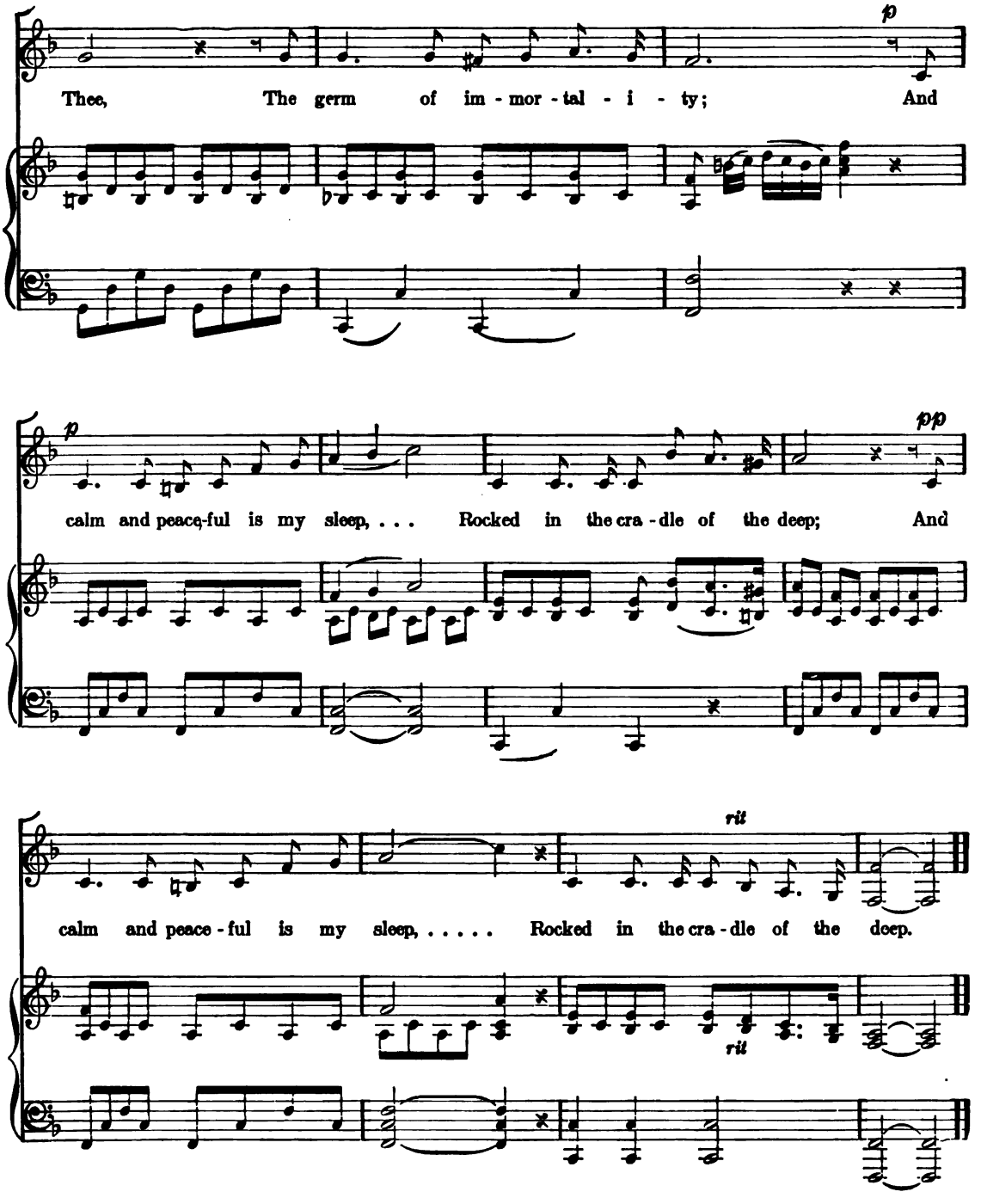
Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, ... I lay me down . . . . . in peace to

sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, ... For Thou, oh,

Lord, hast pow'r to save. I know Thou wilt not slight my


p
call, For Thou dost mark the spar - rows fall; And
pp
pp
calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . . Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep; And
rit
calm and peace - ful is my sleep, . . . Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep.
rit


p
f
ff
And such the trust that still were mine, . . . Tho' storm-y winds . . . . . sweep o'er the
brine, Or tho' the tem - pest's fier - y breath . . . . . Roused me from
sleep to wreck and death; In o - cean cave still safe with


p
Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty; And
p
calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . . Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep; And
pp
rit
calm and peace - ful is my sleep, ... Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep.
rit

Out on the Deep

UNISON SONG

FREDERIC N. LÖHR

Allegro moderato

f *sf*

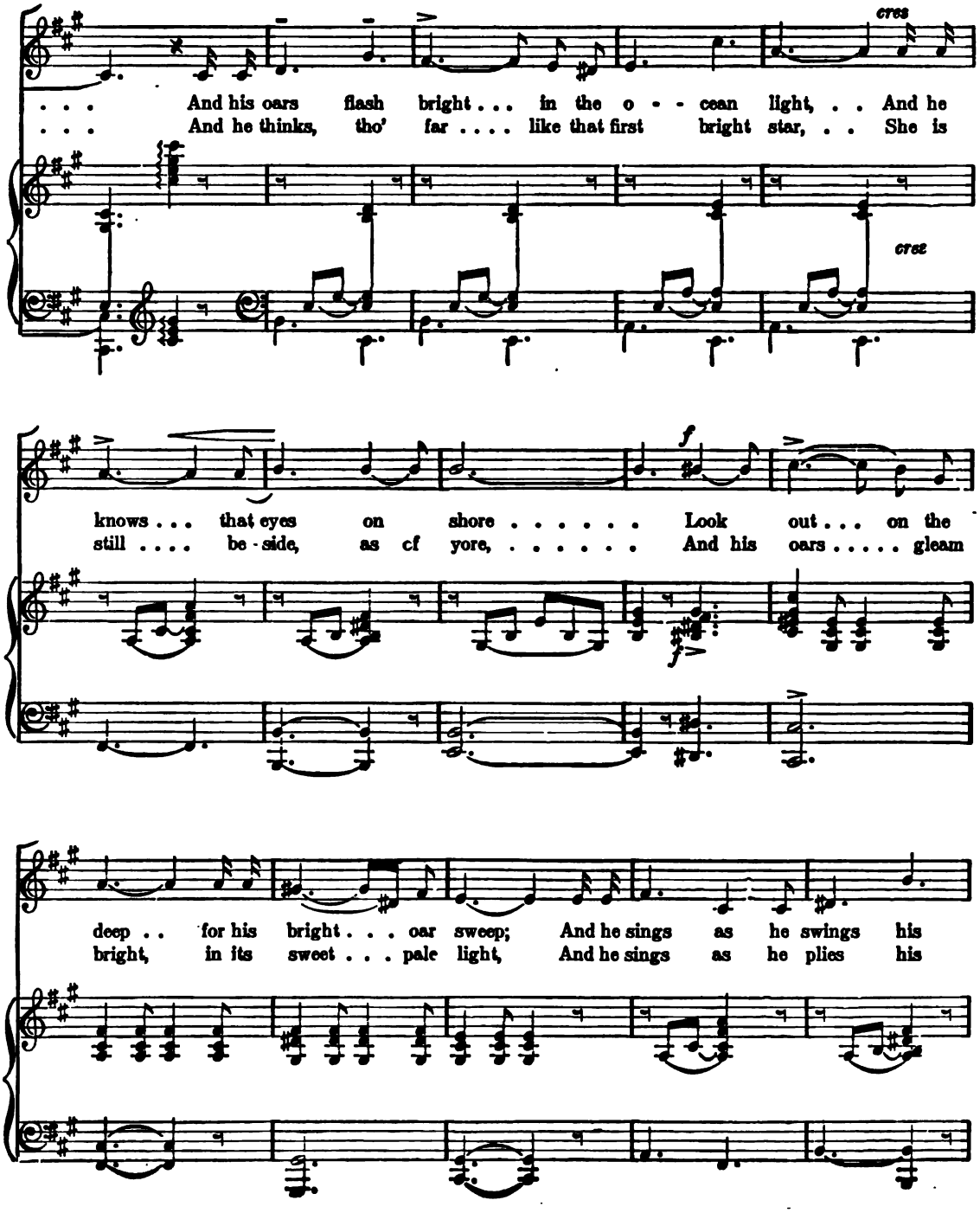
1. Out on the deep when the sun is low, . . . And the sea with
2. Out on the deep when the sun is dead, . . And the first sweet

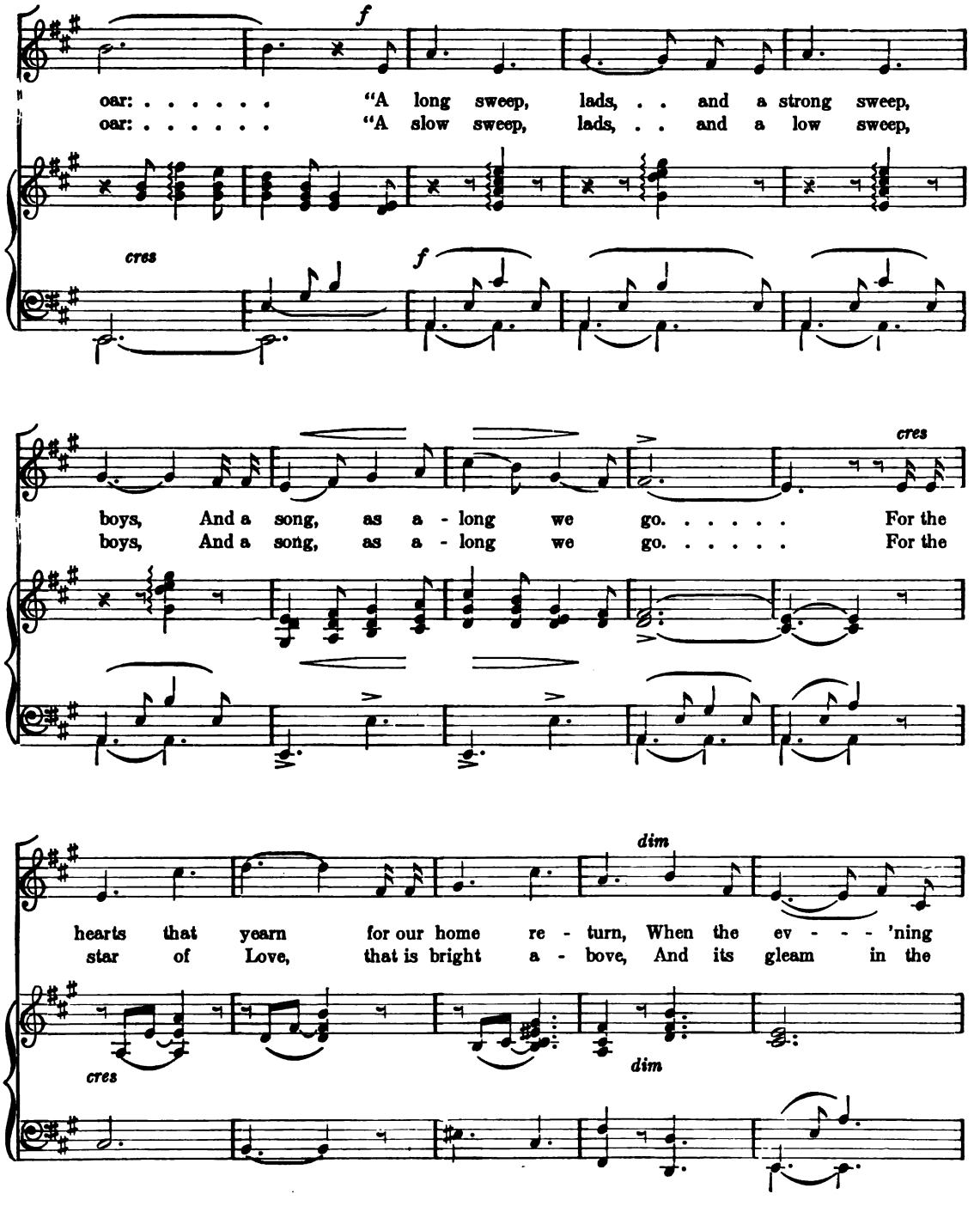
mf *marcato* *cres*

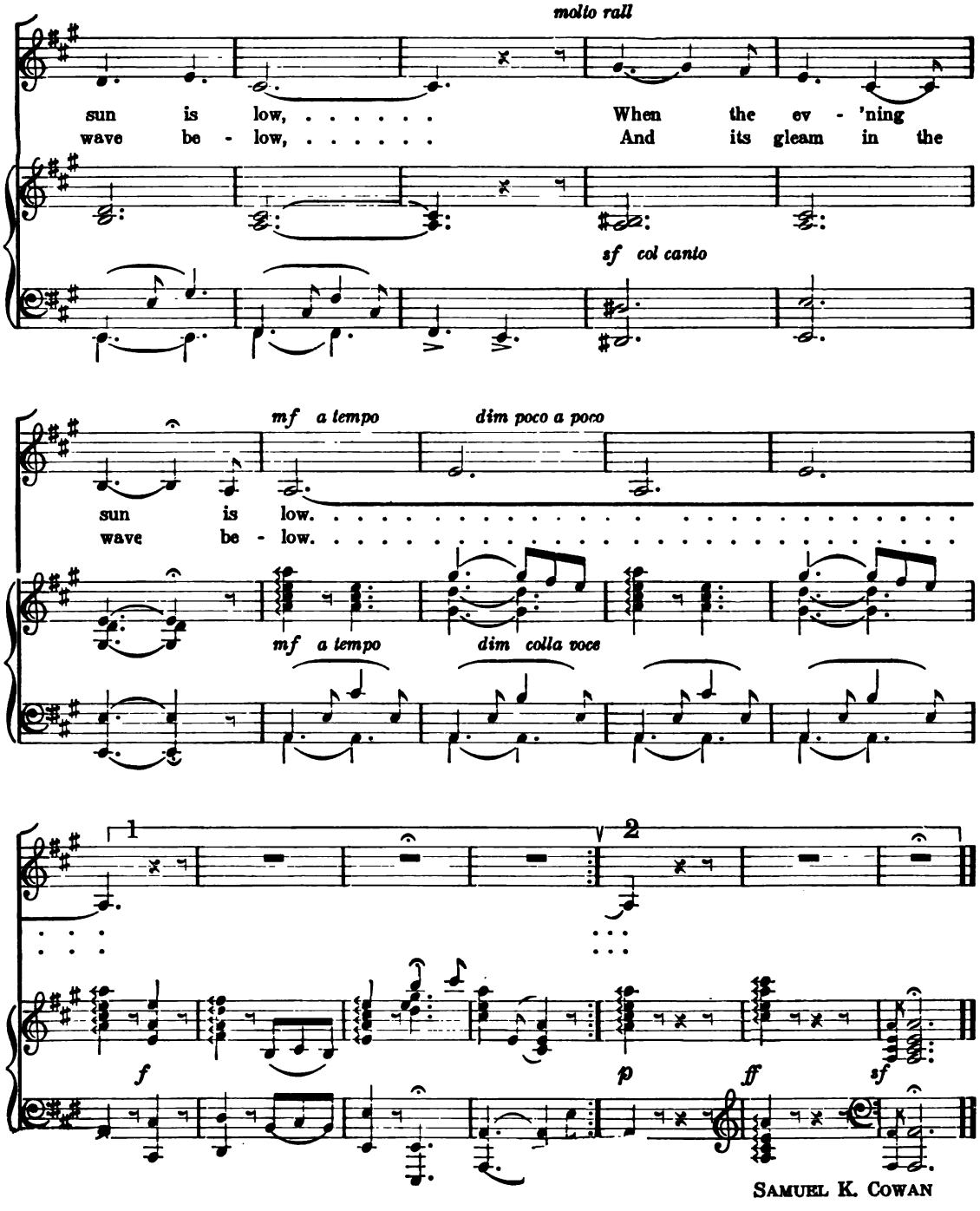
splen - dor burns; . . . . With his sca - - - - ly spoil from his
star doth gleam; . . . . Of a day . . that is dead, and a

cres

ev - 'ning toil, . . . The fish - - er home - ward turns; . . .
Love that's fled, . . . The fish - - er oft will dream; . . . .


cres
. . . And his oars flash bright . . . in the o - - cean light, . . And he
. . . And he thinks, tho' far . . . . like that first bright star, . . She is
cresc
knows . . . that eyes on shore . . . . . Look out . . . on the
still . . . . be - side, as cf yore, ... And his oars . . . . . gleam
f
deep . . for his bright . . . oar sweep; And he sings as he swings his
bright, in its sweet . . . pale light, And he sings as he plies his


f
oar: . . . . . "A long sweep, lads, . . and a strong sweep,
oar: . . . . . "A slow sweep, lads, . . and a low sweep,
cres
f
boys, And a song, as a - long we go. . . . . For the
boys, And a song, as a - long we go. . . . . For the
cres
hearts that yearn for our home re - turn, When the ev - - - 'ning
star of Love, that is bright a - bove, And its gleam in the
dim
cres
dim



SAMUEL K. COWAN

The Crusaders

CIRO PINSUTI

SOPRANO

p *Tempo marizale e stac*

On steep Mount Car - mel's height we stand, And gaze far o'er the Ho - ly land; Our

ALTO

On steep Mount Car - mel's height we stand, And gaze far o'er the Ho - ly land; Our

TENOR

On steep Mount Car - mel's height we stand, And gaze far o'er the Ho - ly land; Our

BASS

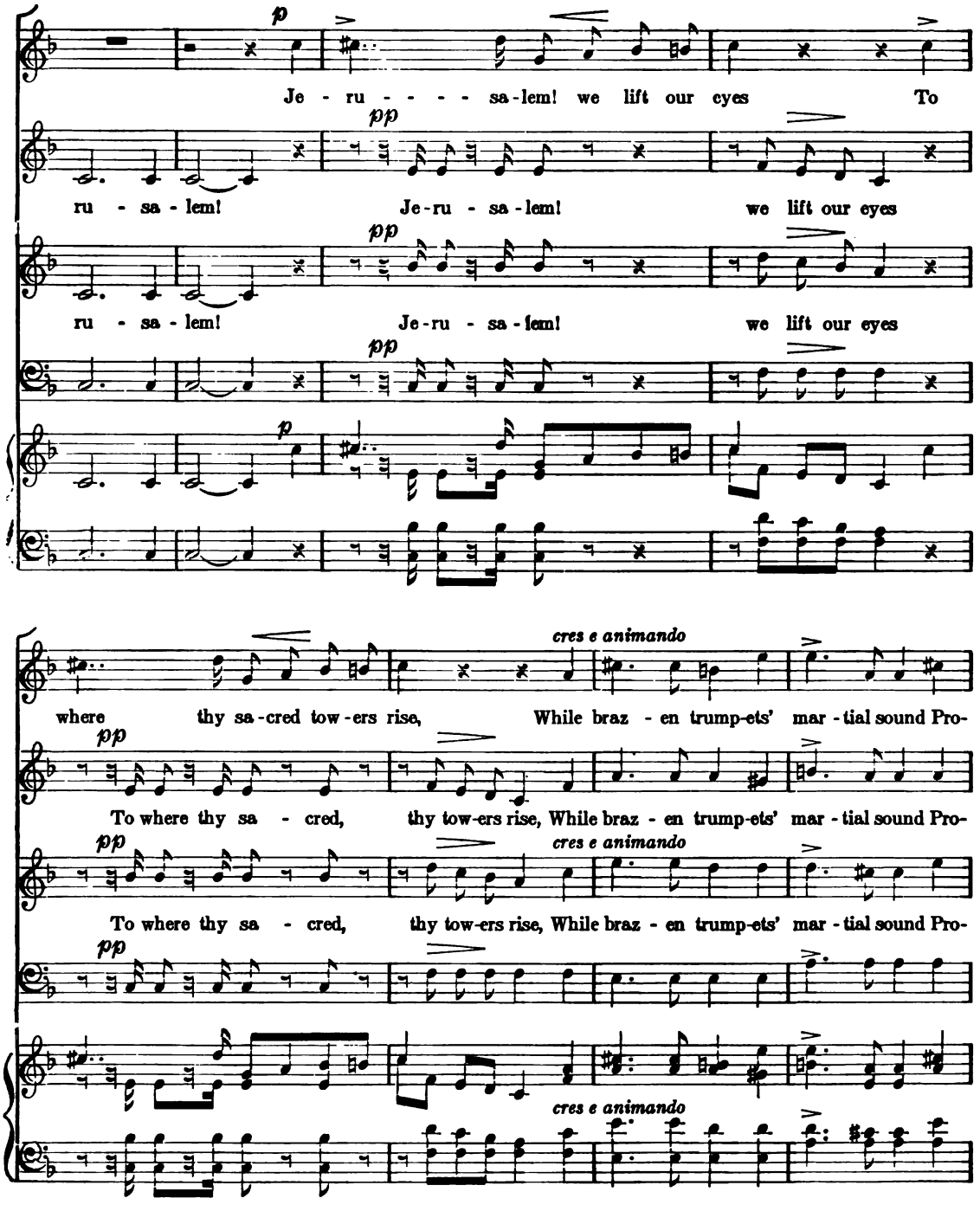
Tempo marizale

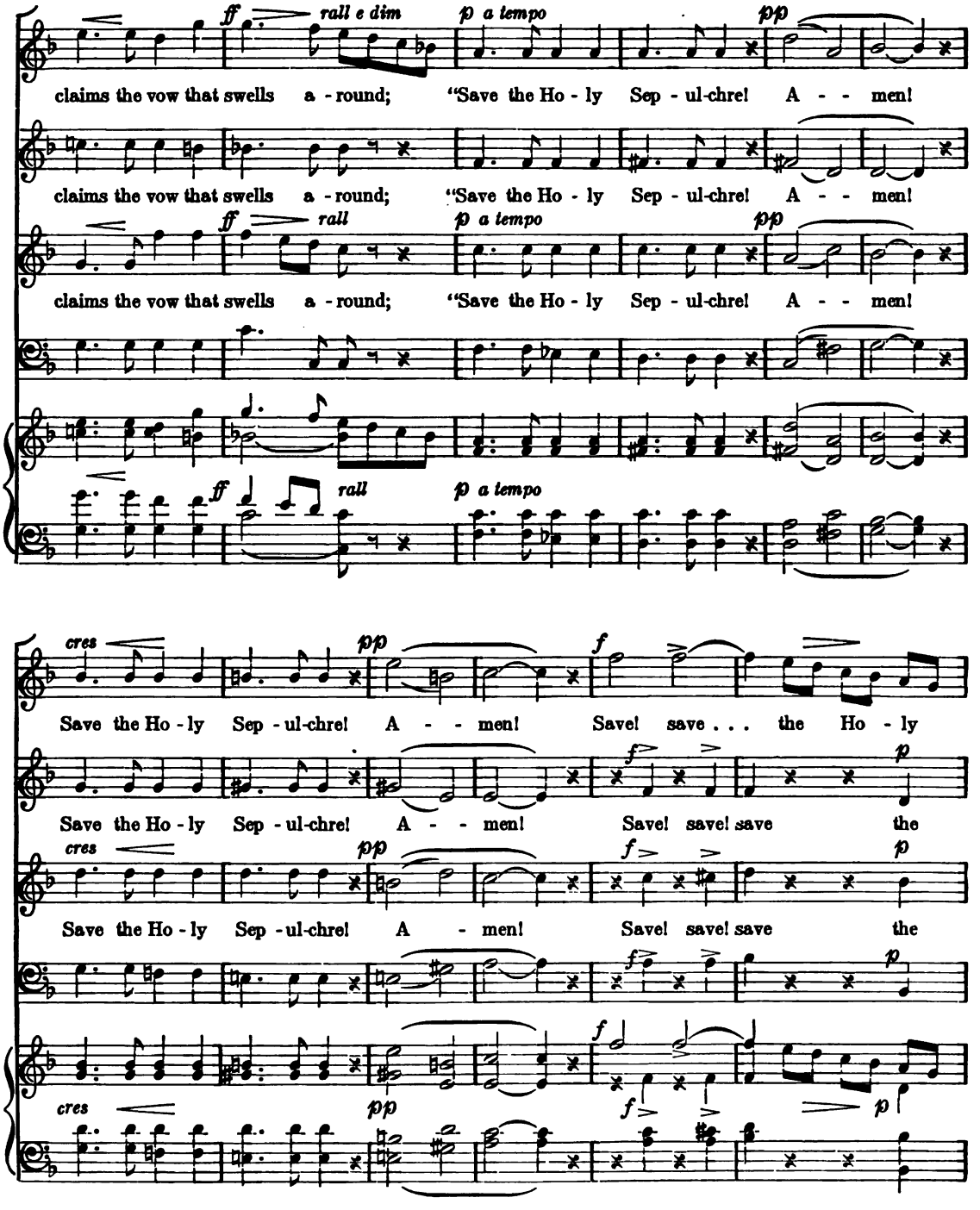
e stac

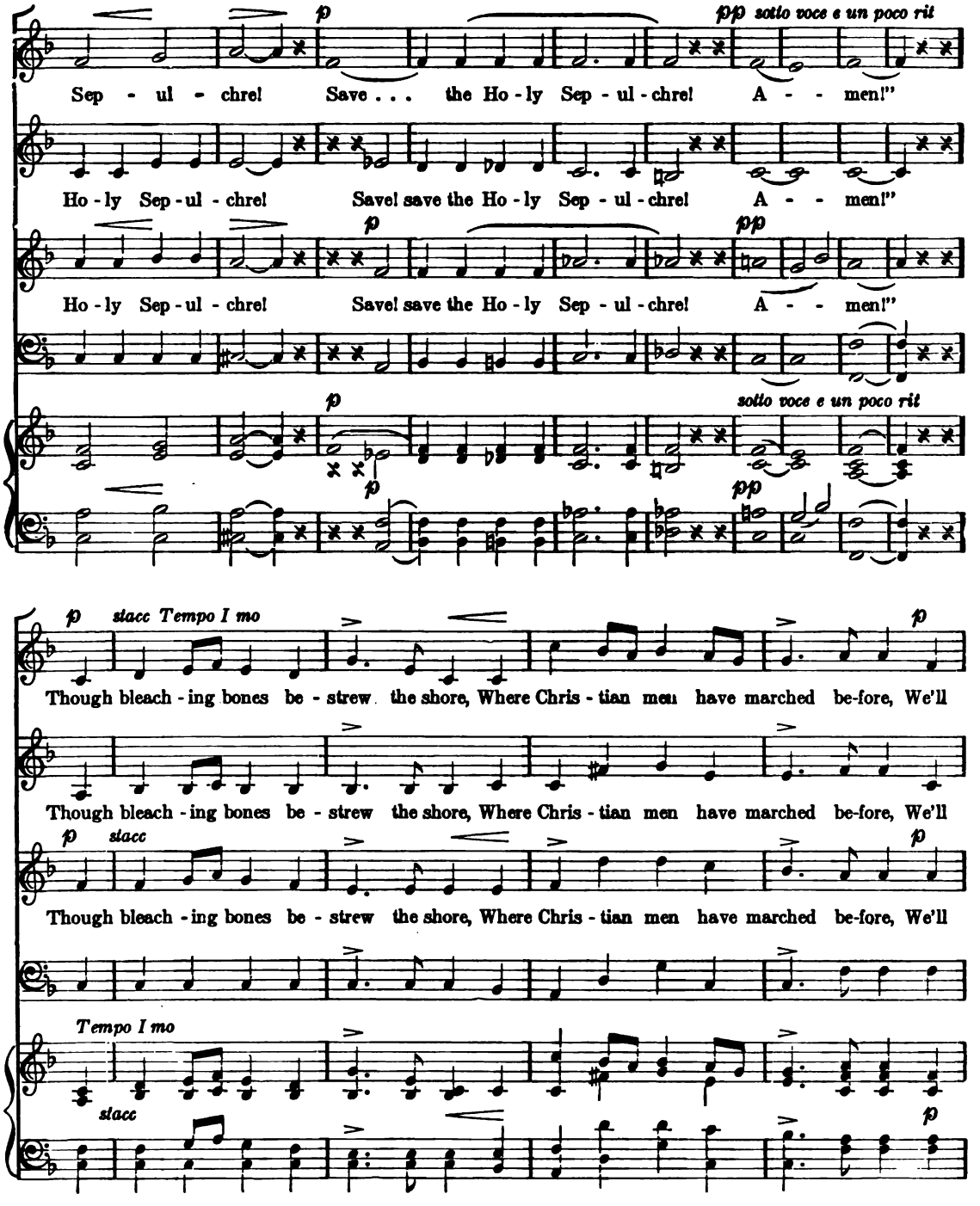
mail - clad warriors throng beneath, 'Gainst Moslem foe fore-armed to death, Je - ru - sa - lem!

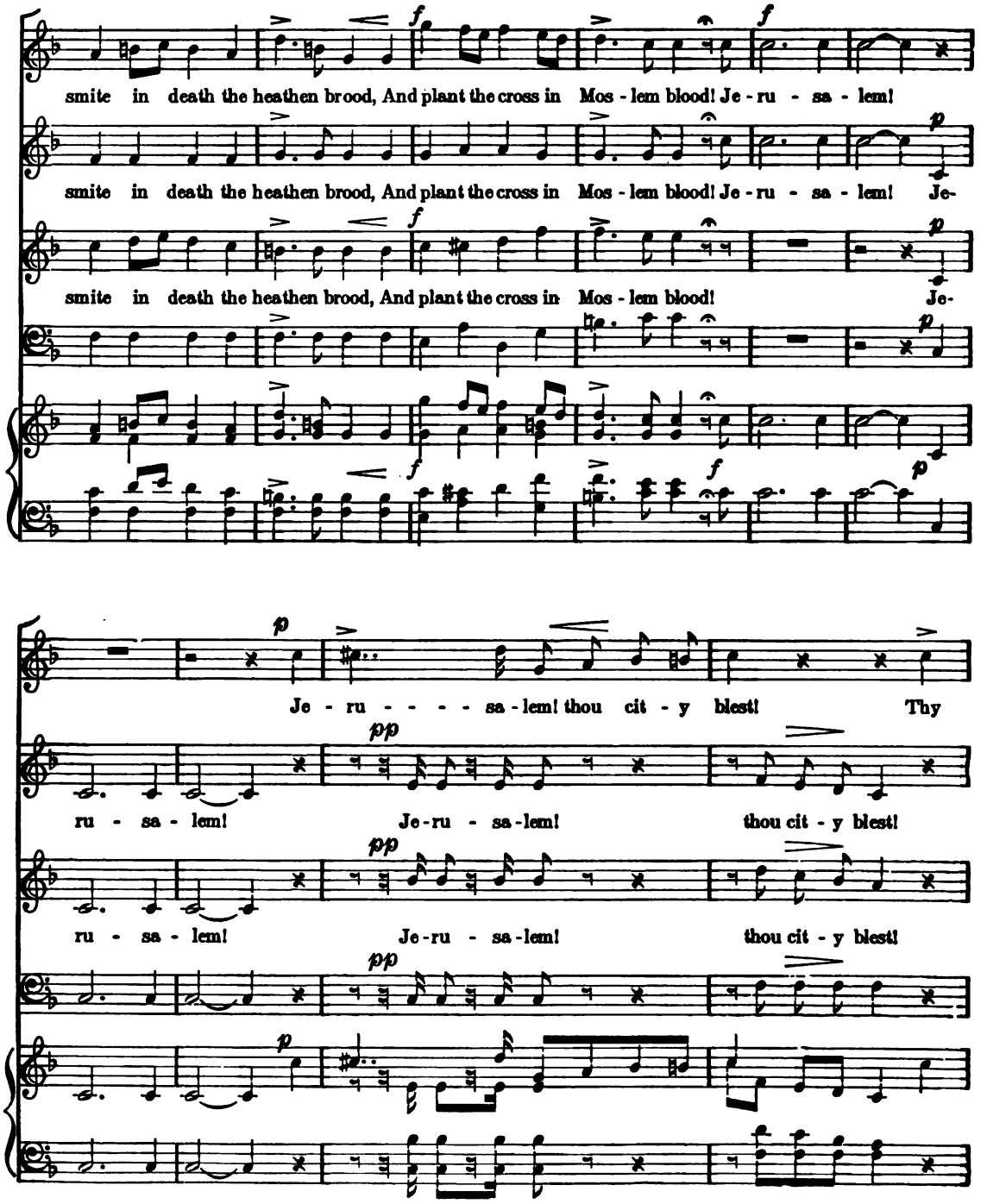
mail - clad warriors throng beneath, 'Gainst Moslem foe fore-armed to death, Je - ru - sa - lem! Je-

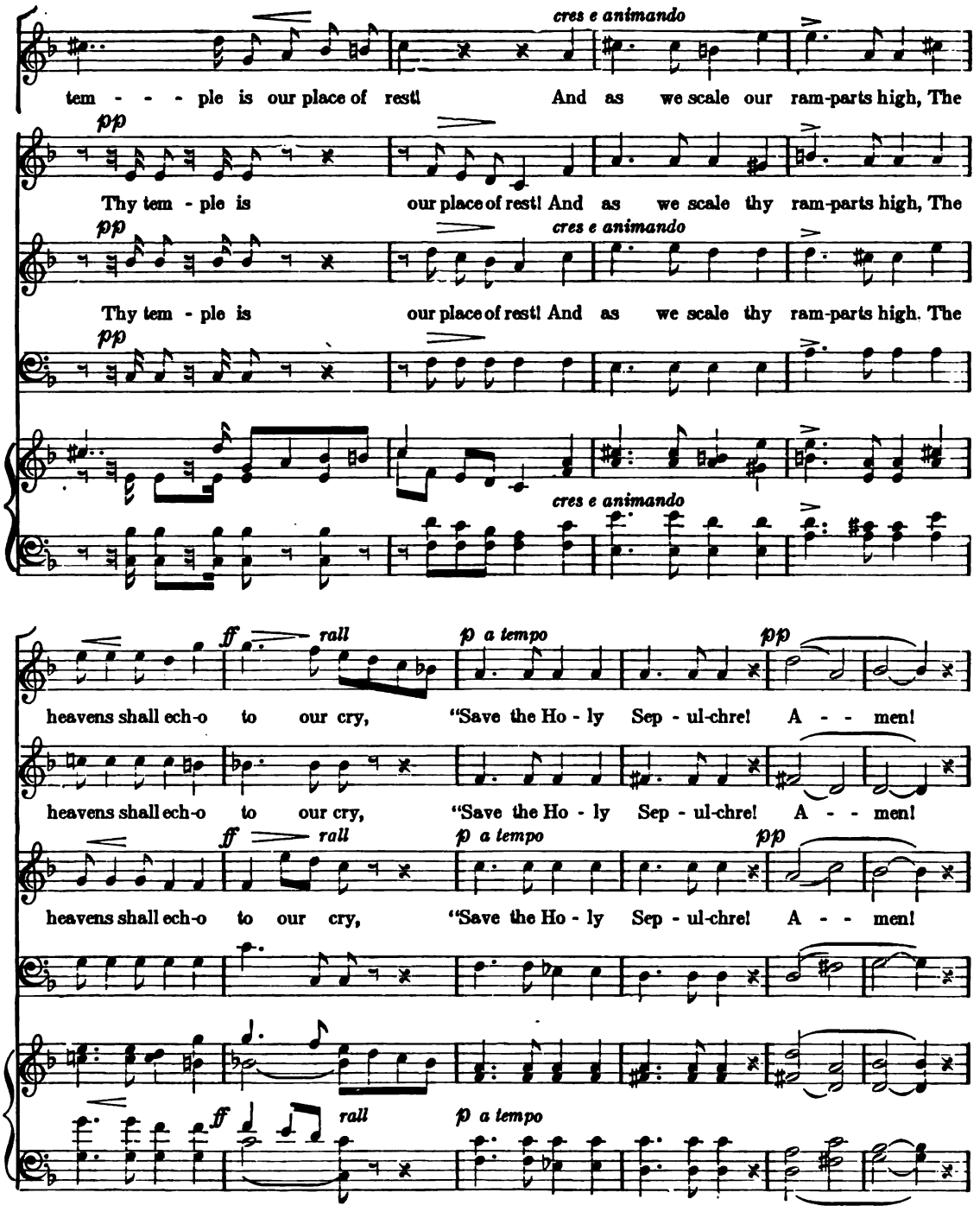
mail - clad warriors throng beneath, 'Gainst Moslem foe fore-armed to death, Je-

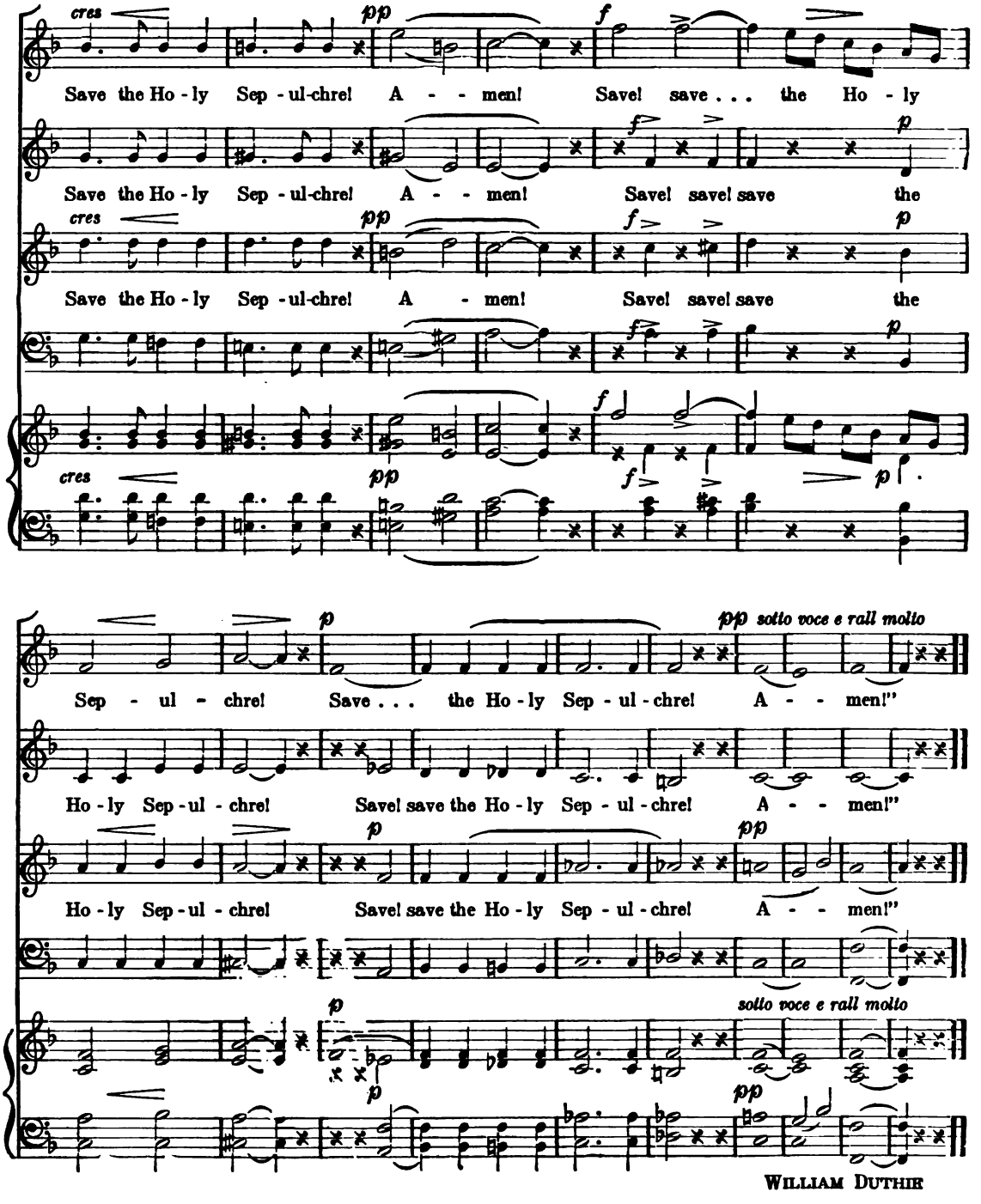

p
Je - ru - - - - sa - lem! we lift our eyes To
pp
ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! we lift our eyes
pp
ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! we lift our eyes
pp
p
cres e animando
where thy sa - cred tow - ers rise, While braz - en trump-ets' mar - tial sound Pro-
pp
To where thy sa - cred, thy tow-ers rise, While braz - en trump-ets' mar - tial sound Pro-
pp
cres e animando
To where thy sa - cred, thy tow-ers rise, While braz - en trump-ets' mar - tial sound Pro-
pp
cres e animando


ff
rall e dim
p a tempo
pp
claims the vow that swells a - round; "Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul-chre! A - - men!
claims the vow that swells a - round; "Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul-chre! A - - men!
ff
rall
p a tempo
pp
claims the vow that swells a - round; "Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul-chre! A - - men!
ff
rall
p a tempo
cres
pp
f
Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul-chre! A - - men! Save! save . . . the Ho - ly
f
p
Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul-chre! A - - men! Save! save! save the
cres
pp
f
p
Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul-chre! A - men! Save! save! save the
f
p
f
cres
pp
f
p


p
pp sotto voce e un poco rit
Sep - ul - chre! Save . . . the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - - men!"
Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! Save! save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - - men!"
Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! Save! save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - - men!"
sotto voce e un poco rit
stacc Tempo I mo
Though bleach - ing bones be - strew the shore, Where Chris - tian men have marched be-fore, We'll
Though bleach - ing bones be - strew the shore, Where Chris - tian men have marched be-fore, We'll
stacc
Though bleach - ing bones be - strew the shore, Where Chris - tian men have marched be-fore, We'll
Tempo I mo
stacc


smite in death the heathen brood, And plant the cross in Mos - lem blood! Je - ru - sa - lem!
smite in death the heathen brood, And plant the cross in Mos - lem blood! Je - ru - sa - lem! Je-
smite in death the heathen brood, And plant the cross in Mos - lem blood! Je-
Je - ru - - - - sa - lem! thou cit - y blest! Thy
ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! thou cit - y blest!
ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! thou cit - y blest!


cres e animando
tem - - - ple is our place of rest! And as we scale our ram-parts high, The
pp
Thy tem - ple is our place of rest! And as we scale thy ram-parts high, The
pp
cres e animando
Thy tem - ple is our place of rest! And as we scale thy ram-parts high. The
pp
cres e animando
ff
rall
p a tempo
pp
heavens shall ech-o to our cry, "Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul-chre! A - - men!
heavens shall ech-o to our cry, "Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul-chre! A - - men!
ff
rall
p a tempo
pp
heavens shall ech-o to our cry, "Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul-chre! A - - men!
ff
rall
p a tempo



WILLIAM DUTHIE

Distant Bells

A. C. MACKENZIE

Andantino

Molto legato
Una corda

SOPRANO I

Sailing o'er the deep blue o - cean, Far from loving friends at home, Who can hear with - out e - mo - tion

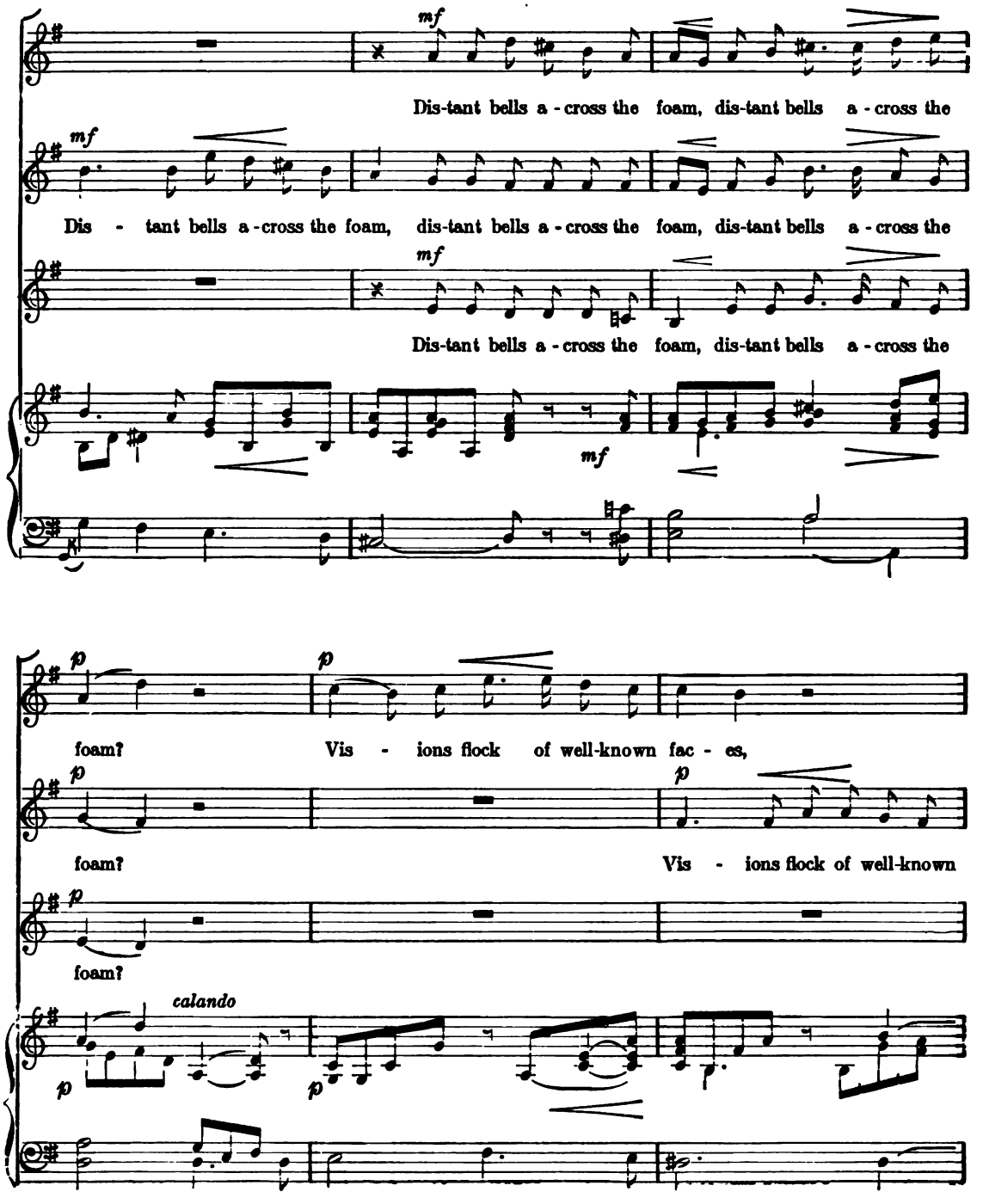
SOPRANO II

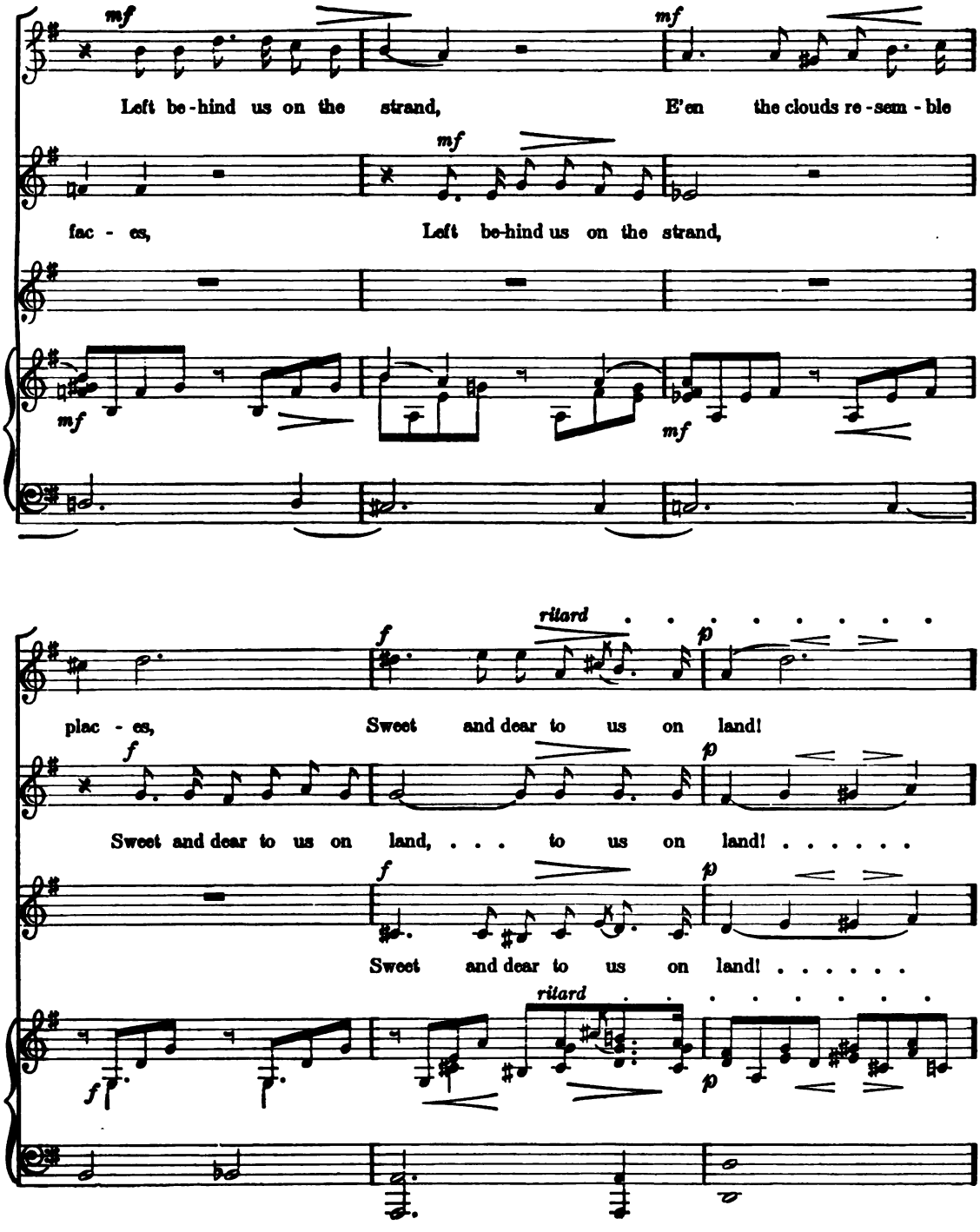
Sailing o'er the deep blue o - cean, Far from loving friends at home, Who can hear with - out e - mo - tion

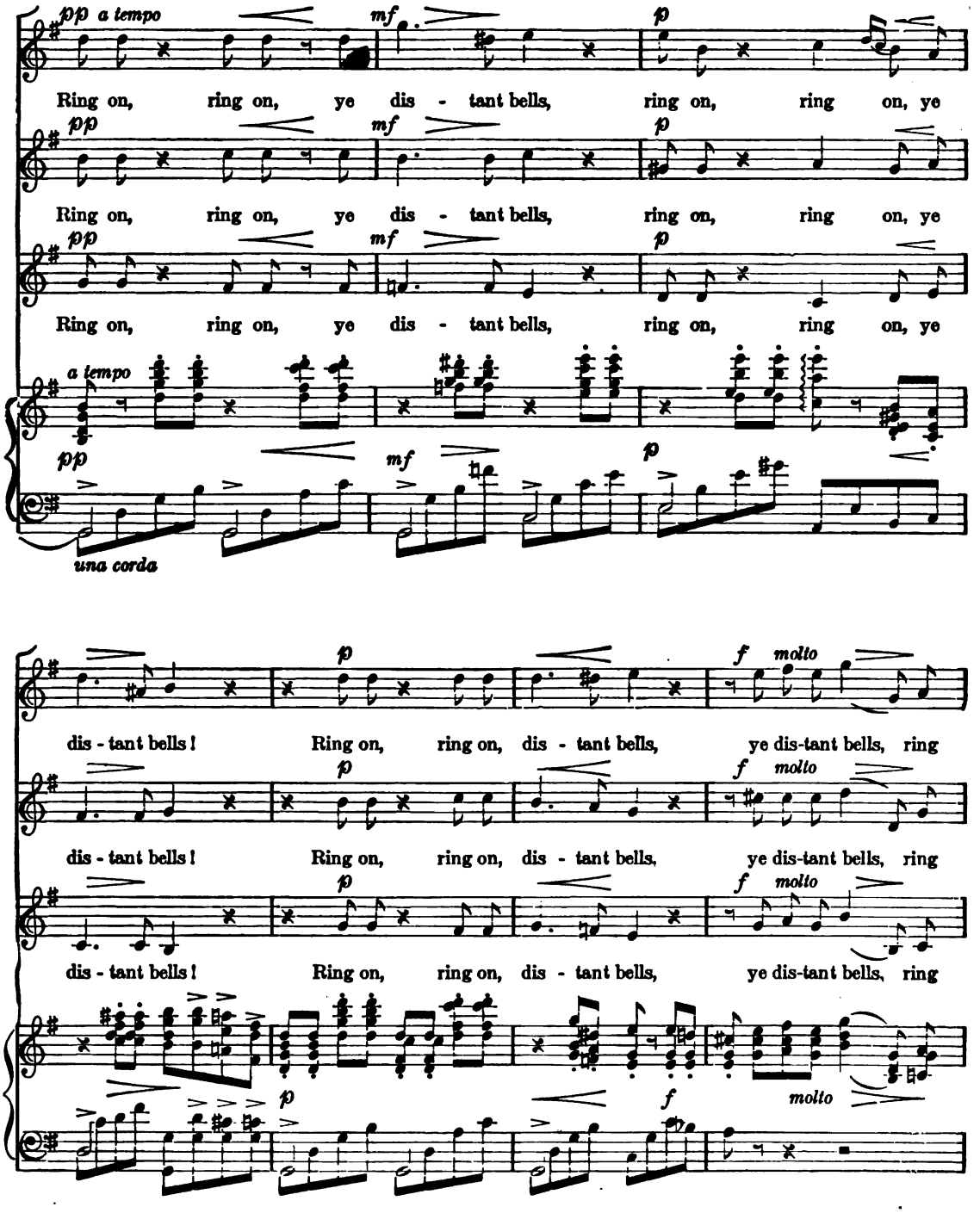
ALTO

Sailing o'er the deep blue o - cean, Far from loving friends at home, Who can hear with - out e - mo - tion

calando *il basso cantando*


mf
Dis-tant bells a-cross the foam, dis-tant bells a-cross the
mf
Dis - tant bells a-cross the foam, dis-tant bells a-cross the foam, dis-tant bells a-cross the
mf
Dis-tant bells a-cross the foam, dis-tant bells a-cross the
mf
p
foam? Vis - ions flock of well-known fac - es,
p
foam? Vis - ions flock of well-known
p
foam?
calando
p
p


mf
Left be-hind us on the strand,
mf
E'en the clouds re-sem-ble
mf
fac-es,
Left be-hind us on the strand,
mf
mf
f
rilard
p
plac-es,
Sweet and dear to us on land!
f
p
Sweet and dear to us on land, . . . to us on land! . . . . . .
f
p
Sweet and dear to us on land! . . . . . .
f
rilard
p


pp a tempo
mf
p
Ring on, ring on, ye dis - tant bells, ring on, ring on, ye
pp
mf
p
Ring on, ring on, ye dis - tant bells, ring on, ring on, ye
pp
mf
p
Ring on, ring on, ye dis - tant bells, ring on, ring on, ye
a tempo
pp
mf
p
una corda
p
f molto
dis - tant bells! Ring on, ring on, dis - tant bells, ye dis-tant bells, ring
p
f molto
dis - tant bells! Ring on, ring on, dis - tant bells, ye dis-tant bells, ring
p
f molto
dis - tant bells! Ring on, ring on, dis - tant bells, ye dis-tant bells, ring
p
f
molto

smorz ritard pp

on, ye dis-tant bells, ring on!

smorz pp

on, ye dis-tant bells, ring on!

smorz pp

on, ye dis-tant bells, ring on!

ritard smorz a tempo

pp p

p mf

Music soothes the heart that sorrows, Bids the ris-ing tear-drop

p mf

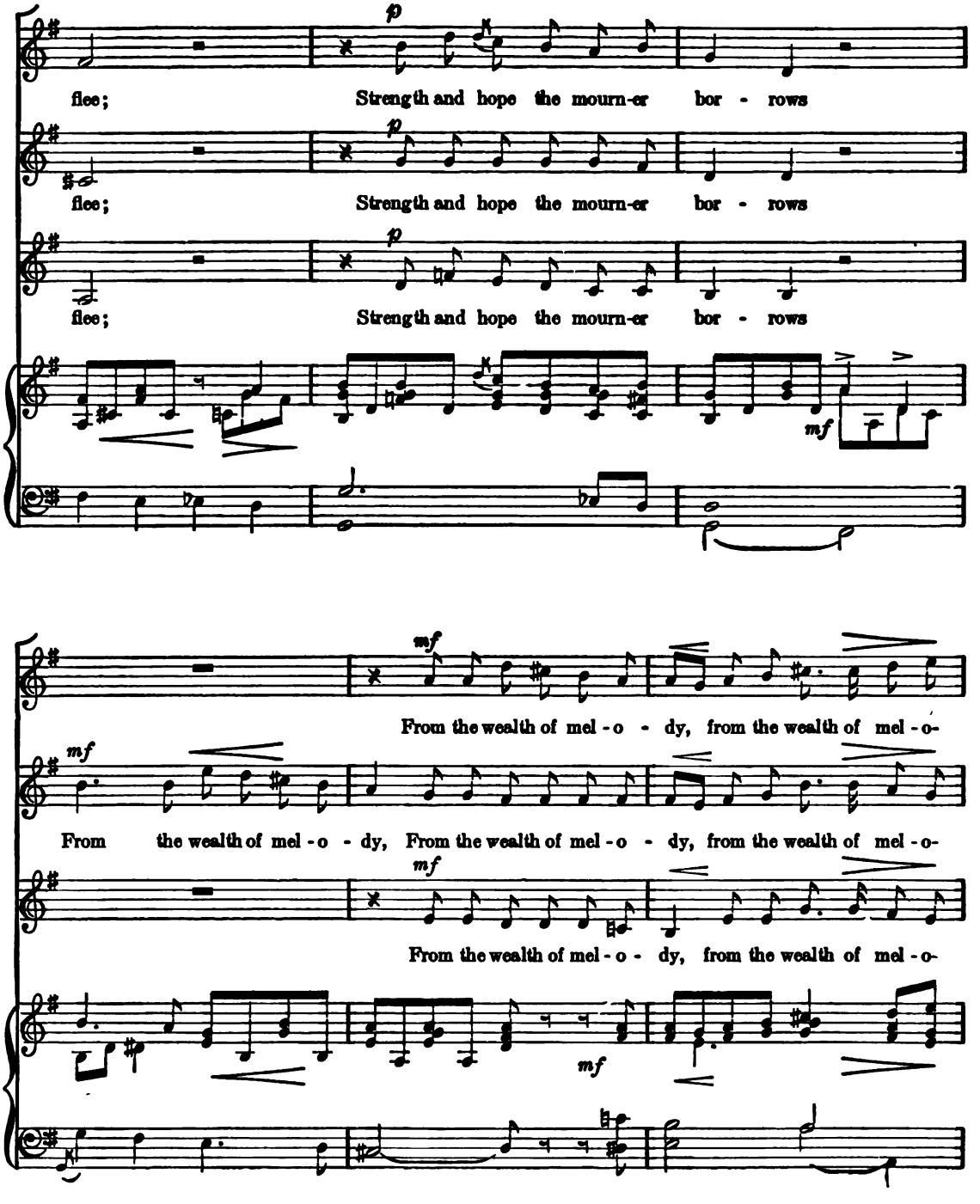
Music soothes the heart that sorrows, Bids the ris-ing tear-drop

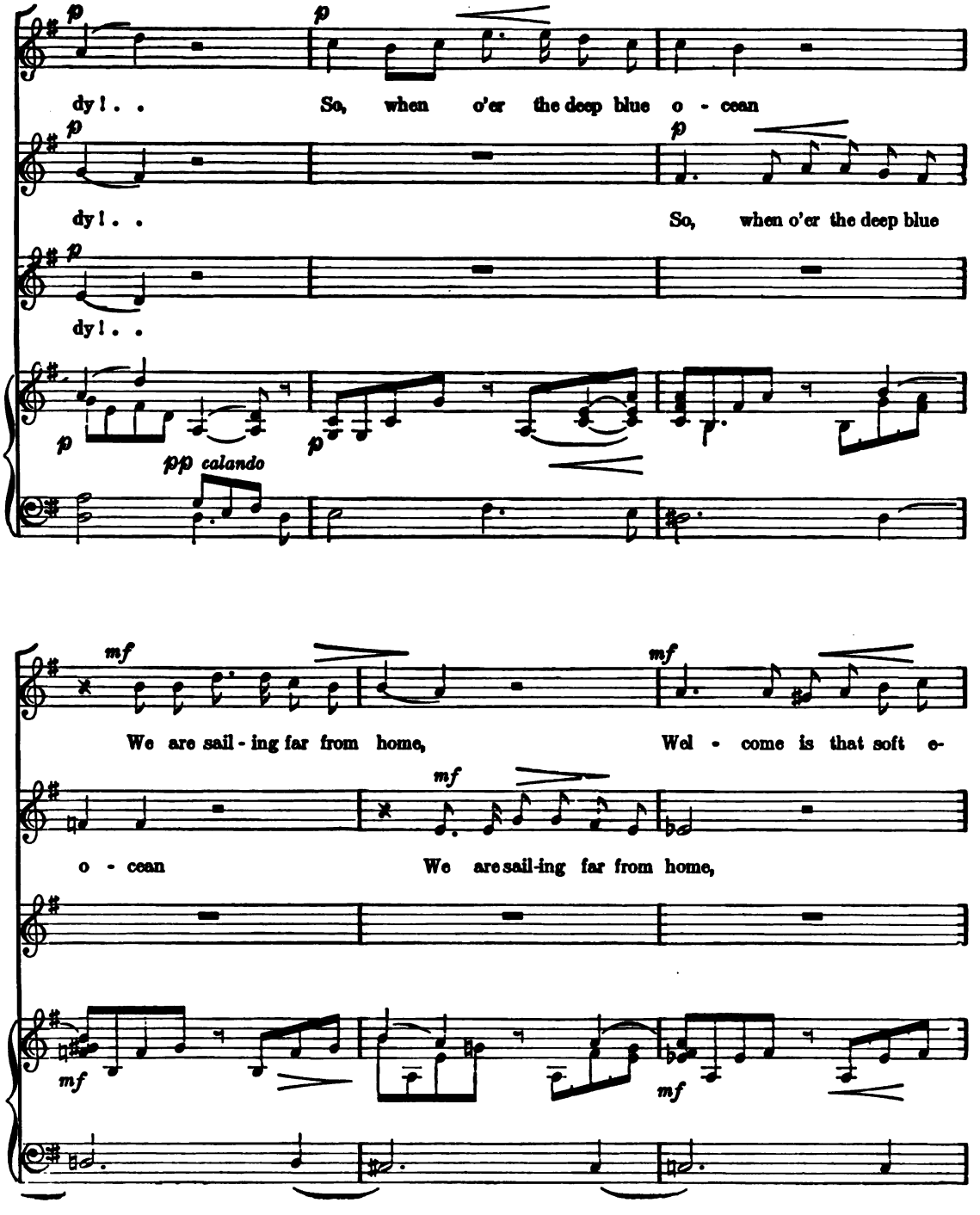
p mf

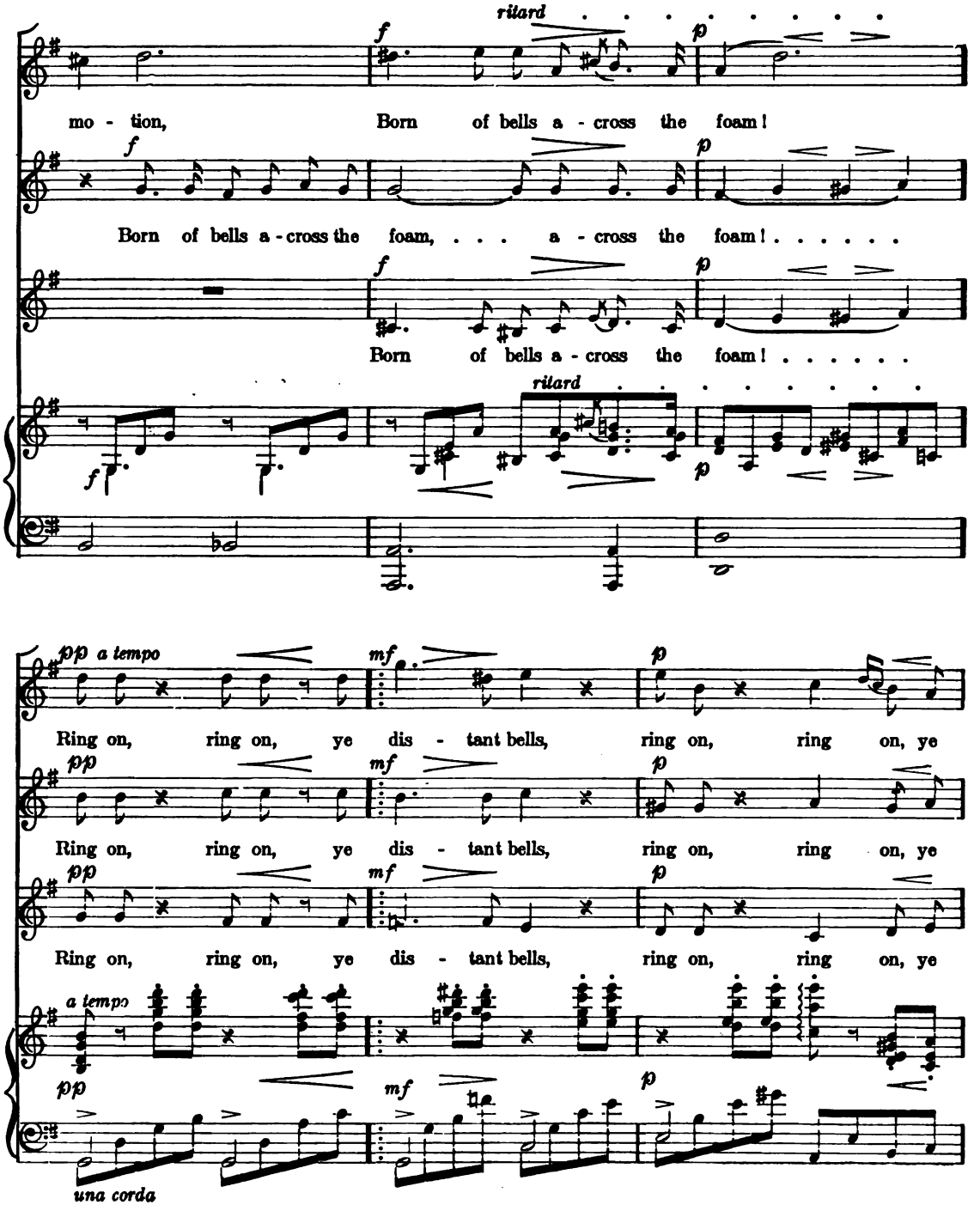
Music soothes the heart that sorrows, Bids the ris-ing tear-drop

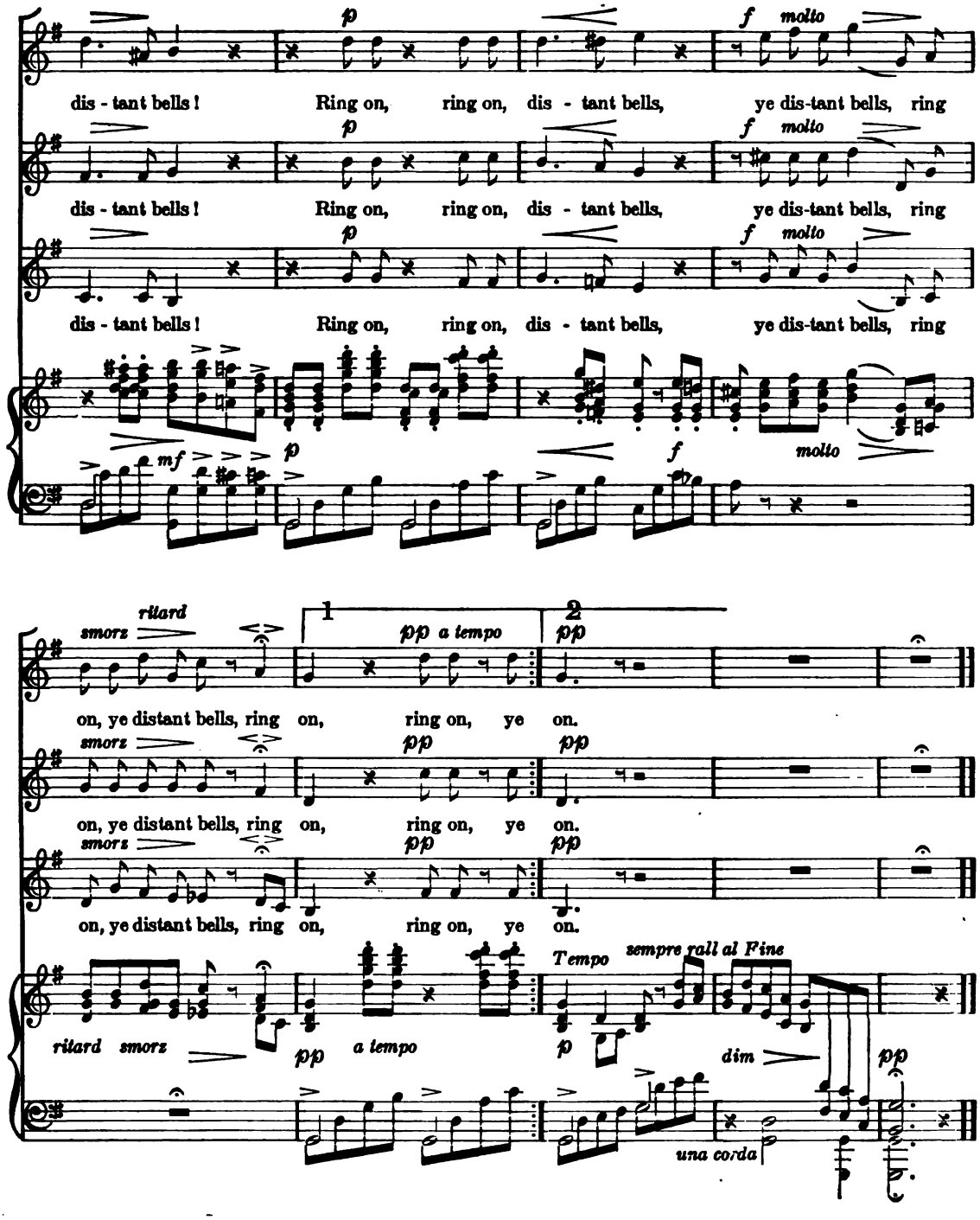
p dim p mf

calando basso sonore


p
flee; Strength and hope the mourn-er bor - rows
p
flee; Strength and hope the mourn-er bor - rows
p
flee; Strength and hope the mourn-er bor - rows
mf
mf
From the wealth of mel - o - dy, from the wealth of mel - o-
mf
From the wealth of mel - o - dy, From the wealth of mel - o - dy, from the wealth of mel - o-
mf
From the wealth of mel - o - dy, from the wealth of mel - o-
mf

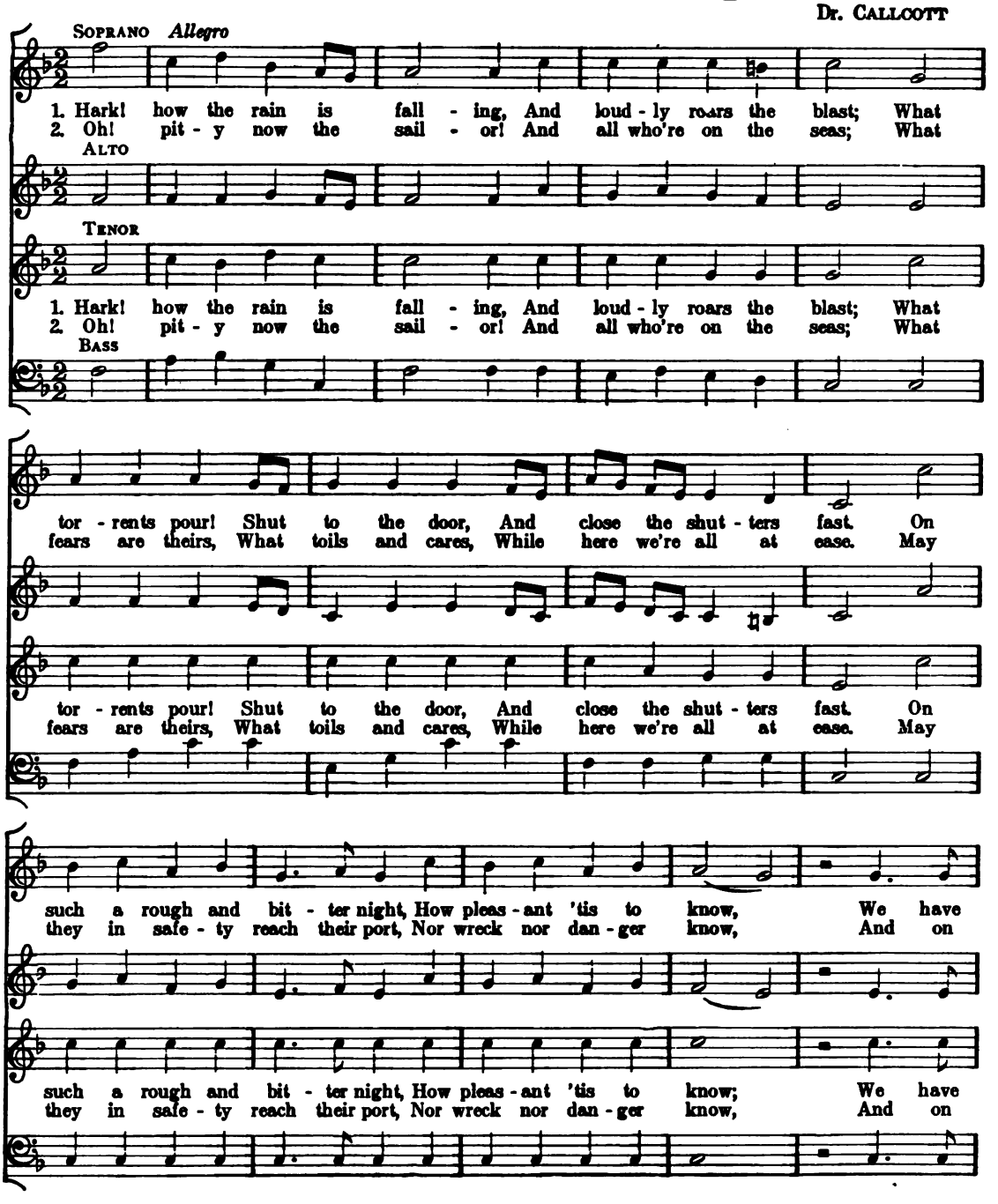

p
dy! . . So, when o'er the deep blue o - cean
dy! . . So, when o'er the deep blue
dy! . .
pp calando
mf
We are sail - ing far from home, Wel - come is that soft e-
o - cean We are sail-ing far from home,


ritard
f
p
mo - tion, Born of bells a - cross the foam!
Born of bells a - cross the foam, . . . a - cross the foam! . . . . . .
Born of bells a - cross the foam! . . . . . .
ritard
pp a tempo
mf
Ring on, ring on, ye dis - tant bells, ring on, ring on, ye
Ring on, ring on, ye dis - tant bells, ring on, ring on, ye
Ring on, ring on, ye dis - tant bells, ring on, ring on, ye
a tempo
una corda


p
f molto
dis - tant bells! Ring on, ring on, dis - tant bells, ye dis-tant bells, ring
mf
ritard
smorz
1
2
pp a tempo
pp
on, ye distant bells, ring on, ring on, ye on.
Tempo
sempre rall al Fine
dim
una corda

Hark! How the Rain Is Falling

Dr. Callcott



here Naught to fear, We have here Naught to fear, We have here Naught to fear,
shore Fear no more, And on shore Fear no more, And on shore Fear no more,

here Naught to fear, We have here Naught to fear, We have here Naught to fear,
shore Fear no more, And on shore Fear no more, And on shore Fear no more,

When the storm - y winds do blow, ... When the storm - y winds do blow, ...

When the storm - y winds do blow, ... When the storm - y winds do blow, ...

When the storm - y winds do blow, ... When the storm - y winds do blow. blow.

When the storm - y winds do blow, ... When the storm - y winds do blow. blow.

Onward

J. FARMER

f TENOR *Spiritoso*

1. On-ward, ev - er on - ward, Front the no - ble fray; Turn your fac - es

f SOPRANO—ALTO

2. While we face the bat - tle, While we tread the path, 'Mid the war-drum's

f BASS

sun - ward All the burn - ing day. . . Fierce the foe a - round us,

p

rat - - tle, 'Mid the tem - pest's wrath,— Let high tho'ts of du - - ty,

p

cres *f* *rit*

Loud the bat - tle roar, Gleams the wild waste 'round us, Gloom the hills be - fore.

That no foe can tame, Throng our minds with beau - ty, Thrill our souls with flame.

p slow and very marked *f* *p*

Aye, but calm and cheer - y, Aye, but firm and strong; Tho' the way be

p *f* *p*

Aye, but calm and cheer - y, Ayo, but firm and strong; Tho' the way be

p

f rit *p*

wea - ry, Tho' the fight be long. On - ward, ev er on - ward,

f rit *p*

wea - ry, Tho' the fight be long. On - ward, e - er on - ward,

p

cres *f* *rit*

Front the no - ble fray; Turn your fac - es sun - ward, All the burn-ing day.

cres *f* *rit*

Front the no - ble fray; Turn your fac - es sun - ward, All the burn-ing day.

cres *f* *rit*

F. W. F

Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast

MENDELSSOHN.

p Andante

1. Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon - der lea, On yon - der lea, My
2. Oh, were I in the wild - est waste, Sae black and bare, Sae black and bare, The

plai - die to the an - gry airt, ... I'd shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee.
des - ert were a Par - a - dise, ... If thou wert there, If thou wert there,

p

Or did mis - for - tune's bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, A - round thee blaw,
Or were I mon - arch of the globe, With thee to reign, With thee to reign,

sf

p

Thy shield should be my bos - om, To share it a', To share it a'.
The bright - est jew - el in my crown Wad be my queen, Wad be my queen.

p

ROBERT BURNS.

The Bugler

From PINSUTI.

Andantino.

p staccato.

rit.

rit.

SOLO, OR VOICES IN UNISON.

1. The bu - gler paced thro' the driv - ing snow, By the fro - zen riv - er to watch the foe; Be - hind him in camp his com rades lay,
2. The wind blows cold from the froz - en tide; Hark! Hark! the foe on the oth - er side; A - cross the ice they are march - ing fast, And the
3. He raised him - self in the blood-stained snow, And proud - ly he faced the com - ing foe, He seized his bu - gle and blew with pride One

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Wounded and spent from the morning's fray, from the morn - ing's fray!
bu - gler blows a stir-ring blast, a stir - ring blast.
grand, long blast, and fell and died, and fell and died.

His or-ders ran, "When thou seest the foe, Three loud blasts on thy bu-gle
And now! and now! they are at the shore! Loud-ly the bu - gle rang once
His comrades came when the fight was past, They found him clasp-ing his bu-gle

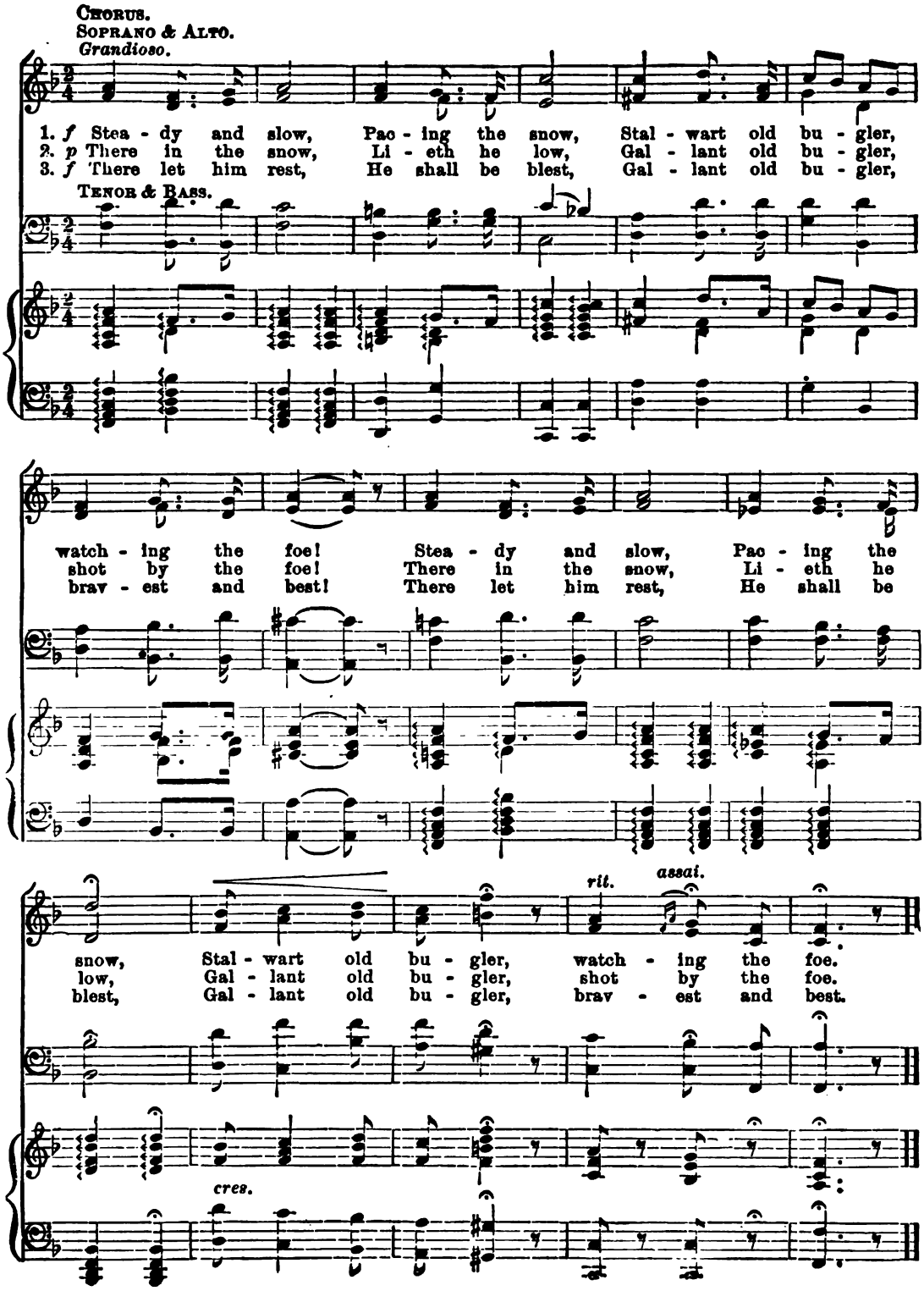
cres.

blow;" Those were his or-ders, he'd keep them well, Gal-lant - ly,
more; He raised his bu-gle a - gain to blow, A shot from the
fast, Dead at his post, in the ice and snow, His old face

cres.

faith-ful-ly, till he fell,
en - e - my laid him low.
turned as he met the foe.

f *rall.* *p* *a tempo.* *poco cres.* . . . . . .


Chorus.
Soprano & Alto.
Grandioso.
1. f Stea - dy and slow, Pac - ing the snow, Stal - wart old bu - gler,
2. p There in the snow, Li - eth he low, Gal - lant old bu - gler,
3. f There let him rest, He shall be blest, Gal - lant old bu - gler,
Tenor & Bass.
watch - ing the foe! Stea - dy and slow, Pac - ing the
shot by the foe! There in the snow, Li - eth he
brav - est and best! There let him rest, He shall be
rit.
assai.
snow, Stal - wart old bu - gler, watch - ing the foe.
low, Gal - lant old bu - gler, shot by the foe.
blest, Gal - lant old bu - gler, brav - est and best.
cres.

The Lord is Great

From MENDELSSOHN'S "ATHALIE." ARR. by G. F. WILSON.

Allegro.

p *sf* *cres.*

p cres.

Maestoso.

SOPRANO. *f*

The Lord is great, ye . . . hosts of heaven a - dore him; The

ALTO I. *f*

The Lord is great, ye hosts of heaven a - dore him; The

ALTO II. *f*

TENOR AND BASS. *f*

The Lord is great, ye hosts of heaven a - dore him; The

Maestoso.

f *f*

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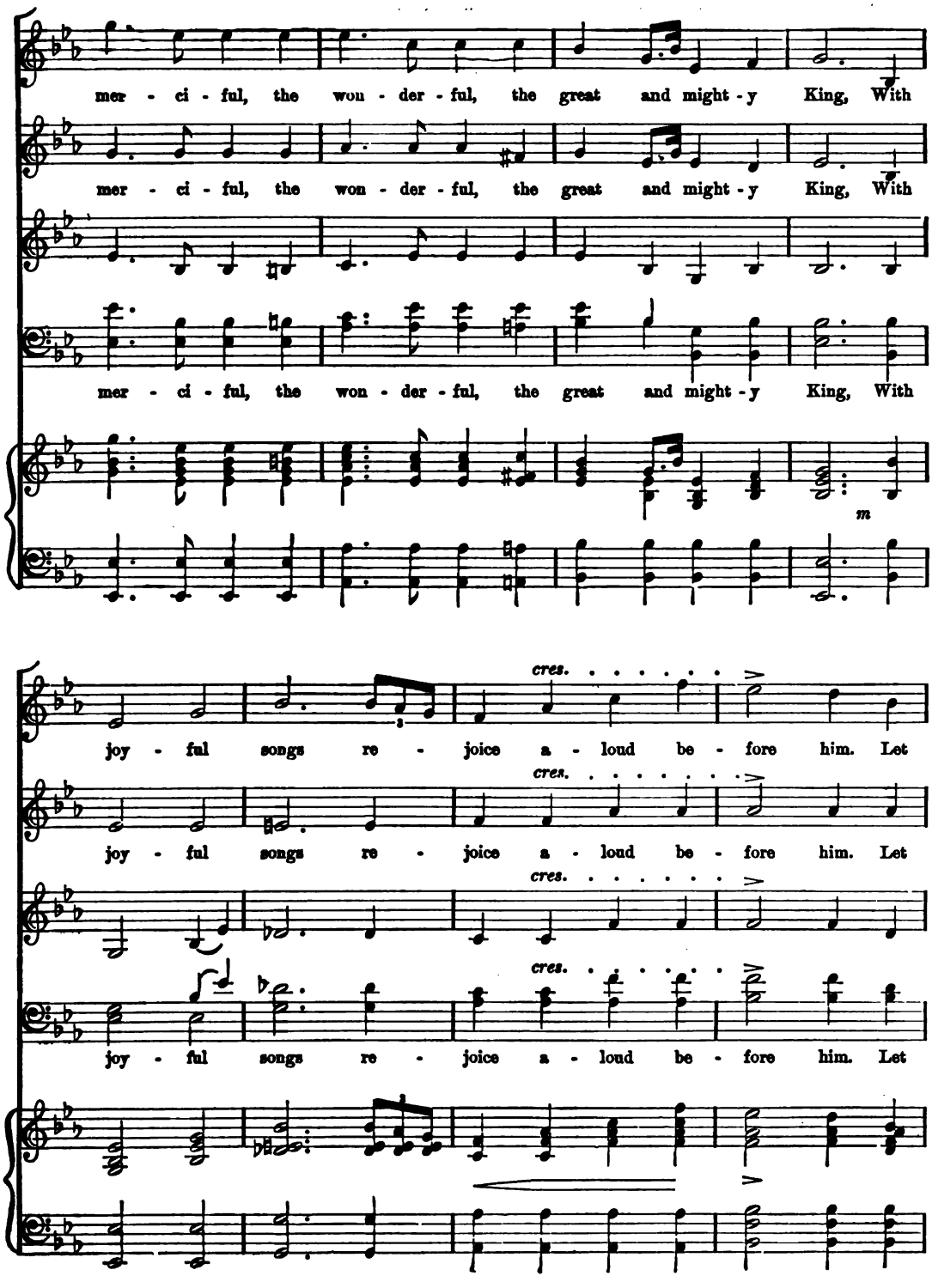

mer - ci - ful, the won - der - ful, the great and might - y King, With
mer - ci - ful, the won - der - ful, the great and might - y King, With
mer - ci - ful, the won - der - ful, the great and might - y King, With
m
cres.
joy - ful songs re - joice a - loud be - fore him. Let
cres.
joy - ful songs re - joice a - loud be - fore him. Let
cres.
cres.
joy - ful songs re - joice a - loud be - fore him. Let

earth and heaven, with one ac - cord, his won - drous glo - ries sing.

earth and heaven, with one ac - cord, his won - drous glo - ries sing.

earth and heaven, with one ac - cord, his won - drous glo - ries sing.

m

The Lord is great, ... his ma - jes - ty how glo - ri - ous, Re -

m

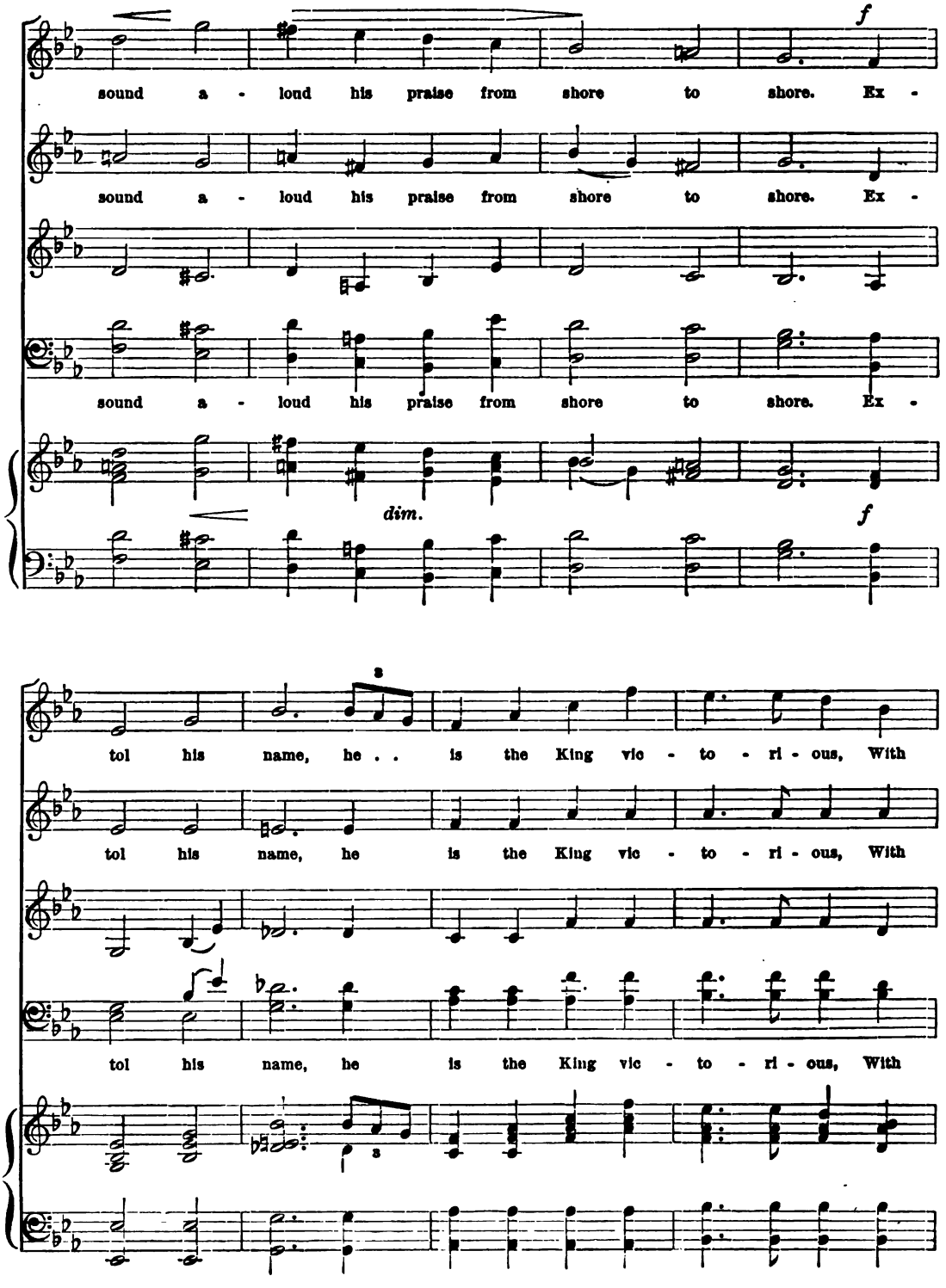
The Lord is great, he is great, his ma - jes - ty how glo - ri - ous, Re -

m

m

The Lord is great, he is great, his ma - jes - ty how glo - ri - ous, Re -

m


f
sound a - loud his praise from shore to shore. Ex -
sound a - loud his praise from shore to shore. Ex -
sound a - loud his praise from shore to shore. Ex -
dim.
f
tol his name, he . . is the King vic - to - ri - ous, With
tol his name, he is the King vic - to - ri - ous, With
tol his name, he is the King vic - to - ri - ous, With

ma - jes - ty he reigns a - bove and rules for - ev - er more.

ma - jes - ty he reigns a - bove and rules for - ev - er more.

ma - jes - ty he reigns a - bove and rules for - ev - er more.

Legato. Moderato.

m

A - wake, my tongue, glad trib - ute bring - ing. Let

A - wake, my tongue, glad trib - ute bring - ing. Let

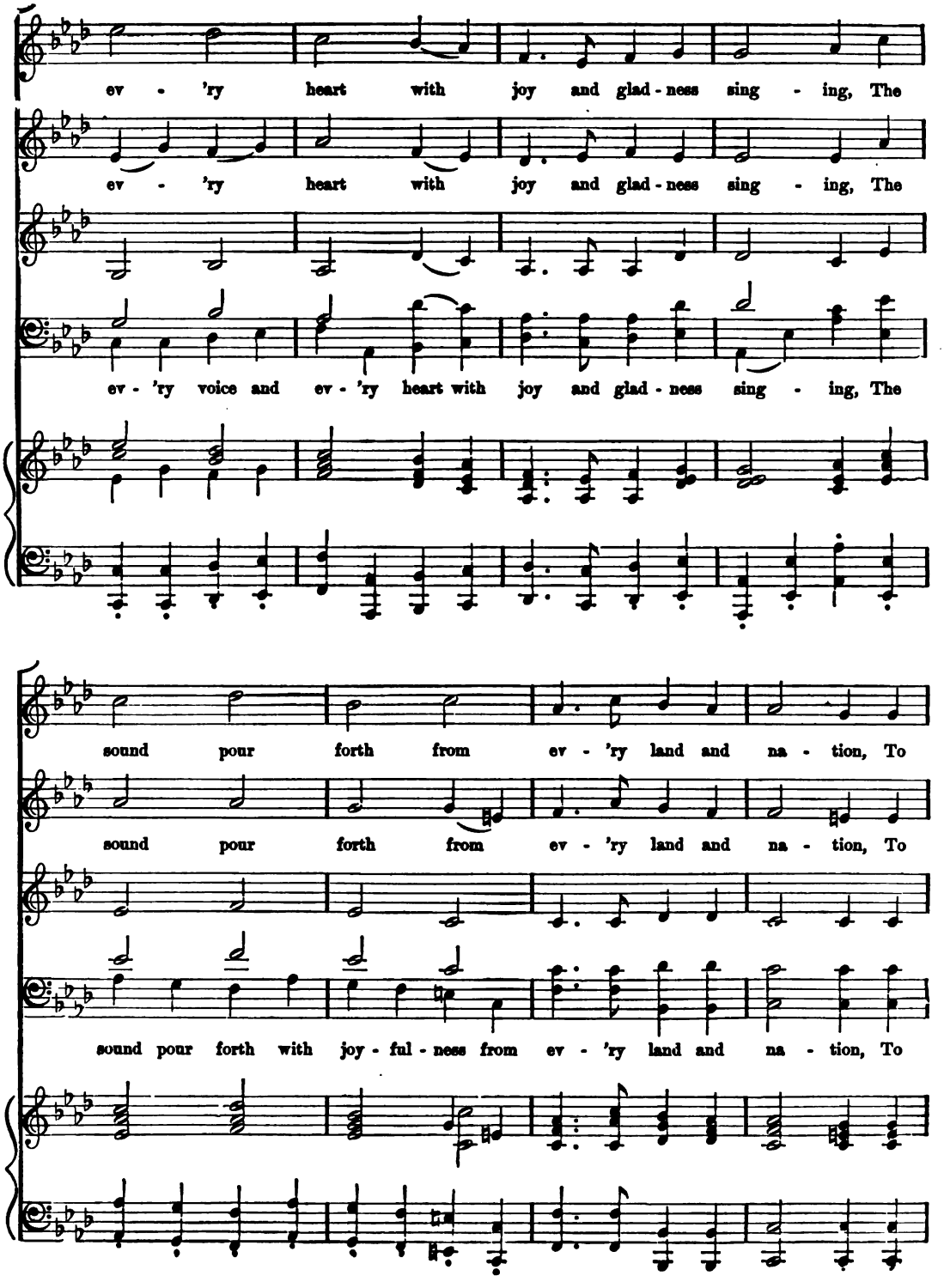
Bass *Marcato.*

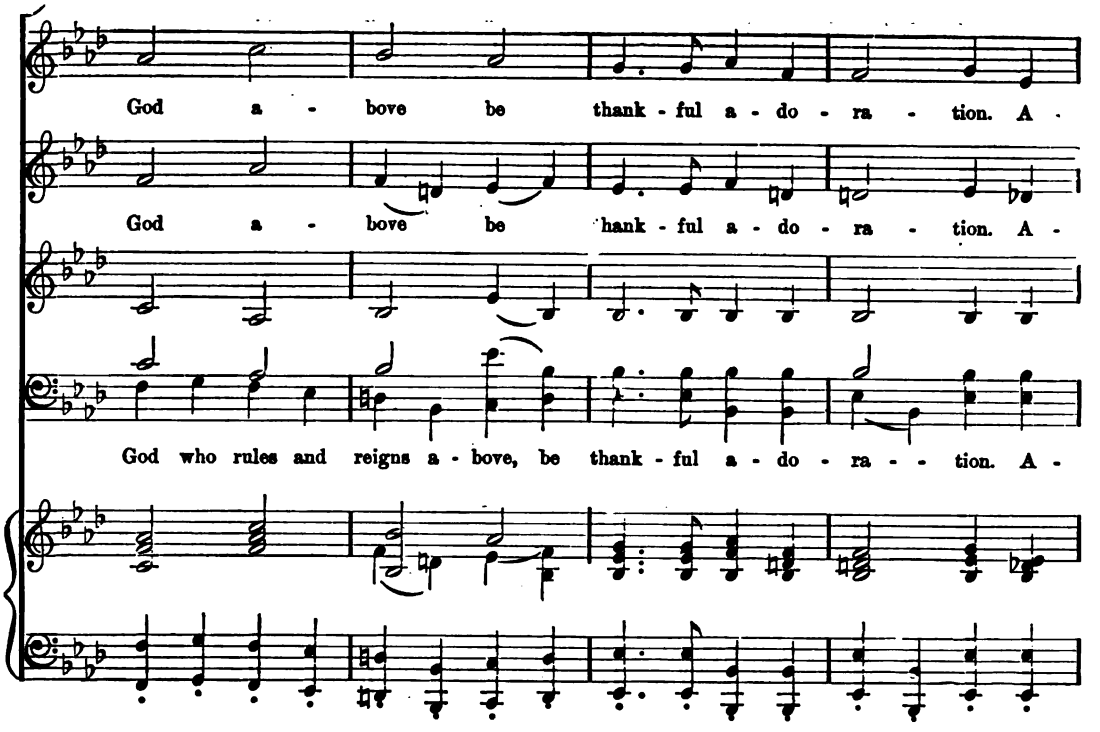
f

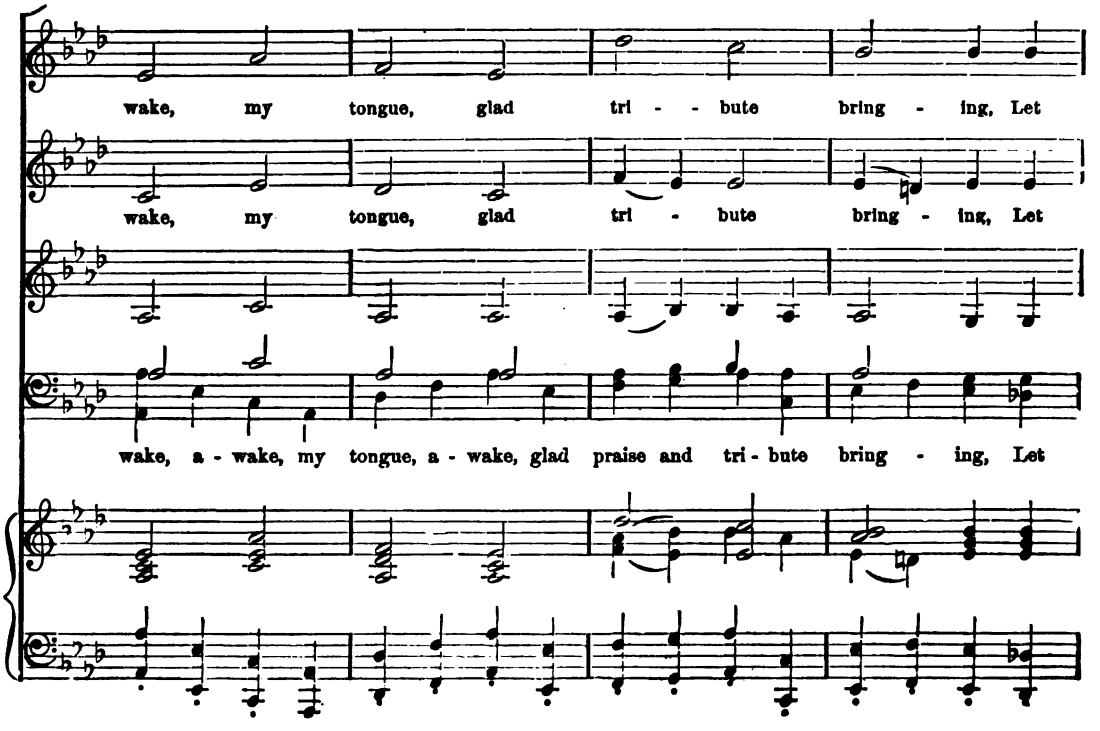
A - wake, a - wake, my tongue, a - wake, glad praise and trib - ute bring - ing. Let

m

Legato.


ev - 'ry heart with joy and glad - ness sing - ing, The
ev - 'ry heart with joy and glad - ness sing - ing, The
ev - 'ry voice and ev - 'ry heart with joy and glad - ness sing - ing, The
sound pour forth from ev - 'ry land and na - tion, To
sound pour forth from ev - 'ry land and na - tion, To
sound pour forth with joy - ful - ness from ev - 'ry land and na - tion, To


God a - bove be thank - ful a - do - ra - tion. A -
God a - bove be hank - ful a - do - ra - tion. A -
God who rules and reigns a - bove, be thank - ful a - do - ra - - tion. A -


wake, my tongue, glad tri - - bute bring - ing, Let
wake, my tongue, glad tri - bute bring - ing, Let
wake, a - wake, my tongue, a - wake, glad praise and tri - bute bring - ing, Let

ev - 'ry heart with joy and glad - ness sing - ing,

ev - 'ry heart with joy and glad - ness sing - ing,

ev - 'ry voice and ev - 'ry heart with joy and glad - ness sing - ing,

m *mf*

Sound forth his praise from ev - 'ry land and na - - tion, O

m *mf*

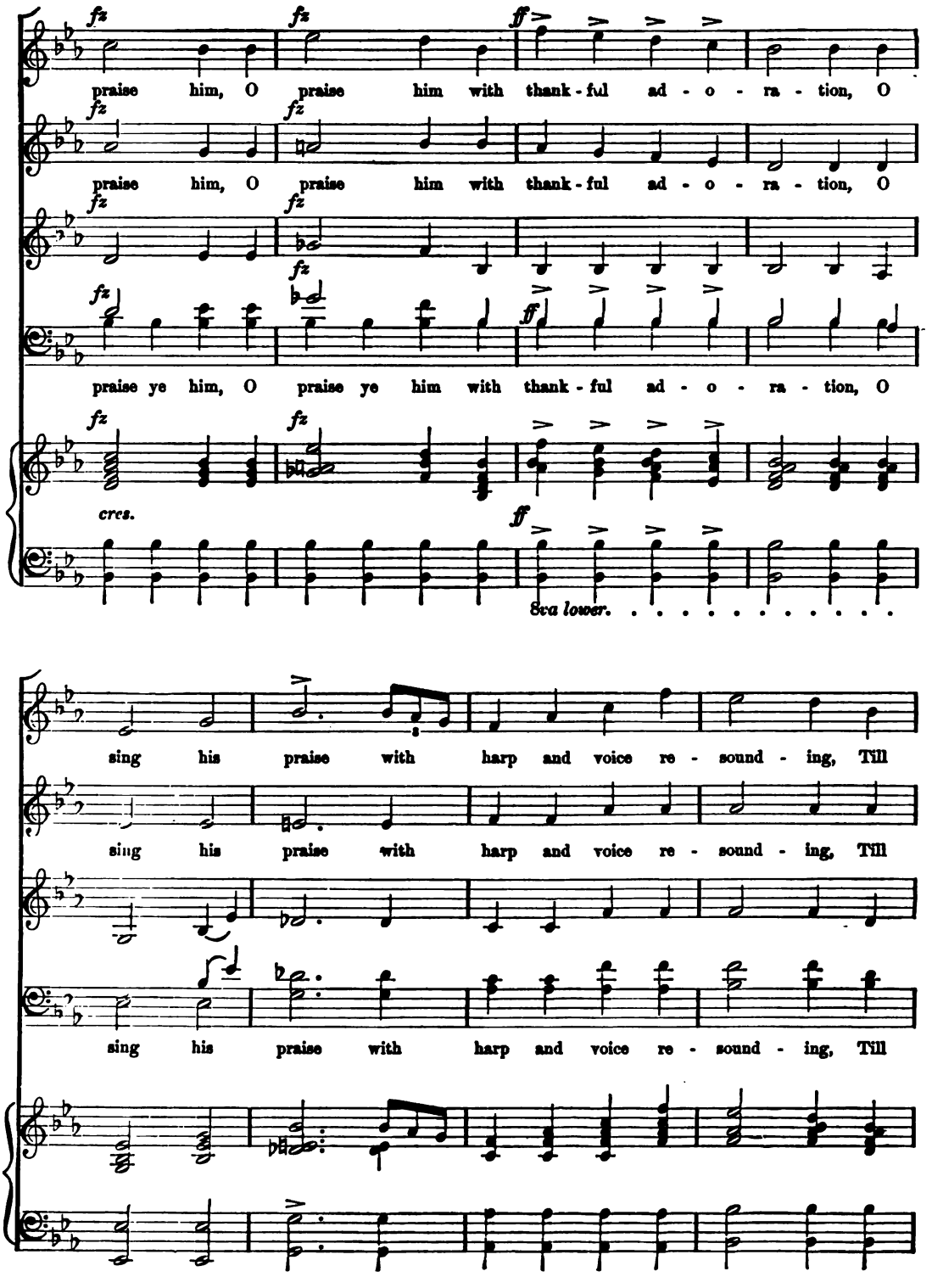
Sound forth his praise from ev - 'ry land and na - - tion, O

m *mf*

m *mf*

Sound forth his praise, sound his praise from ev - 'ry land and na - tion, O praise him

m *mf*


fz
ff
praise him, O praise him with thank - ful ad - o - ra - tion, O
praise him, O praise him with thank - ful ad - o - ra - tion, O
praise ye him, O praise ye him with thank - ful ad - o - ra - tion, O
cres.
8va lower.
sing his praise with harp and voice re - sound - ing, Till
sing his praise with harp and voice re - sound - ing, Till
sing his praise with harp and voice re - sound - ing, Till

heaven a - bove and earth be - low with heaven - ly mu - sic rings. For

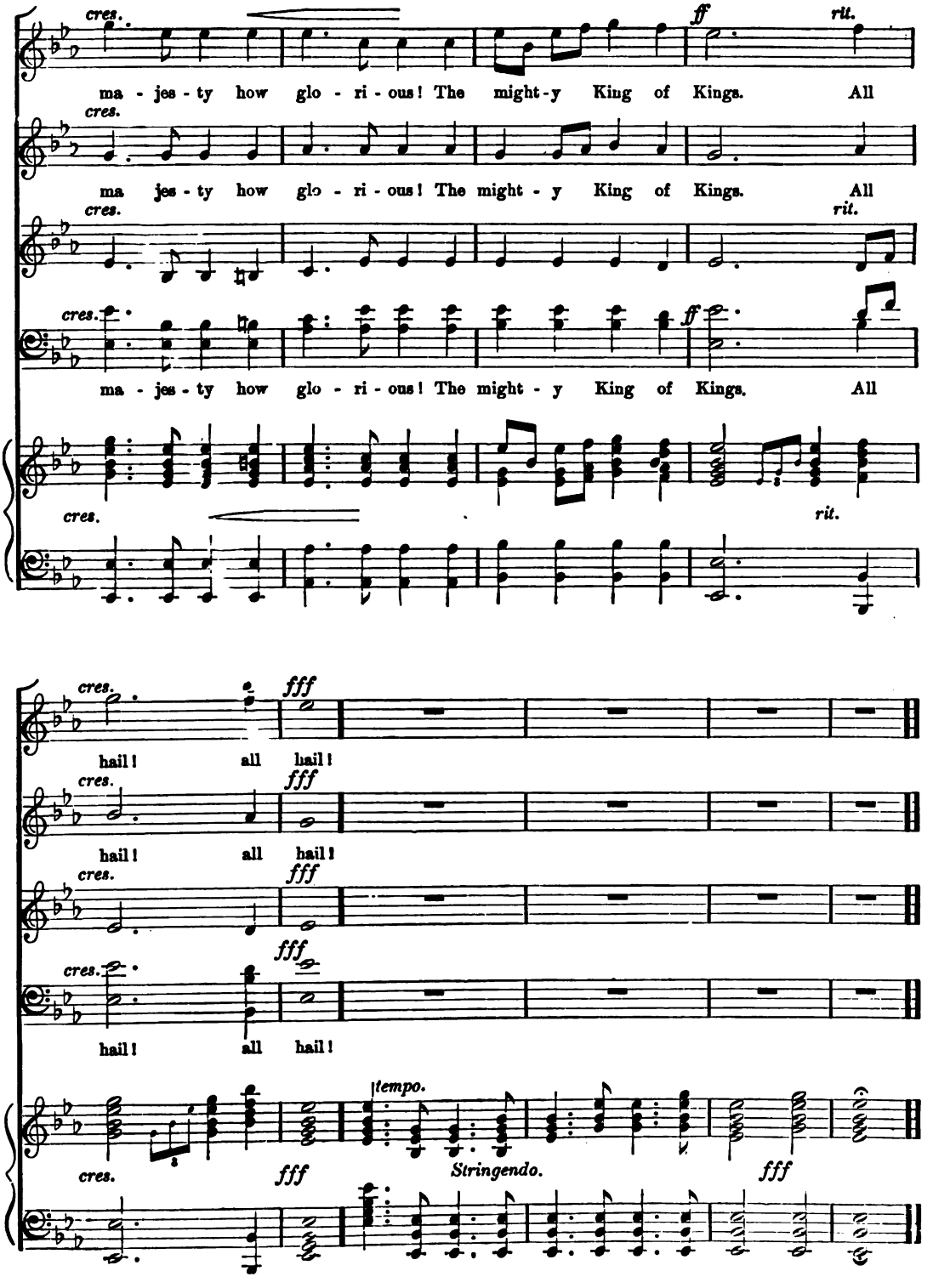
heaven a - bove and earth be - low with heaven - ly mu - sic rings. For

heaven a - bove and earth be - low with heaven - ly mu - sic rings. For

he is great, his mer - cy how a - bound - ing, His

he is great, his mer - cy how a - bound - ing, His

he is great, his mer - cy how a - bound - ing, His


cres.
ff
rit.
ma - jes - ty how glo - ri - ous! The might - y King of Kings. All
ma jes - ty how glo - ri - ous! The might - y King of Kings. All
ma - jes - ty how glo - ri - ous! The might - y King of Kings. All
fff
hail! all hail!
tempo.
Stringendo.

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante.

1. The harp that once through Ta - ra's halls, The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright, The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord a - lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells; Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is where some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

Damascus

(WITH SHEATHED SWORDS.)

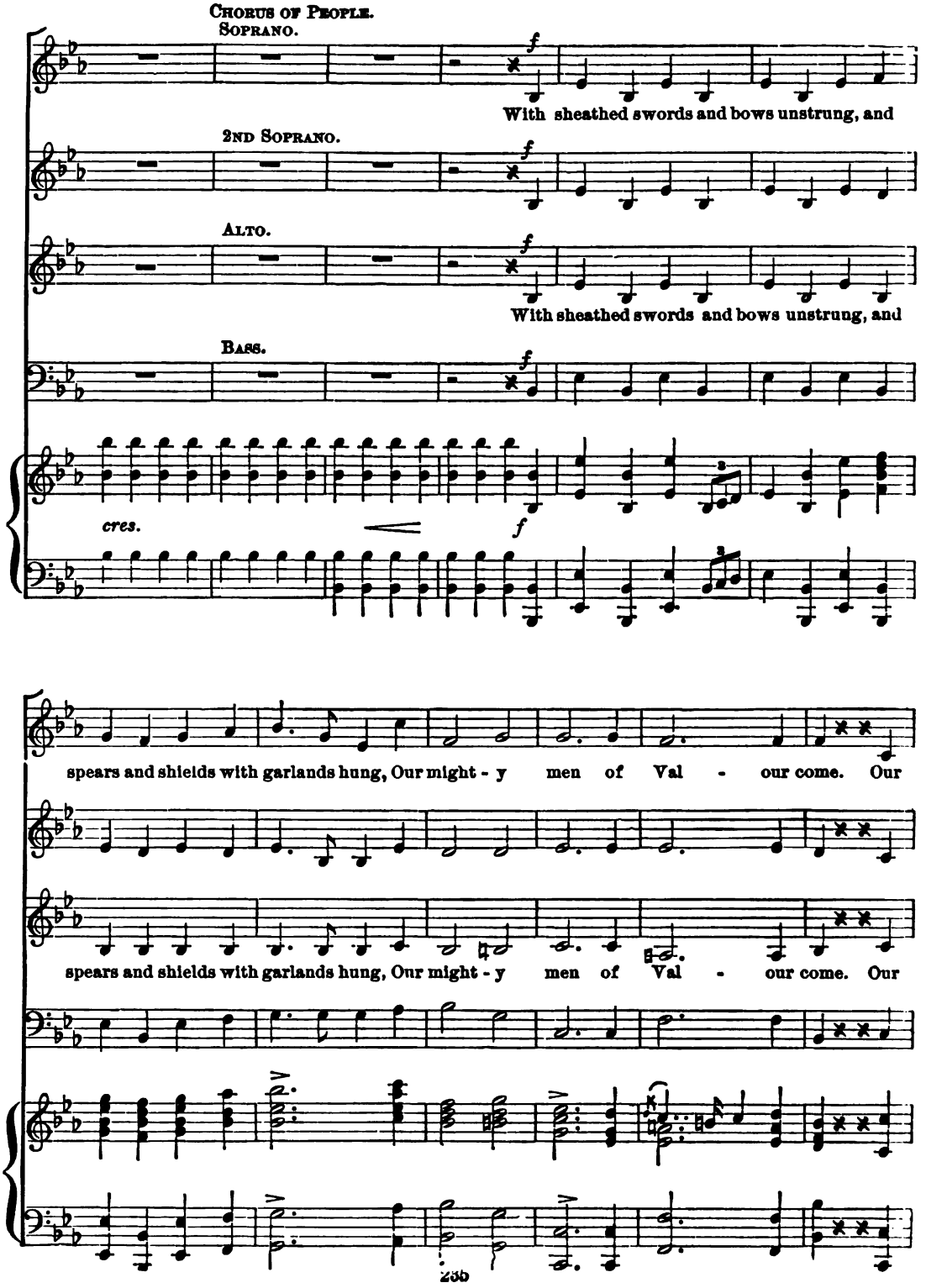
FROM "NAAMAN."

COSTA.

Marziale. M ♩ = 120.

p

cresc.

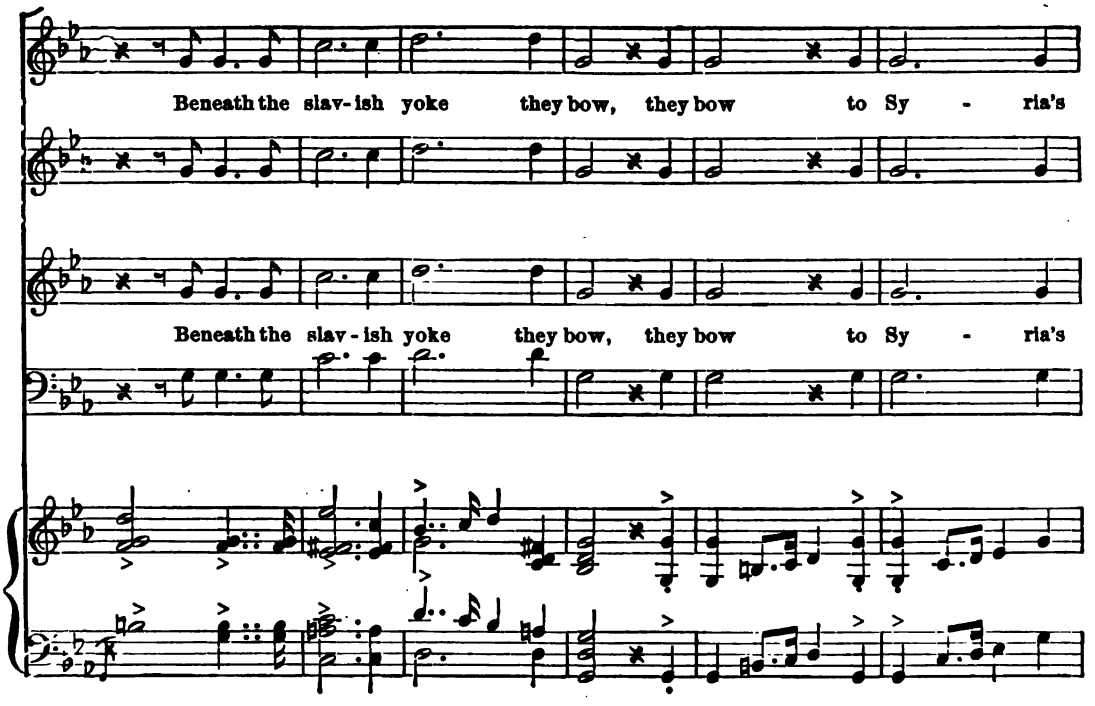

Chorus of People.
Soprano.
f
With sheathed swords and bows unstrung, and
2nd Soprano.
f
Alto.
f
With sheathed swords and bows unstrung, and
Bass.
f
cres.
f
spears and shields with garlands hung, Our might - y men of Val - our come. Our
spears and shields with garlands hung, Our might - y men of Val - our come. Our

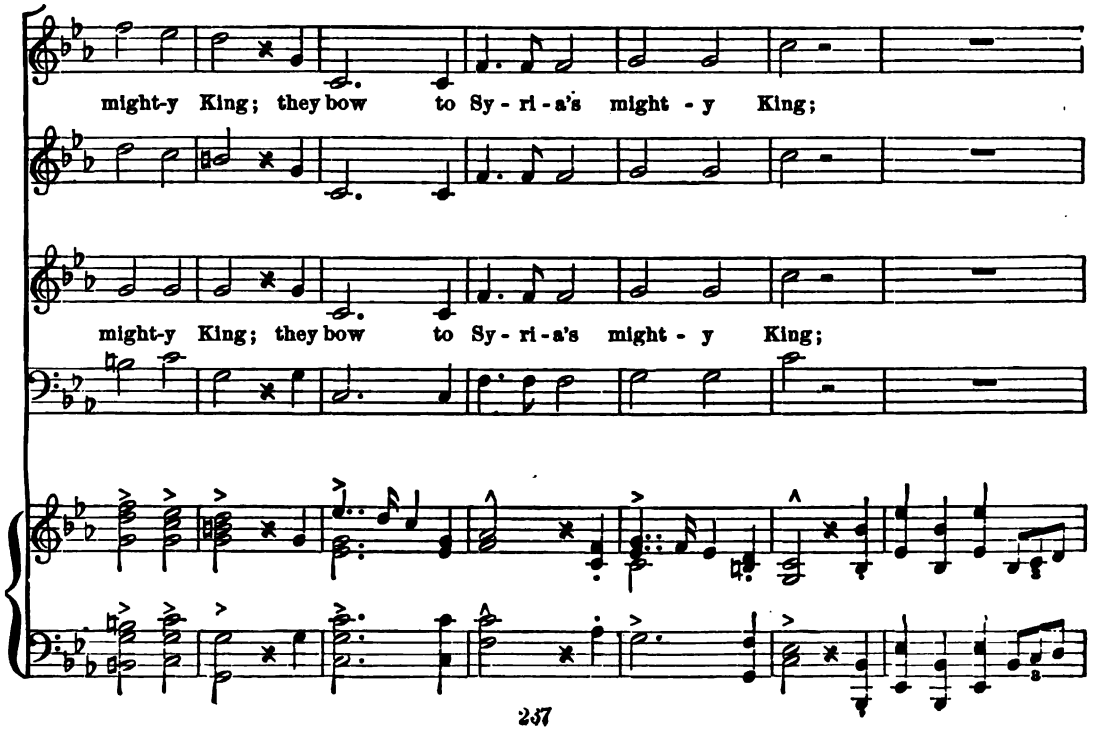
glo-rious Captain of the war, Re-turn-eth in his bra-zen car, Tri-um-phant, tri-

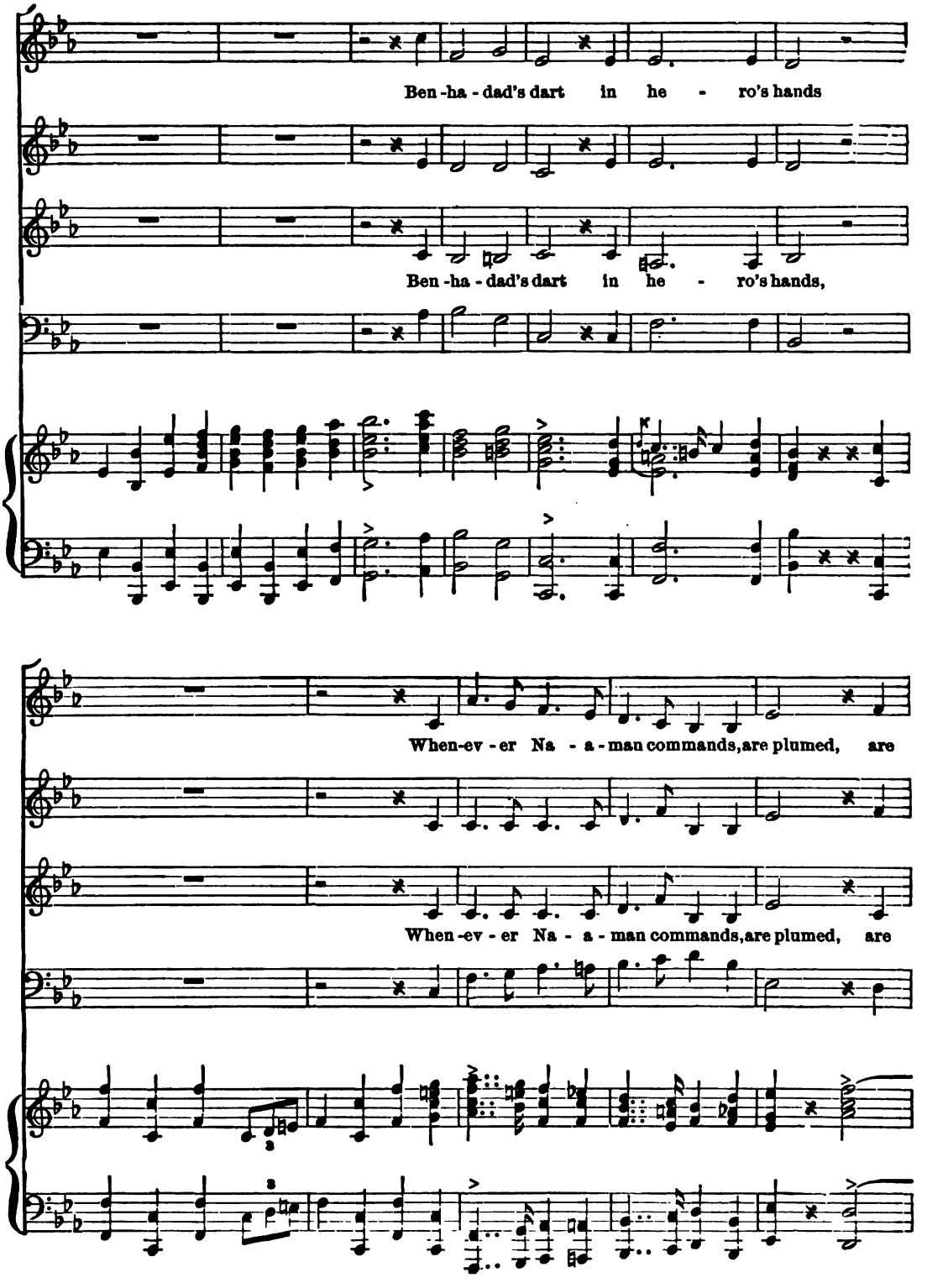
glo-rious Captain of the war, Re-turn-eth in his bra-zen car, Tri-umph-ant, tri-

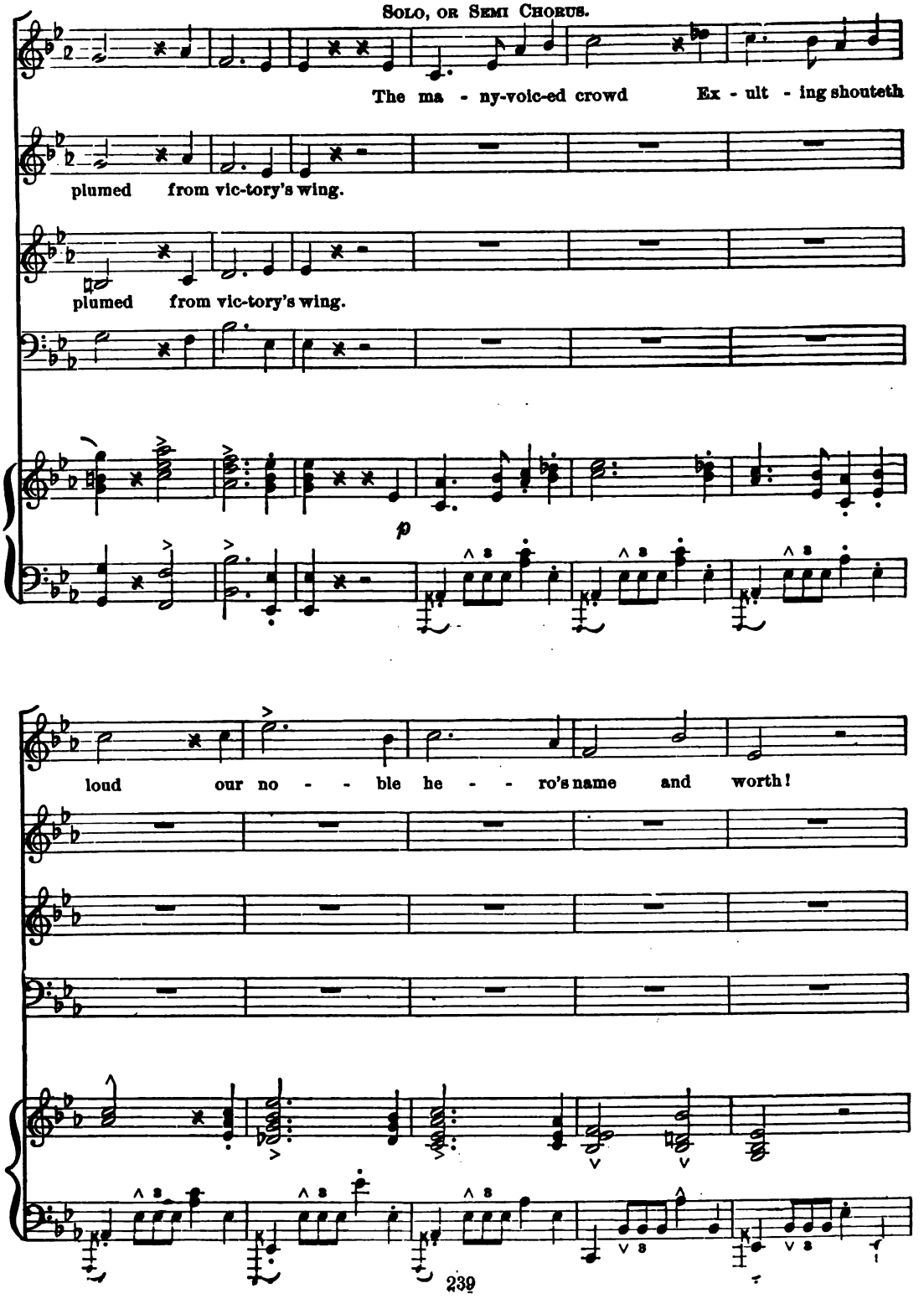
umph-ant to his home. Our en-e-mies are servants now;

umph-ant to his home. Our en-e-mies are ser-vants now;


Beneath the slav-ish yoke they bow, they bow to Sy - ria's
Beneath the slav-ish yoke they bow, they bow to Sy - ria's


might-y King; they bow to Sy - ri - a's might - y King;
might-y King; they bow to Sy - ri - a's might - y King;


Ben-ha-dad's dart in he - ro's hands
Ben-ha-dad's dart in he - ro's hands,
When-ev-er Na - a-man commands, are plumed, are
When-ev-er Na - a-man commands, are plumed, are


Solo, or Semi Chorus.
The ma - ny-voic-ed crowd Ex - ult - ing shouteth
plumed from vic-tory's wing.
plumed from vic-tory's wing.
p
loud our no - - ble he - - ro's name and worth!

Maid - ens ad-vance with song and dance, And wel - come

FIRST & SECOND SOPRANO.
TUTTI.

him and all with mirth! Wel - come, wel - come,

ALTO. TUTTI.

Sy - ri-a's de-fend - er; Wel - come, wel - come, dread of all her

en - emies: Un - to thee her daugh - ters ren - der Praise,

en - emies: Un - to thee her daugh - ters ren - der Praise,

praise for Thy great vic - - to-ries. Wel - come, wel - come

praise for Thy great vic - - to-ries. Wel - come, wel - come,

Sy - ri-a's de-fend - er; Wel - come, dread of all her en - - e-

Sy - ri-a's de-fend - er; Wel - come, dread of all her en - - e-

mies: . . . Un - to thee . . . her daugh - ters ren - der

Praise, . . praise for thy great vic - to-ries.

f

SOP.

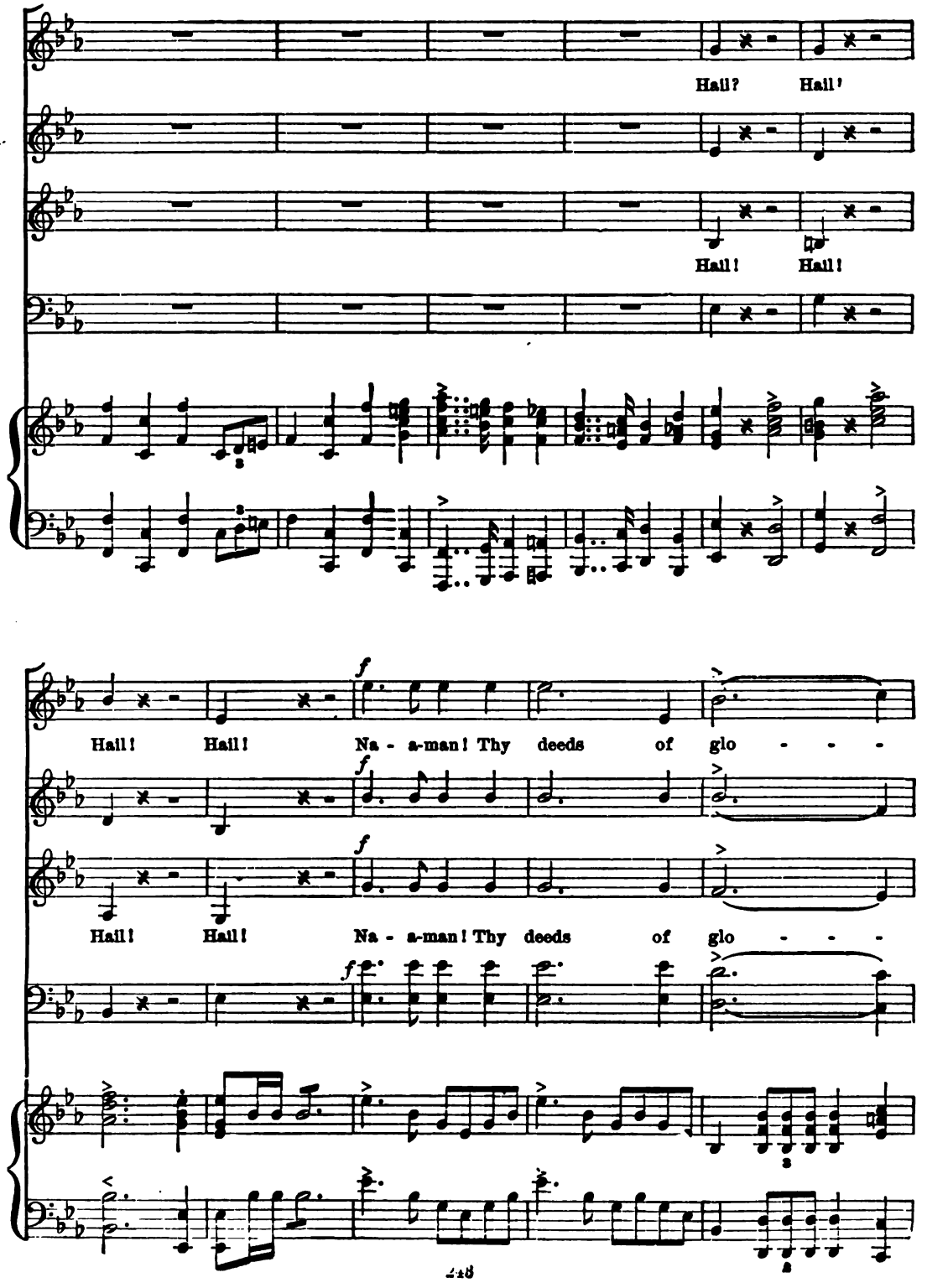
Hail! Hail!

SEC. SOP.

ALTO.

Hail! Hail!

BASS.


Hail? Hail!
Hail! Hail!
Hail! Hail! Na - a-man! Thy deeds of glo - - -
Hail! Hail! Na - a-man! Thy deeds of glo - - -

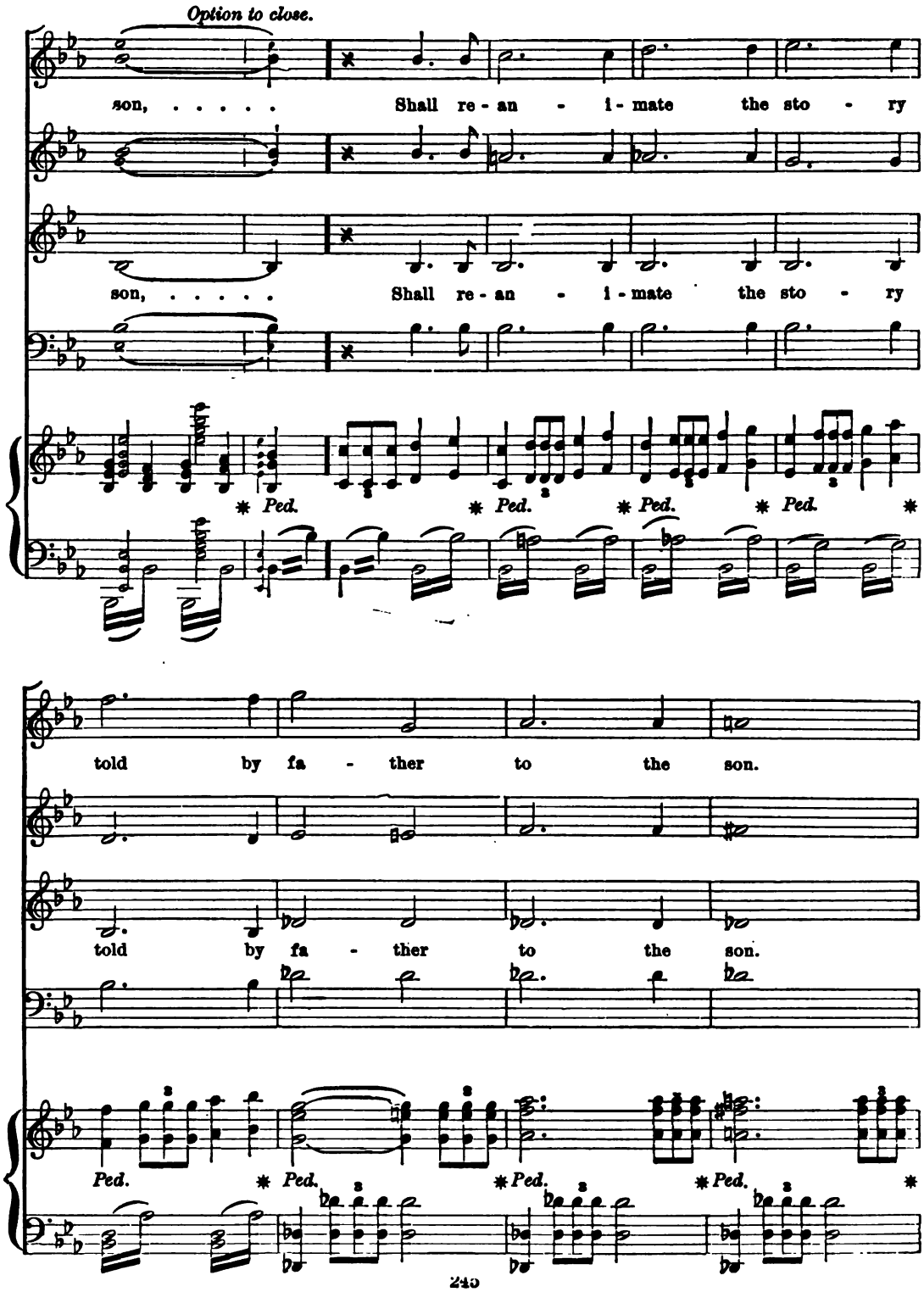
ry, When thy no - ble race is run; . . . . Shall re - an - i -

ry, When thy no - ble race is run; . . . . Shall re - an - i -

mate the sto - ry told by fa - ther to the

mate the sto - ry told by fa - ther to the

Ped.


Option to close.
son, ... Shall re - an - i - mate the sto - ry
son, ... Shall re - an - i - mate the sto - ry
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
told by fa - ther to the son.
told by fa - ther to the son.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Shall re - an - i - mate the sto - ry told by

Shall re - an - i - mate the sto - ry told by

8va.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

fa - ther to the son; . . . . . by fa - ther

fa - ther to the son; . . . . . by fa - ther

8va.

Ped. * Ped.

to the son. Hail, hail, hail, Na - a - man!

to the son. Hail, hail, hail, Na - a - man!

8va

Ped. * Ped. *

Hail, hail, hail, hail, Na - a - man! Hail,

Hail,

Hail, hail, hail, hail, Na - a - man! Hail, hail,

Ped. * Ped. *

Hail! Hail! Hail, Na - a-man! Hail!

Na - a-man!

Na - a-man! Hail! Hail! Hail! Na - a-man! Hail!

Ped.

Hail!

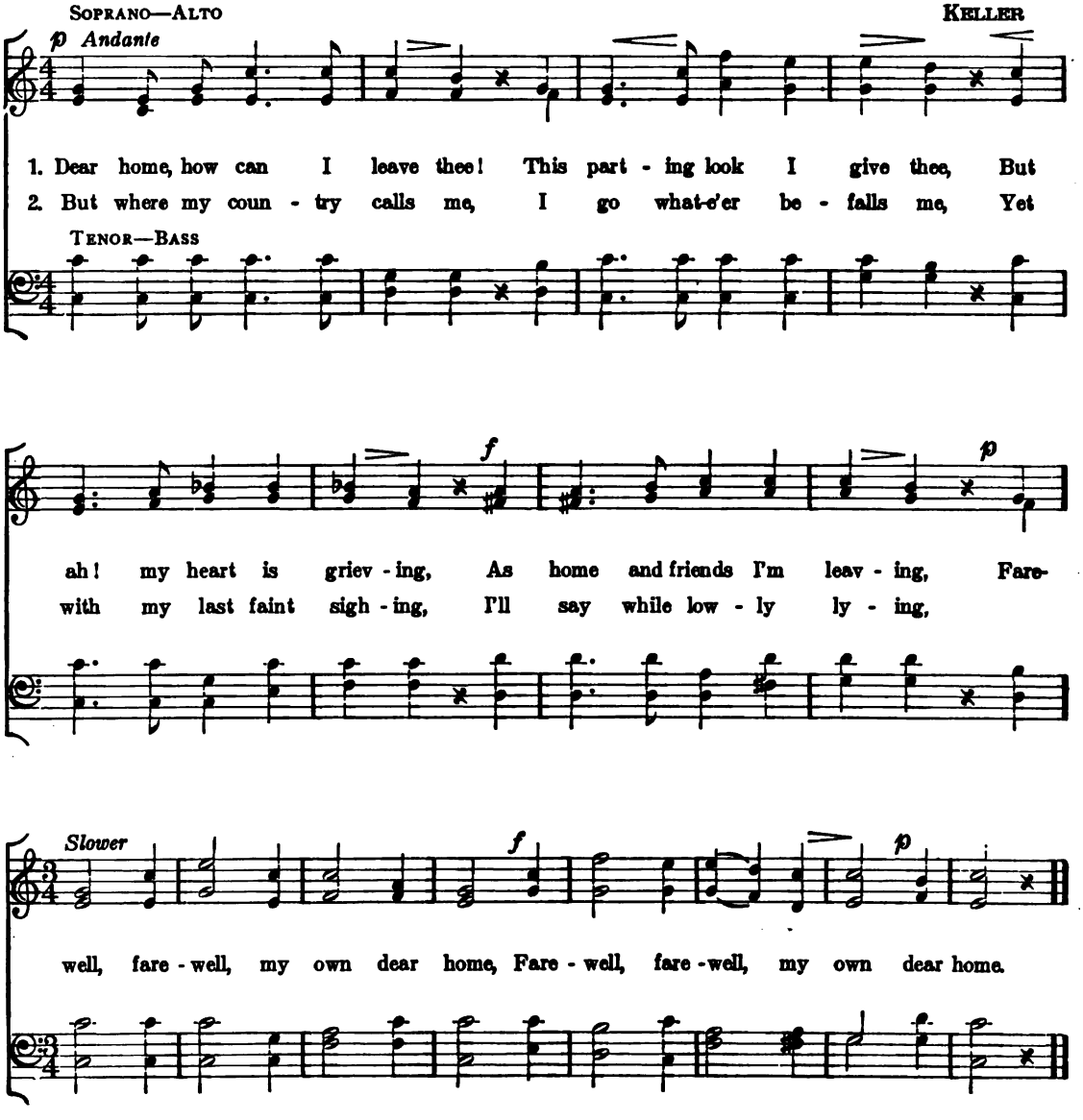
Hail!

Rit. *Un poco.*

PART II.

SONGS FOR SOCIAL OCCASIONS

Soldier's Farewell



She was a Shepherdess

UNISON SONG

HERBERT GRIGGS

Lively

1. O, she was a Shep-herd - ess, O, so fair, Ma - ny a year a-
2. And sore - ly the grind who was great in Greek, Ma - ny a year a-
3. So the *Wood - bu - ry prize - man won the maid, Ma - ny a year a-
4. And if this dit - ty of love be true, Ma - ny a year a-

go, With a pail and a stool and tan - gled hair,
go, And the base - ball cap - tain so slim and sleek,
go, And the bells were rung and the serv - ice read,
go, (And you'll please for - give our sing - ing it you,)

Down in the plain be - low;. . . And all the schol - ars would
Down in the plain be - low;. . . And sore - ly the quar - ter - back
Down in the plain be - low;. . . And the cows gave doub - le their
Down in the plain be - low;. . . O, was there ev - er so

*Substitute the name of any prize in place of "Woodbury" if so desired

leave their play On mer - ry George Wash - ing - ton's own birth - day, And
dai - ly tried, By sig - nals and pass - es and much be - side, To
milk that day, And some of the teach - ers be - came quite gay, And the
sweet a pair, As both of them went a - milk - ing there, With a

stand and look as she passed that way, And see her a - milk - ing go. . .
make her his beau - ti - ful, bloom - ing bride, As he saw her a - milk - ing go. . .
boys had a gen - er - al hip - hoo-ray, As they saw her a - milk - ing go. . .
pail and a stool and tan - gled hair, A - milk - ing for to go. . .

CHORUS

"But none," said she, "will I ev - er wed, But the boy who gets a

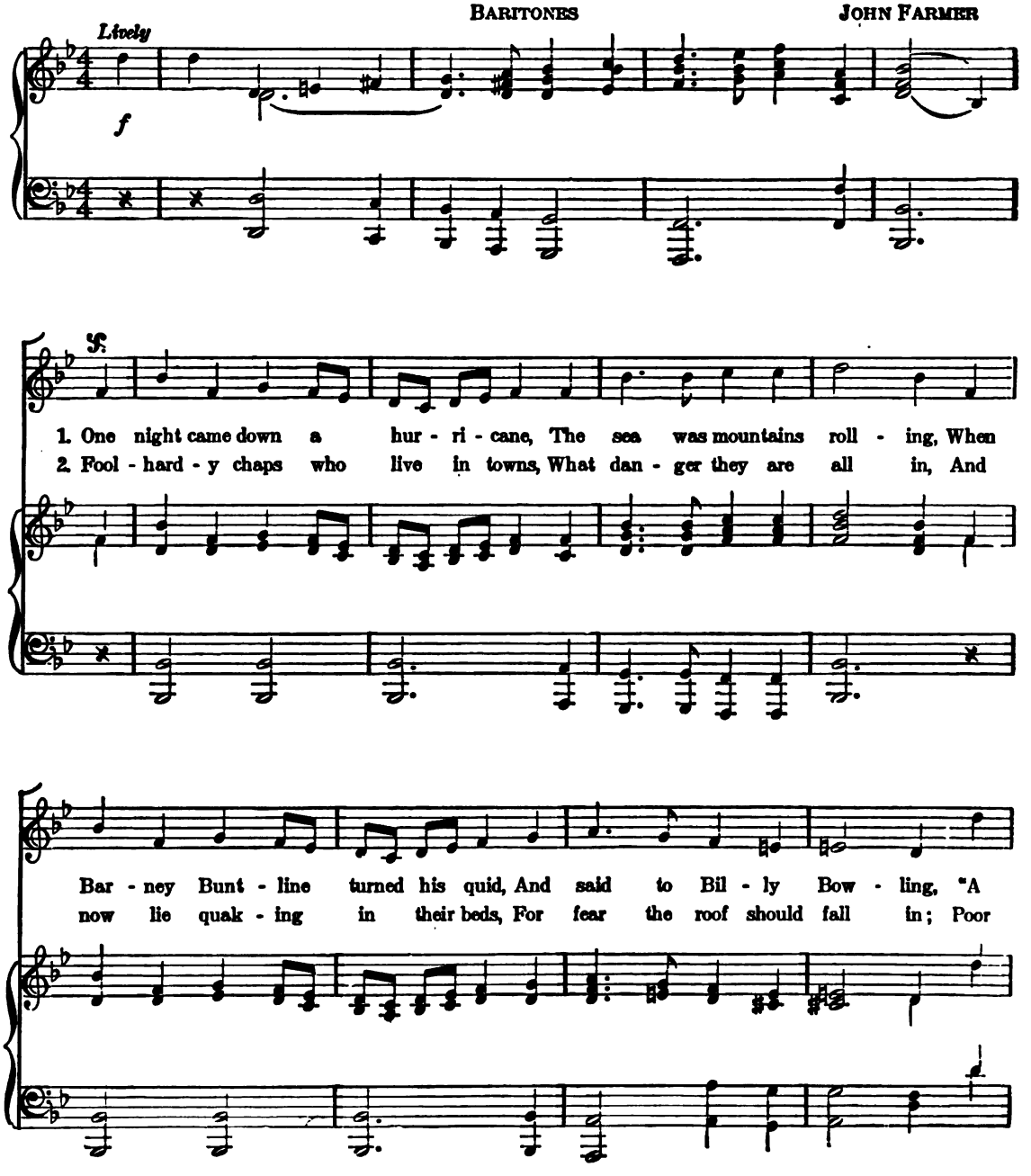
prize, And cross - es his t's and dots his i's, Down in the plain be - low.

Barney Buntline

UNISON SONG

BARITONES

JOHN FARMER

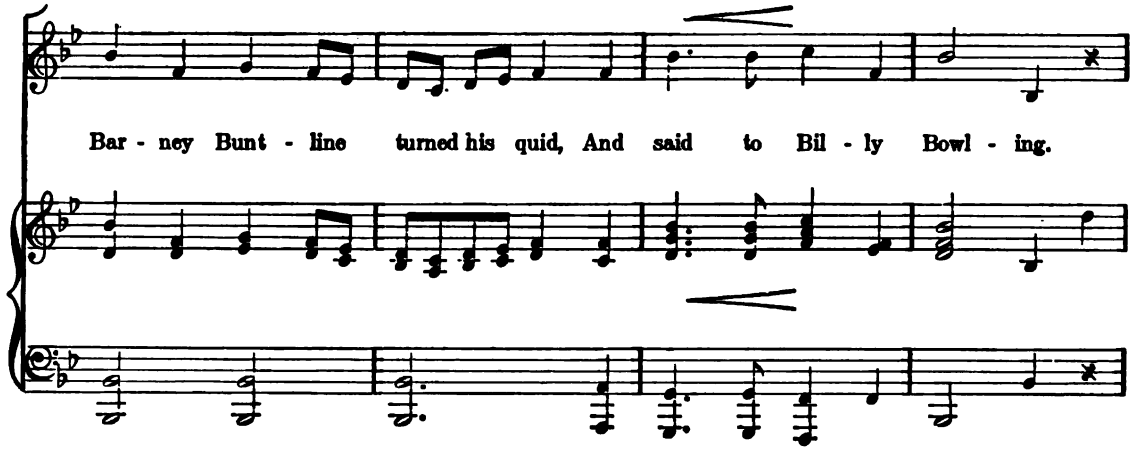


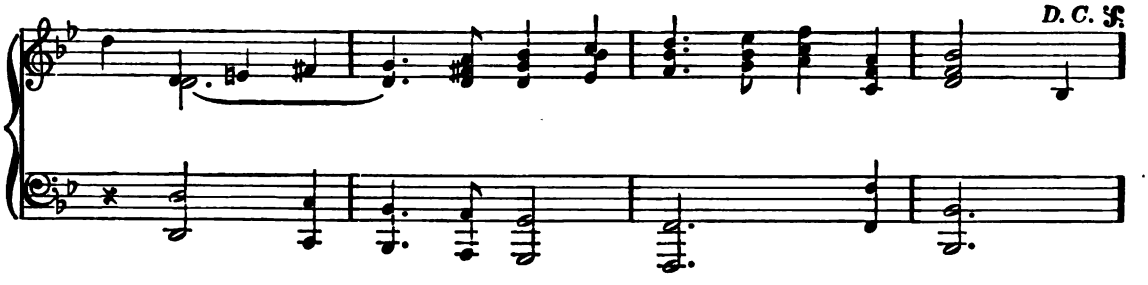
strong nor' - west - er's blow - ing, Bill; Hark! don't ye hear it roar now? Lord
crea - tures! how they en - vies us, And wish - es, I've a no - tion, For

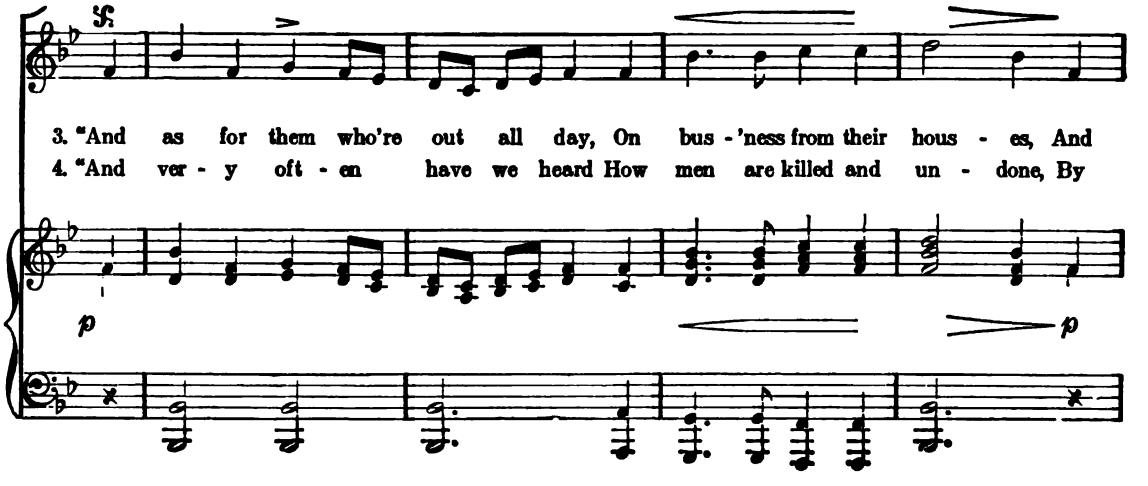
CHORUS

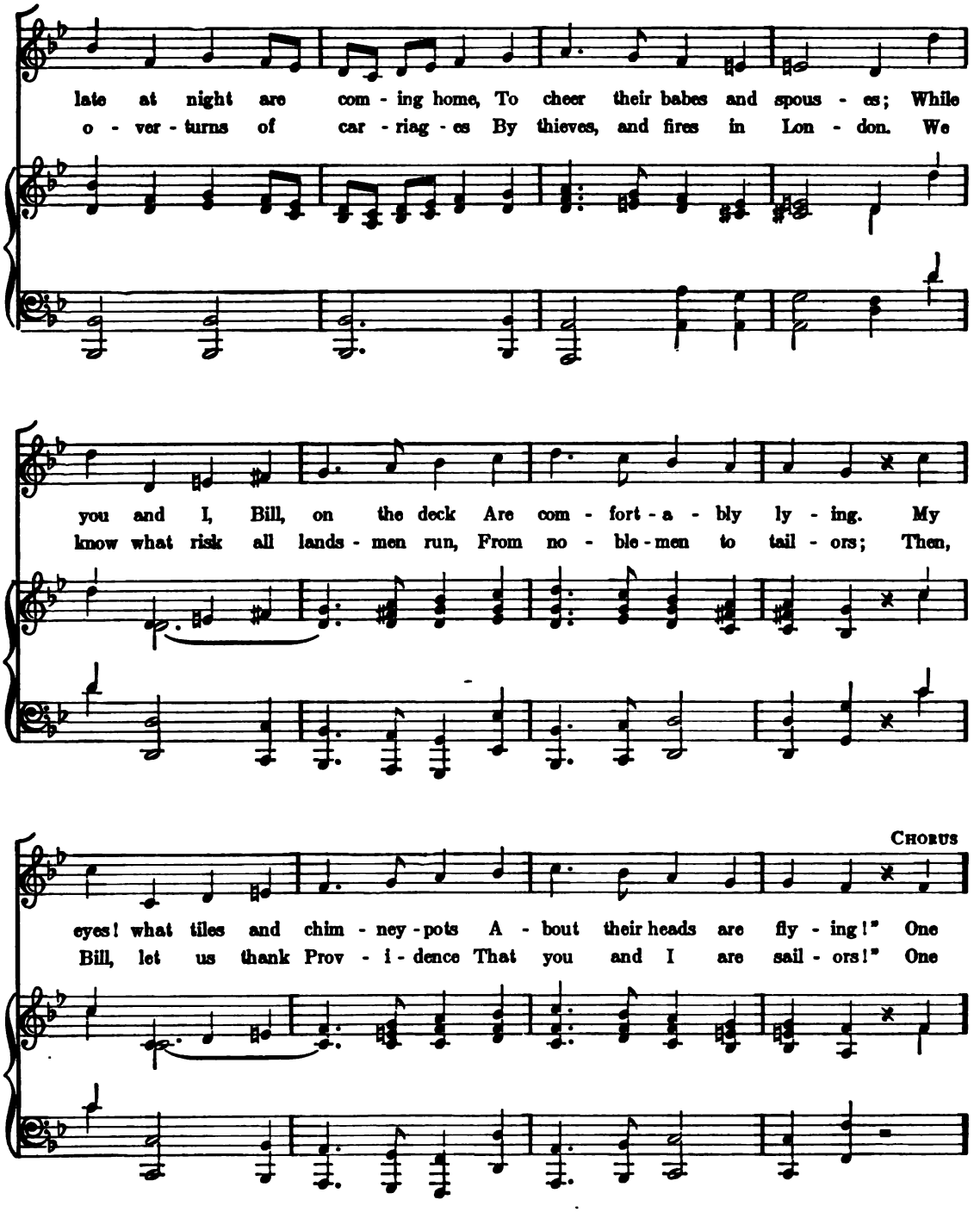
help 'em! how I pit - ies all Un - hap - py folks on shore now!" One
our good luck in such a storm To be up - on the o - cean!" One

night came down a hur - ri - cane, The sea was moun-tains roll - ing, When


Bar - ney Bunt - line turned his quid, And said to Bil - ly Bowl - ing.


D. C. 𝄋


𝄋
3. "And as for them who're out all day, On bus - 'ness from their hous - es, And
4. "And ver - y oft - en have we heard How men are killed and un - done, By
p
p

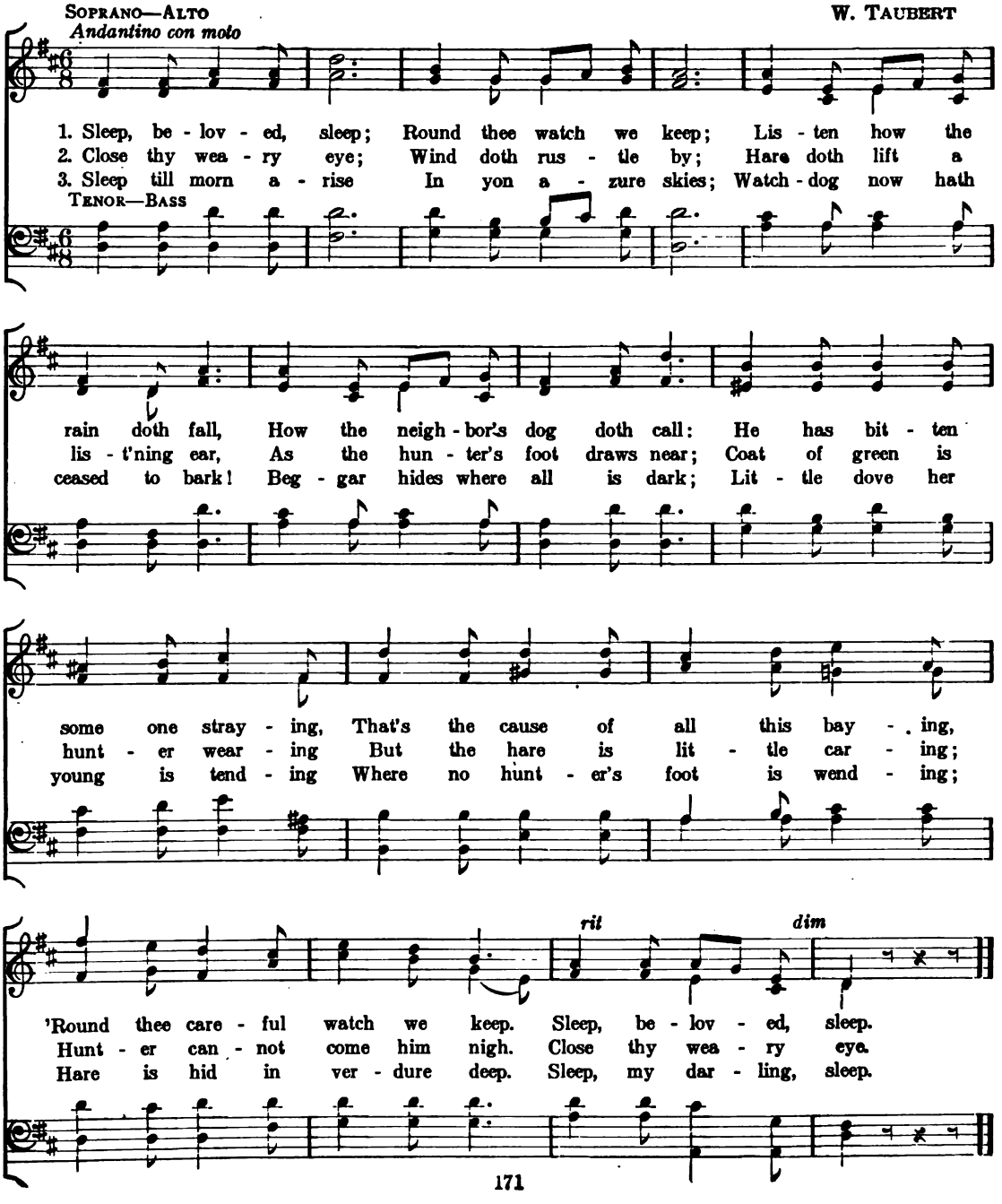

late at night are com - ing home, To cheer their babes and spous - es; While
o - ver - turns of car - riag - es By thieves, and fires in Lon - don. We
you and I, Bill, on the deck Are com - fort - a - bly ly - ing. My
know what risk all lands - men run, From no - ble - men to tail - ors; Then,
CHORUS
eyes! what tiles and chim - ney - pots A - bout their heads are fly - ing!" One
Bill, let us thank Prov - i - dence That you and I are sail - ors!" One

night came down a hur - ri - cane, The sea was moun-tains roll - ing, When

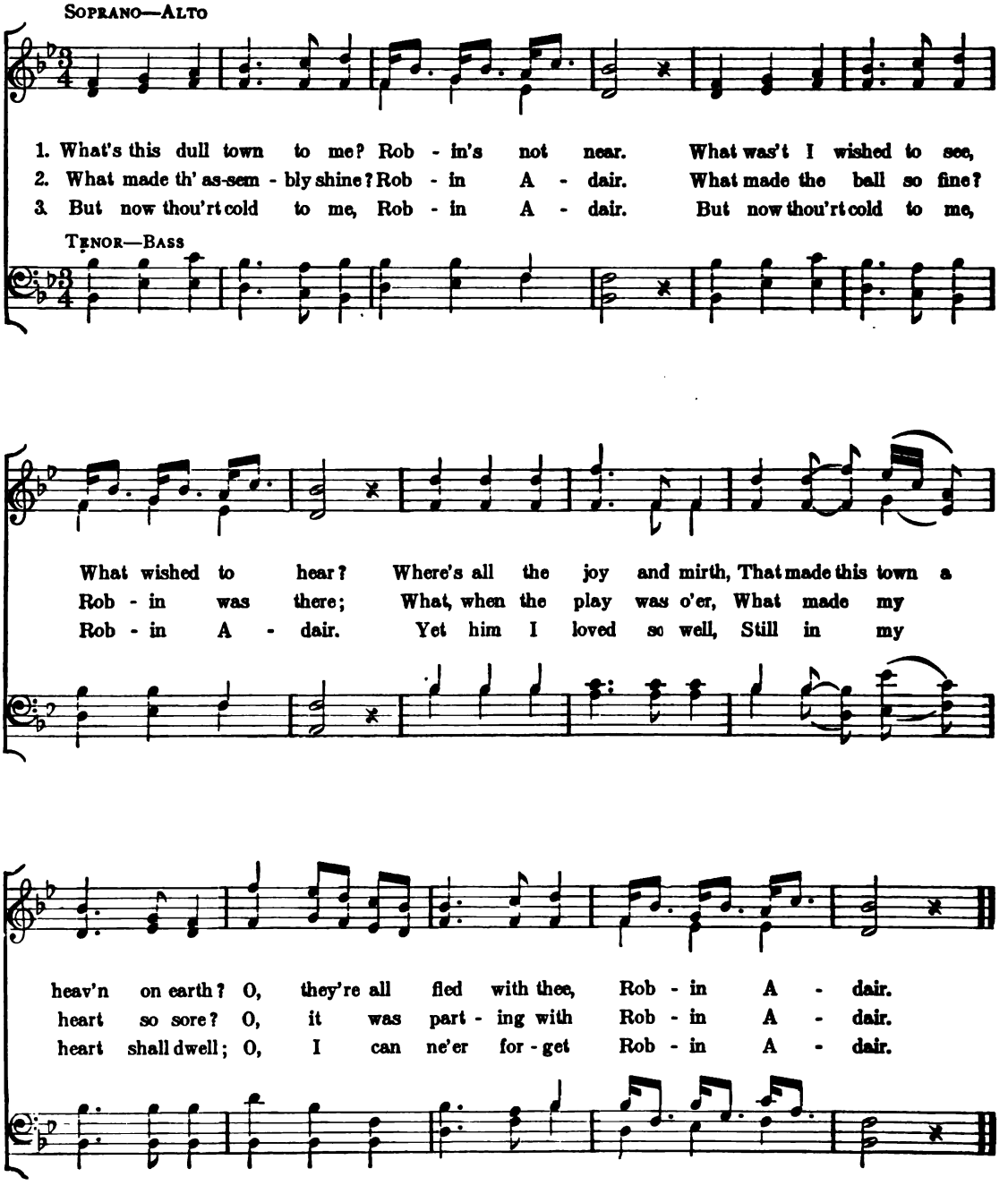
Bar - ney Bunt - line turned his quid, And said to Bil - ly Bowl - ing.

D. C. 𝄋

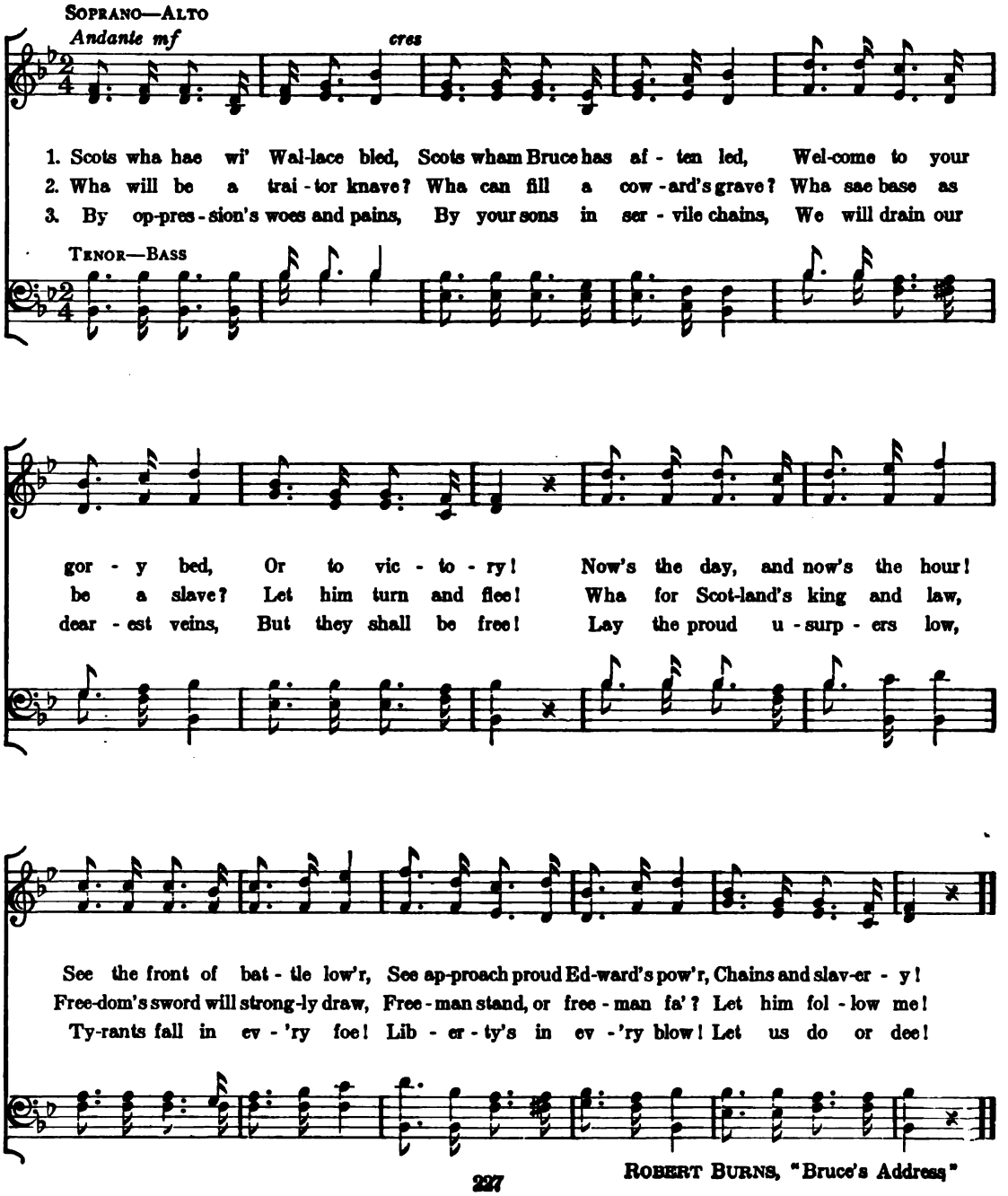
Cradle Song


SOPRANO—ALTO
Andantino con moto
W. TAUBERT
1. Sleep, be - lov - ed, sleep; Round thee watch we keep; Lis - ten how the
2. Close thy wea - ry eye; Wind doth rus - tle by; Hare doth lift a
3. Sleep till morn a - rise In yon a - zure skies; Watch - dog now hath
TENOR—BASS
rain doth fall, How the neigh - bor's dog doth call: He has bit - ten
lis - t'ning ear, As the hun - ter's foot draws near; Coat of green is
ceased to bark! Beg - gar hides where all is dark; Lit - tle dove her
some one stray - ing, That's the cause of all this bay - ing,
hunt - er wear - ing But the hare is lit - tle car - ing;
young is tend - ing Where no hunt - er's foot is wend - ing;
rit
dim
'Round thee care - ful watch we keep. Sleep, be - lov - ed, sleep.
Hunt - er can - not come him nigh. Close thy wea - ry eye.
Hare is hid in ver - dure deep. Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep.

Robin Adair


SOPRANO—ALTO
1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near. What was't I wished to see,
2. What made th' as-sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair. What made the ball so fine?
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair. But now thou'rt cold to me,
TENOR—BASS
What wished to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth, That made this town a
Rob - in was there; What, when the play was o'er, What made my
Rob - in A - dair. Yet him I loved so well, Still in my
heav'n on earth? O, they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
heart so sore? O, it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.
heart shall dwell; O, I can ne'er for - get Rob - in A - dair.

Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled



ROBERT BURNS, "Bruce's Address"

Beside the Mill

GLÜCK

SOPRANO—ALTO

1. Be - side the mill, down yon - der, I sat me down to dream; I
2. Then I be - held, half dream - ing, The saws, so sharp and bright, Cleave
3. And now a - live the tree seemed, Its fi - bres shrank with dread; With
4. "Thou wan - d'rer, well hast chos - en Thy time to come to me! For

TENOR—BASS

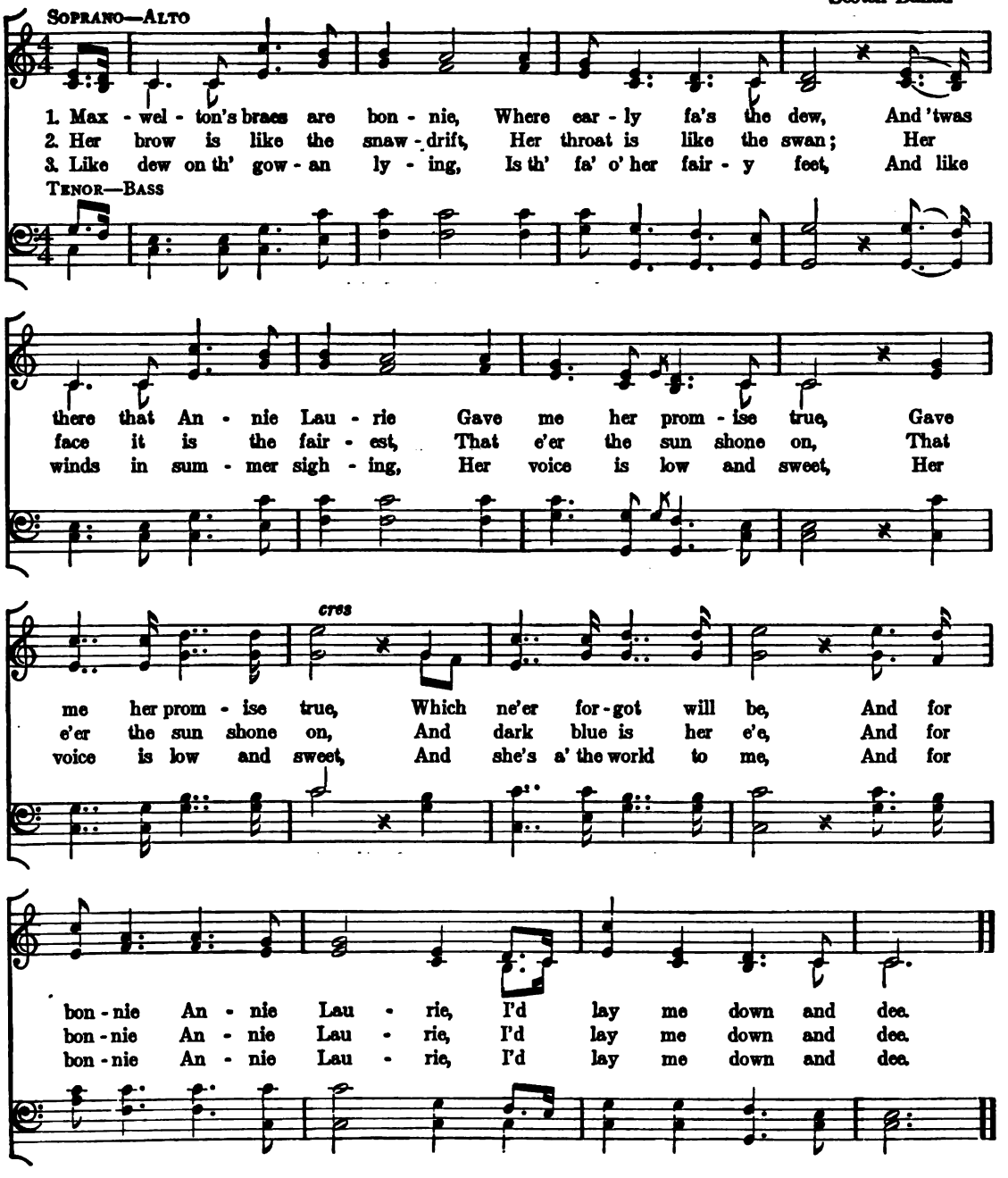
saw the great wheels turn - ing, The spark - le of the stream, I
through a no - ble fir - tree With won - drous fa - tal might, Cleave
low and mourn-ful ca - dence, These words to me it said: With
thee a - lone I suf - fer, And I must die for thee! For

cres *dim*

saw the great wheels turn - ing, The spark - le of the stream.
through a no - ble fir - tree With won - drous fa - tal might.
low and mourn-ful ca - dence, These words to me it said:
thee a - lone I suf - fer, And I must die for thee.

Annie Laurie

Scotch Ballad



When the Swallows Homeward Fly

FRANZ ABT

SOPRANO

1. When the swal - lows home - ward fly, When the ros - es scat - tered

ALTO

2. When the white swan south - ward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange

BASS

3. Hush, my heart! why thus com - plain? Thou must, too, thy woes con-

lie, When from nei - ther hill nor dale, Chants the

groves, When the red tints of the west Prove the

tain, Though on earth no more we rove, Loud - ly

sil - v'ry night - in - gale; In these words my bleed - ing

sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleed - ing

breath - ing words of love; Thou, my heart, must find re-

heart Would to thee its grief im - part, When I . . .

heart Would to thee its grief im - part, When I . . .

lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief; I shall

thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I

thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I,

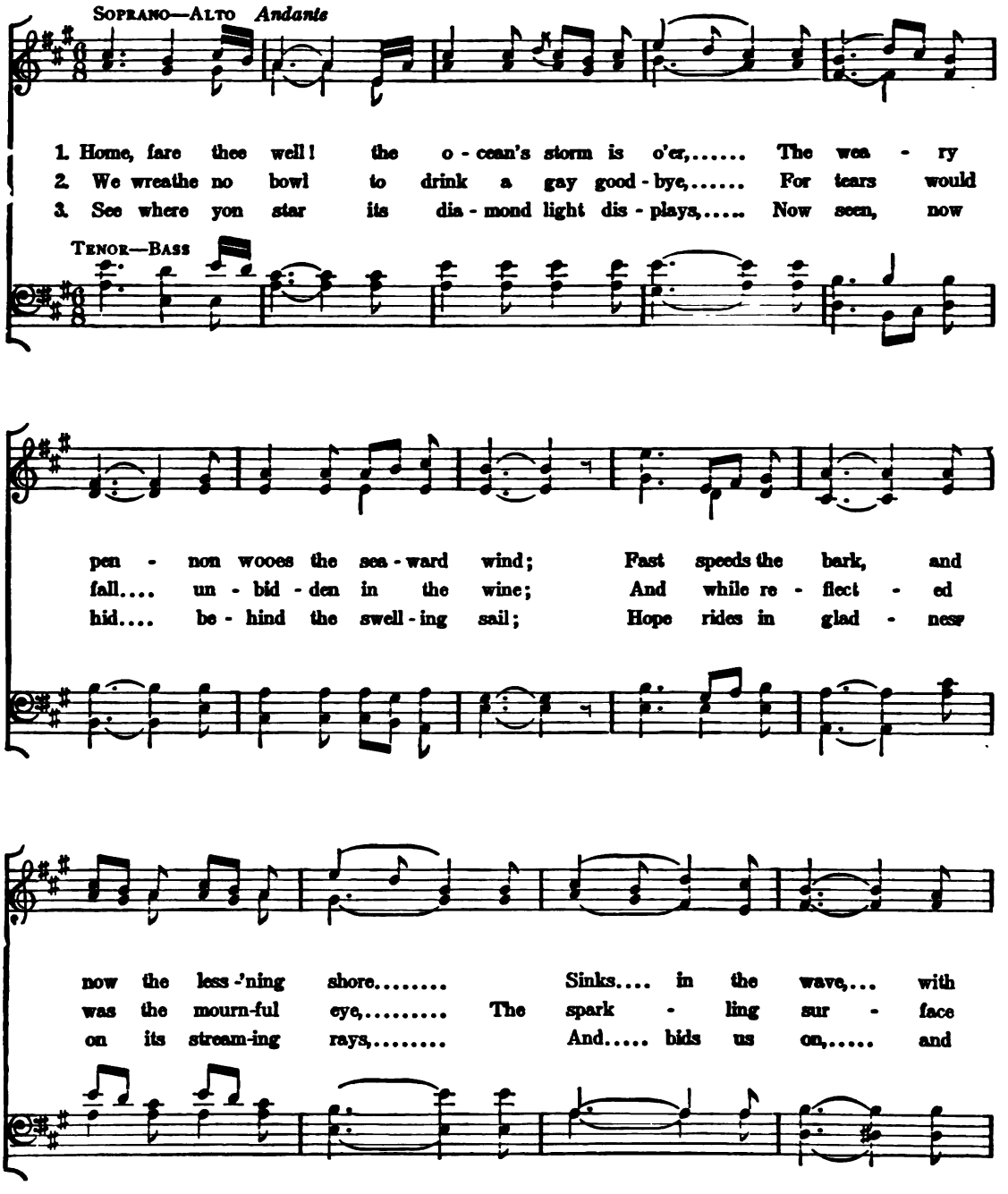
see thy form a - gain, Though to - day . . .

e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?

e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?

we part a gain, Though to - day . . we part a - gain.

Our Way Across the Sea

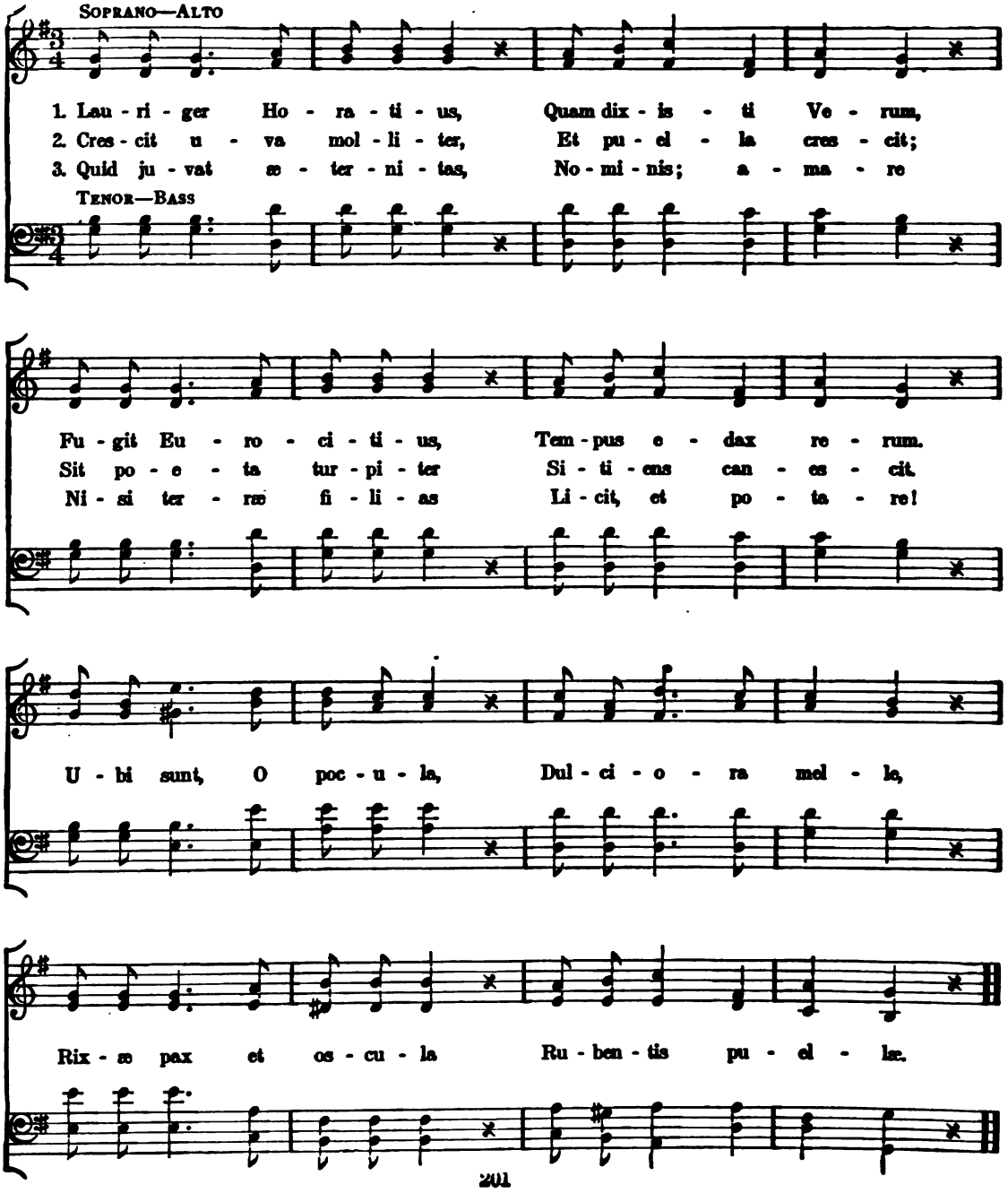


those we left be - hind. Fare thee well! Land of the free;
e'en would cease to shine. Then fare thee well! Fare - well.. once more; The
bribes the fa - v'ring gale. Then, Hope, we bend In joy... to thee;

No tongue can tell the love I bear to thee. Fare..... thee well!
o - cean's swell now hides my na - tive shore. Then fare thee well!
And care - less wend our way a - cross the sea. Then, Hope, we bend

Land of the free, No tongue can tell the love I bear... to thee.
Fare - well once more, The o - cean's swell now hides my na - tive shore.
In joy to thee, And care - less wend our way a - cross the sea.

Lauriger Horatius



The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol-
{ The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tang-led wild - wood, And ev - 'ry loved

lec - tion pre - sents them to view! { The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in - fan - cy knew, { The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell. The old oak-en
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well,

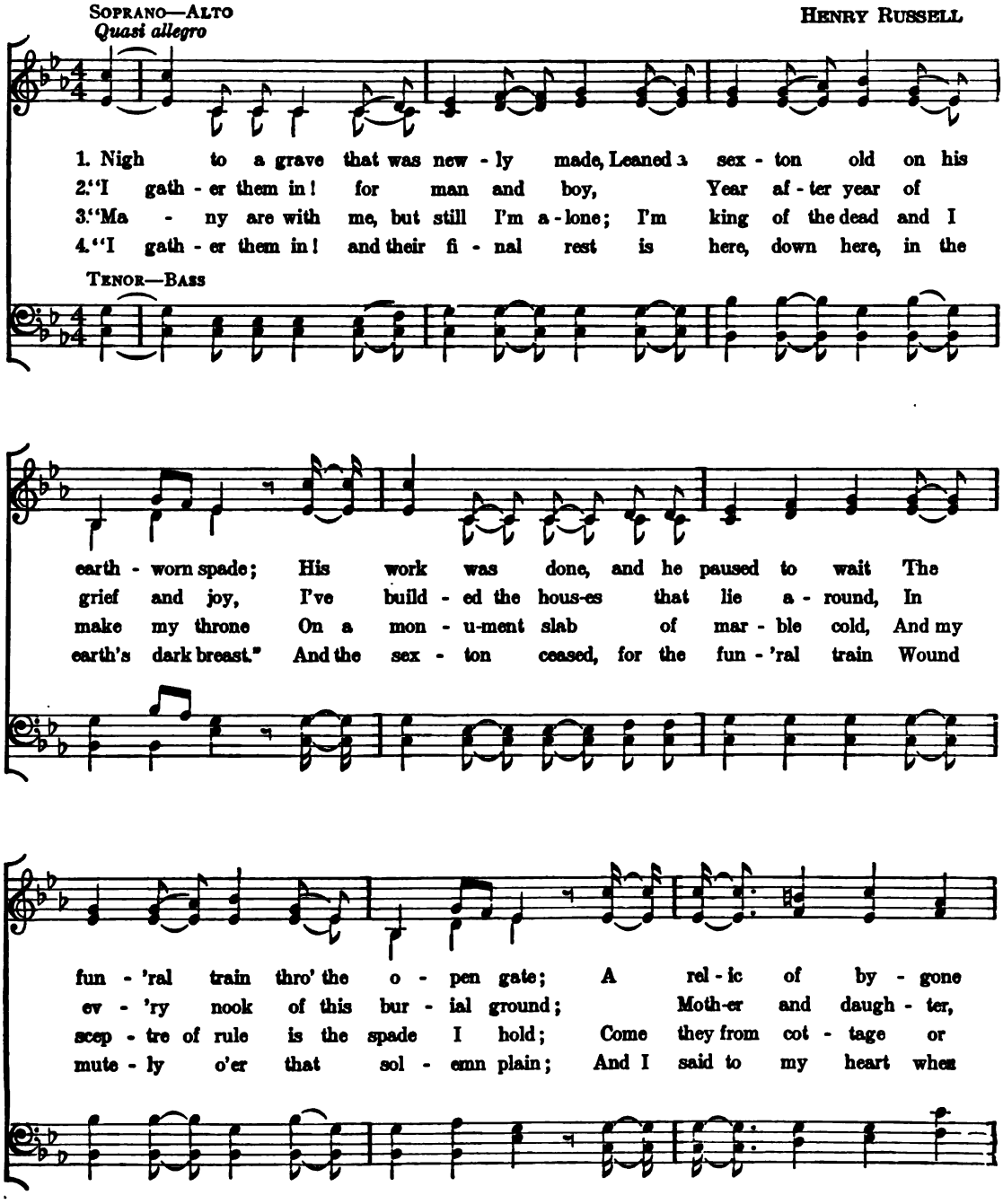
buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cover'd buck - et that hung in the well.

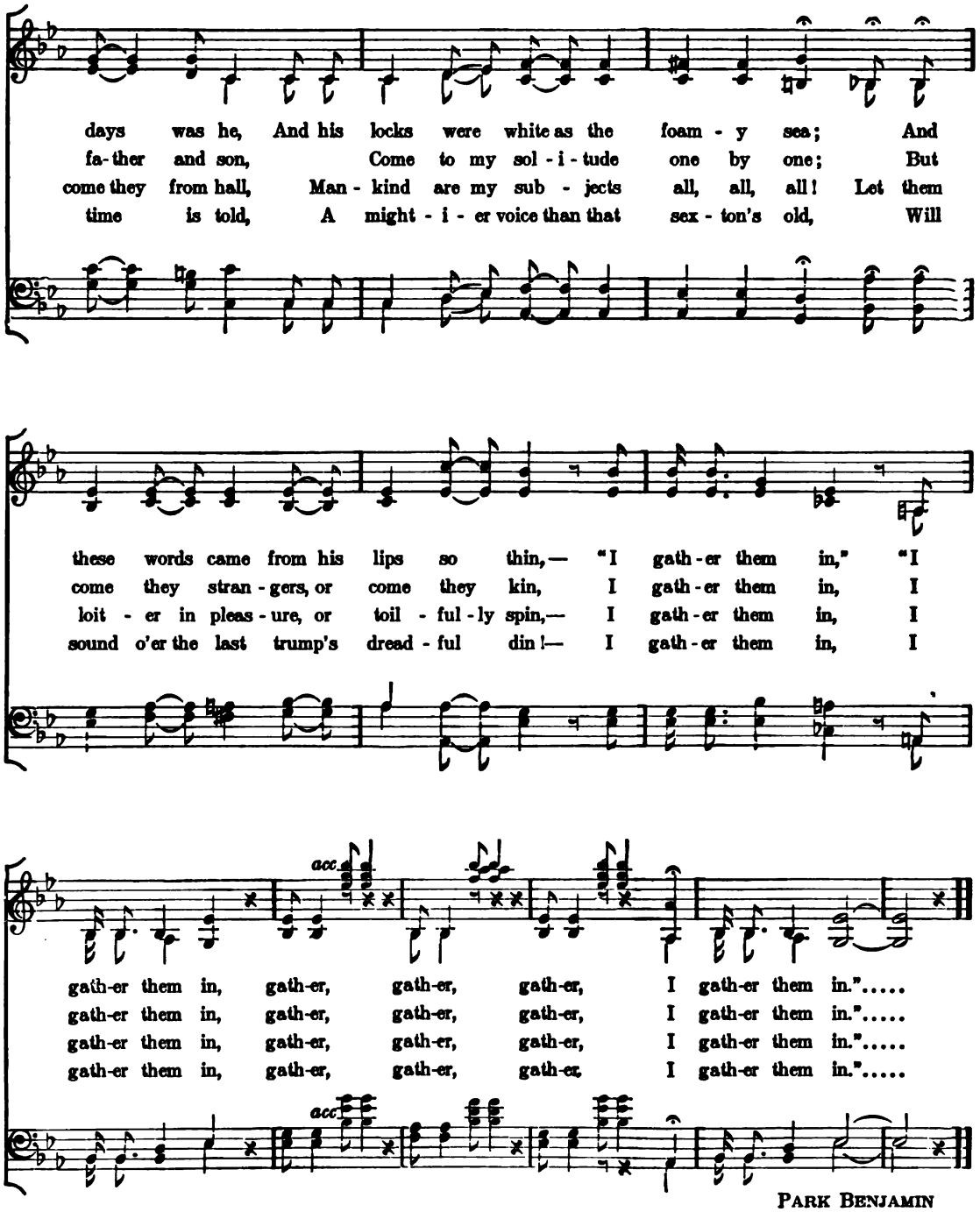
2 That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

The Old Sexton

HENRY RUSSELL





PARK BENJAMIN

The Danube River

HAMILTON AÏDÉ

SOPRANO—ALTO
Tempo di mazurka

1. Do you re - call that night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er? We lis - tened to a Länd - ler tune, And watched the moon-beams quiv - er. I oft since then have watched the moon, But nev - er, no, O, nev - er, nev - er, Can I for - get that
2. Our boat kept meas - ure with its oar, The mus - ic rose in snatch - es; From peas - ants danc - ing on the shore, With boist - rous songs and catch - es. I know not why that Länd - ler rang Through all my soul, But nev - er, nev - er, Can I for - get the

TENOR—BASS

a tempo

night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get that
songs they sang, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I for - get the

night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can
songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can

I for - get that night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can
I for - get the songs they sang, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can

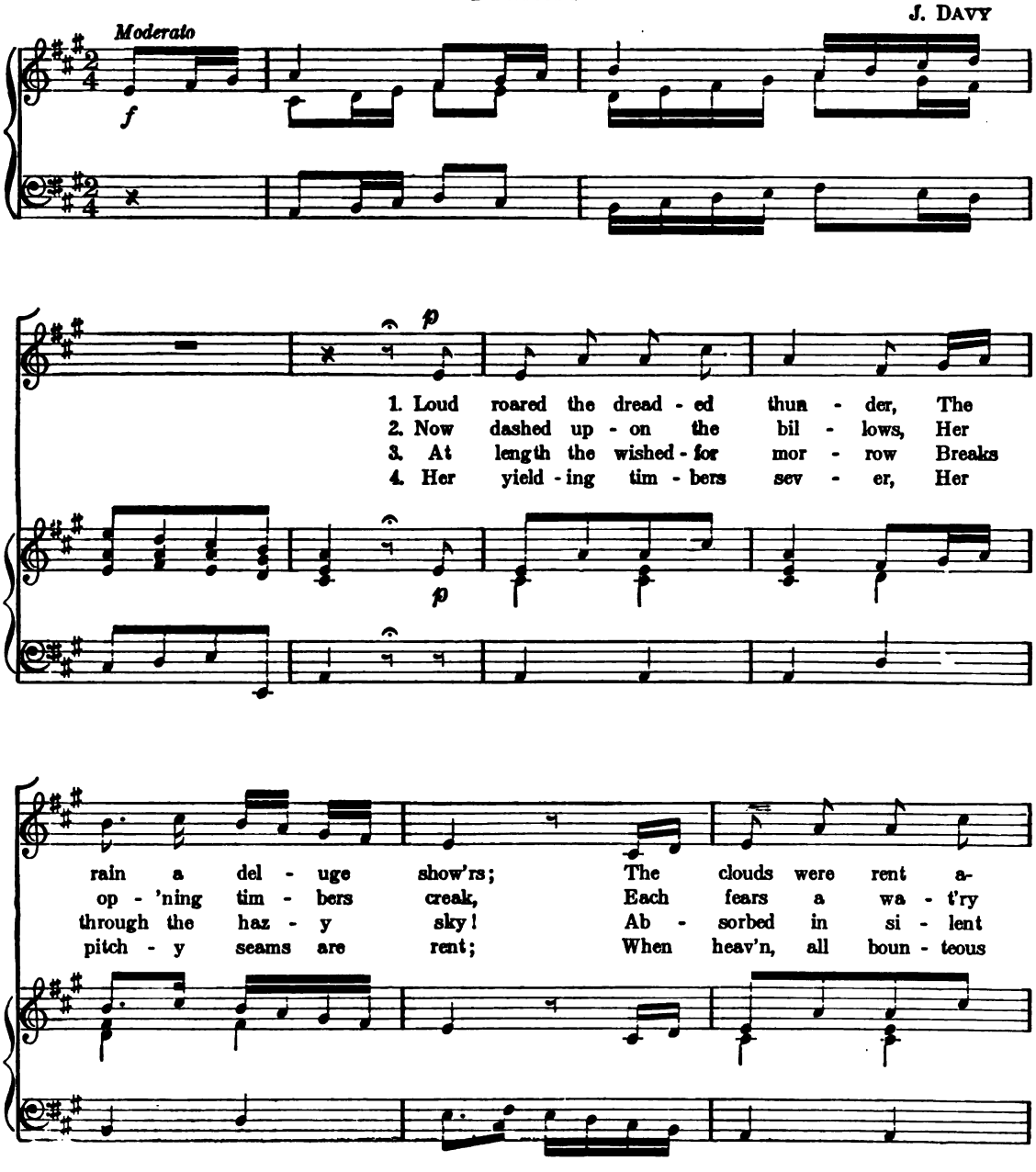
I for - get that night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er.
I for - get the songs they sang, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er.

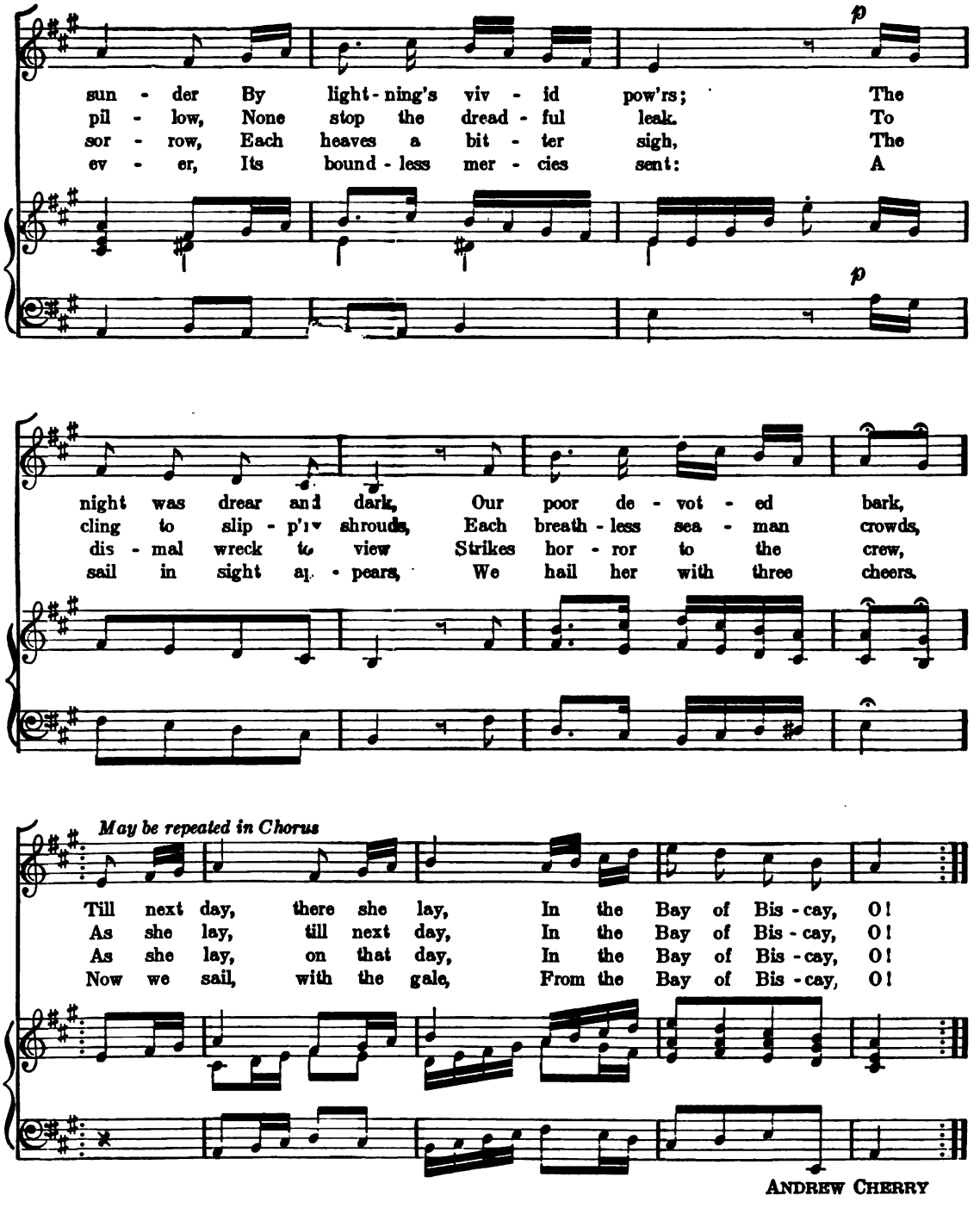
The Bay of Biscay

UNISON SONG

BARITONES

J. DAVY





ANDREW CHERRY

Juanita

Spanish Melody

mf SOPRANO—ALTO

1. Soft o'er the fount - ain, Lin-g'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the mount-ain
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beam-ing,

TENOR—BASS

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,

p slower *a tempo*

Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!*
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!

p tenderly rit

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

* Wah-ne-ta

Mrs. NORTON

Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

SOPRANO—ALTO

1. Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind;
2. We've passed through ma - ny var - ied scenes, Since youth's un - cloud - ed day;
3. But when we cross the sea of life, And reach the heav'n - ly shore,

TENOR—BASS

Should auld ac - quaint-ance be for - got, And songs of auld lang syne?
And friends and hopes and hap - py dreams Time's hand hath swept a - way;
We'll sing the songs our fa - thers sing, Tran - scend - ing those of yore:

For auld lang syne we meet to - night, For auld lang syne,
And voic - es that once joined with ours, In days of auld lang syne,
We'll meet to sing di - vin - er strains Than those of auld lang syne;

To sing the songs our fa - thers sang In days of auld lang syne.
Are si - lent now, and blend no more In songs of auld lang syne.
Im - mor - tal songs of praise, un-known In days of auld lang syne.

Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, There's no place like home.

2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my moth-er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot-tage door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,

3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my low - ly thatch'd cot-tage a - gain; The birds singing gai - ly, that came at my call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home, home,

PART III.

SONGS FOR ARBOR DAY

The Welcome Spring

TENOR — *Allegretto* — MENDELSSOHN

1. The wel-come spring, with days of calm, Has come up-on her shin-ing way! The fair-y
2. All na-ture owns her mag-ic touch! Her lov-ing arms the earth en-fold! The smil-ing

SOPRANO—ALTO

3. The sil-v'ry streams and murm'ring rills Have bro-ken from their i-cy chains; And shin-ing,
4. Then let us join the hap-py strain, And un-to Him our voic-es raise, Who ush-ers

BASS

queen, with breath of balm, Re-sumes a-gain her gen-tle sway! The fair-y queen, with
flow'rs no more shall sleep With-in the dark and si-lent mold! The smil-ing flow'rs no

sing-ing, on-ward go Thro' val-leys bright and ver-dant plains! And shin-ing, sing-ing,
in the tune-ful spring, And who de-mands our love and praise! Who ush-ers in the

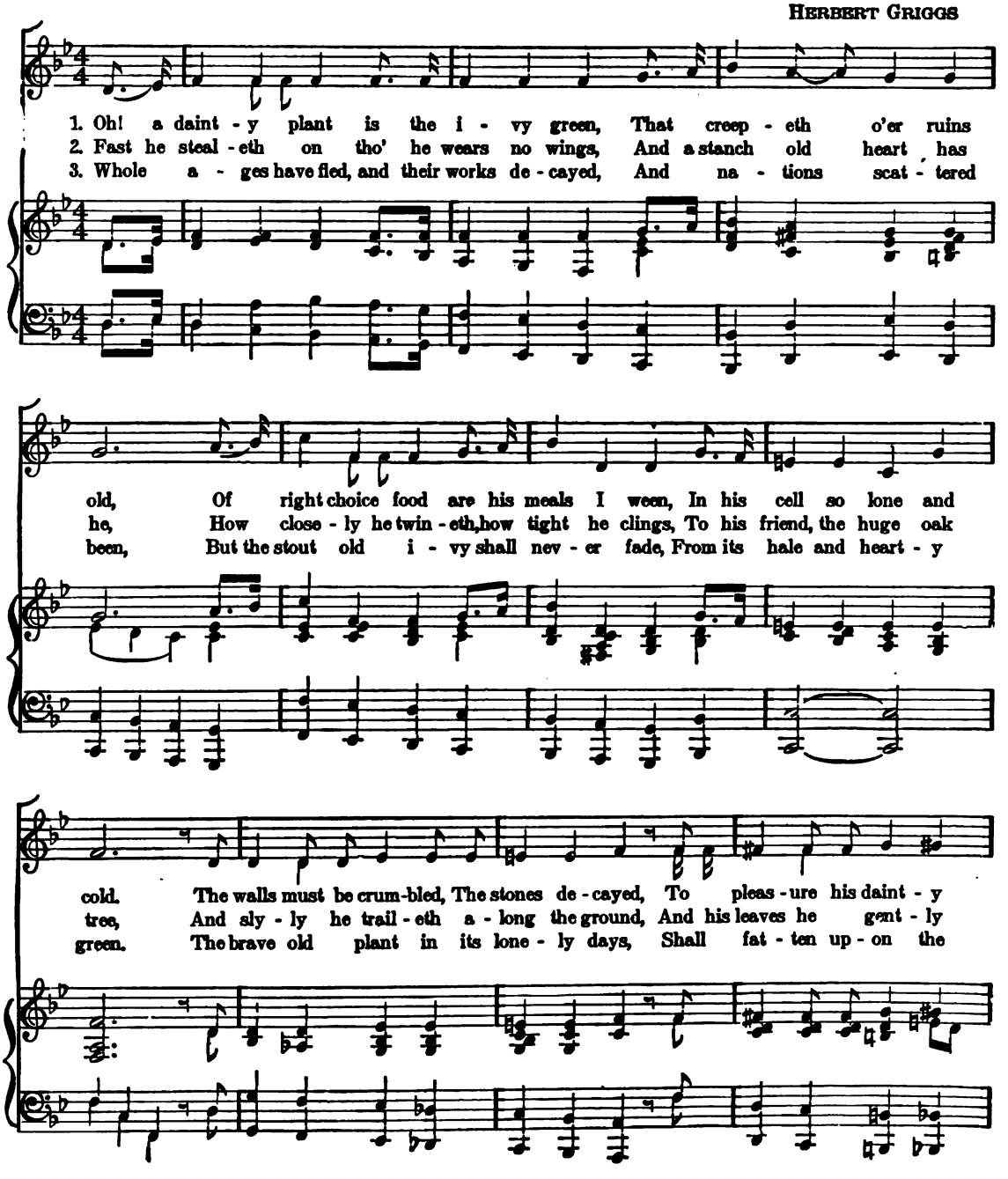
breath of balm, Re-sumes..... a-gain her gen-tle sway!.....
more shall sleep With-in..... the dark and si-lent mold!.....

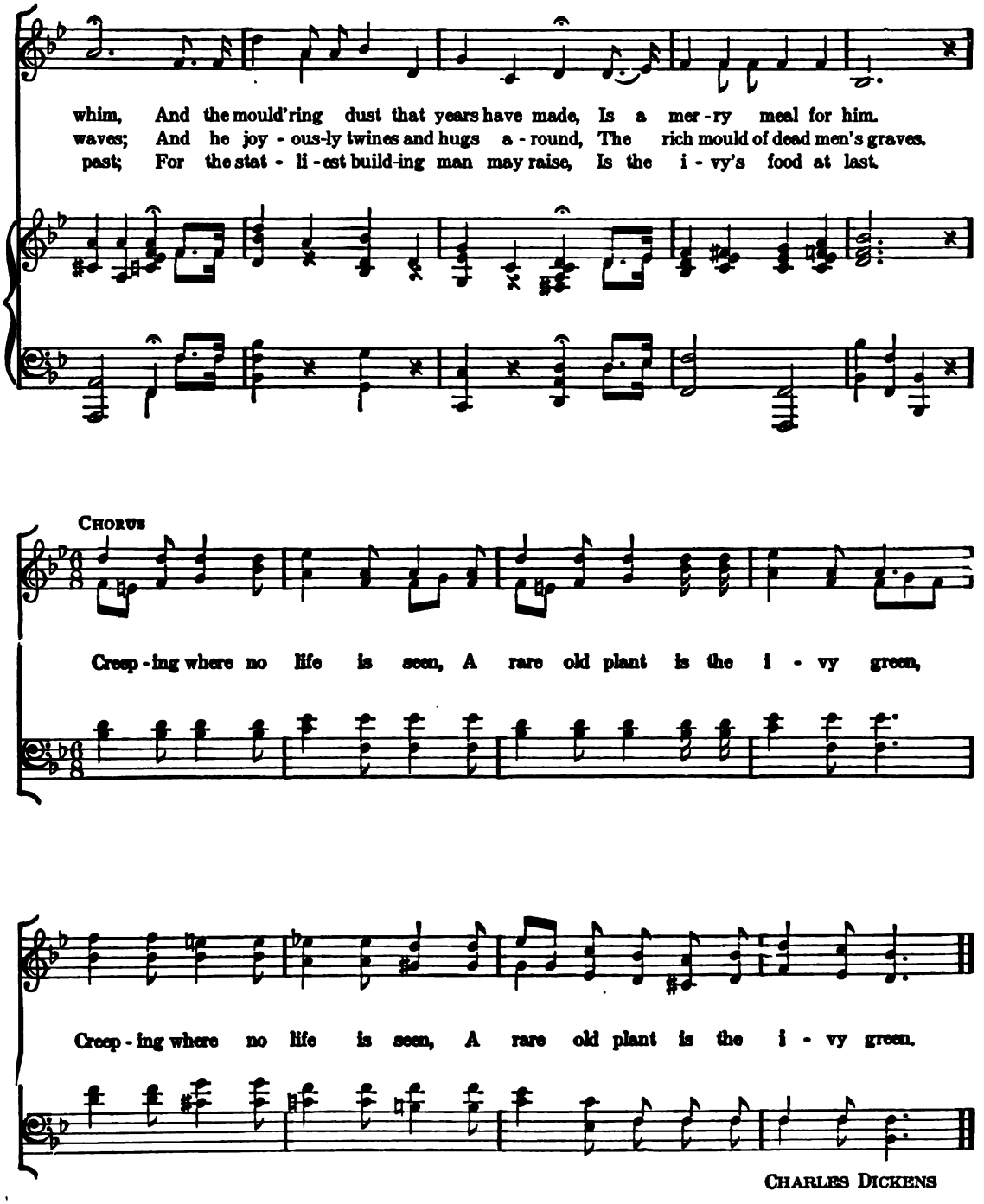
on-ward go Thro' val-leys bright and ver-dant plains!
tune-ful spring, And who de-mands our love and praise!

R. R. LATTA

The Ivy Green

HERBERT GRIGGS





CHARLES DICKENS

A Spring Song

CIRO PINSUTI

SOPRANO—ALTO

p Allegretto moderato

stac

1. I sat be - neath the ma - ples old, The meads were shot with
2. The bus - y babl - bling wa - ter - fall Me - lo - dious - ly kept
3. O, love - ly, love - ly, love - ly Spring! O, robed in sun - beams,

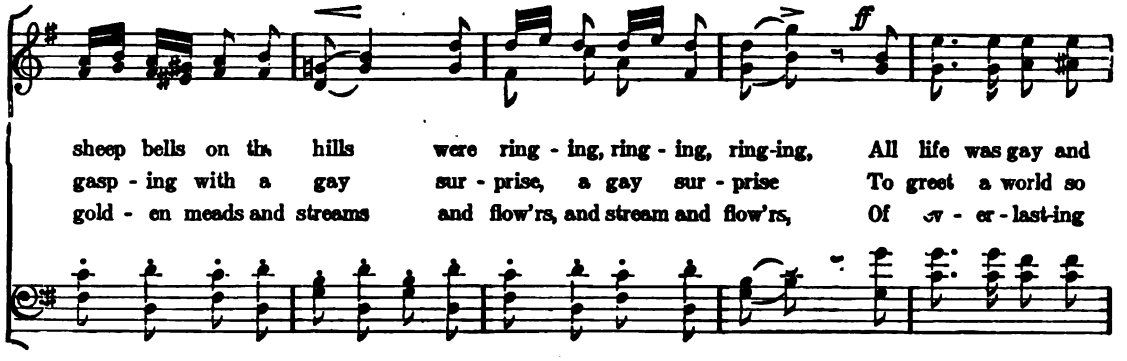
TENOR—BASS

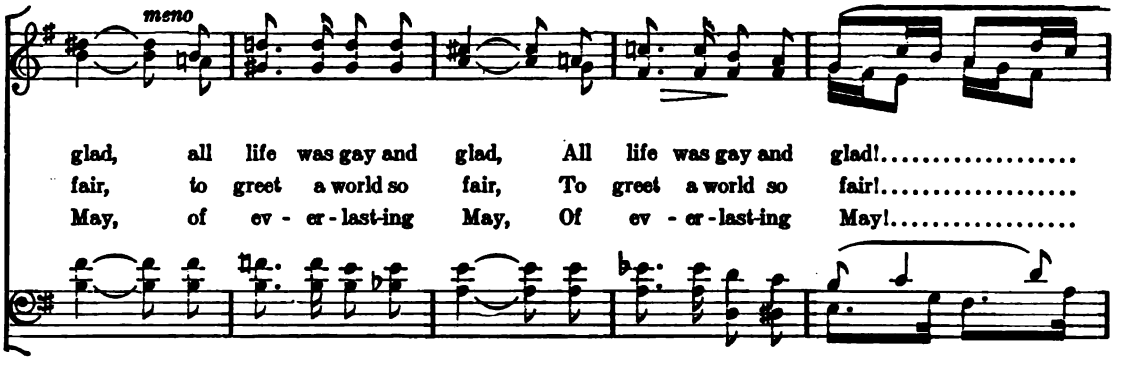
un poco rall

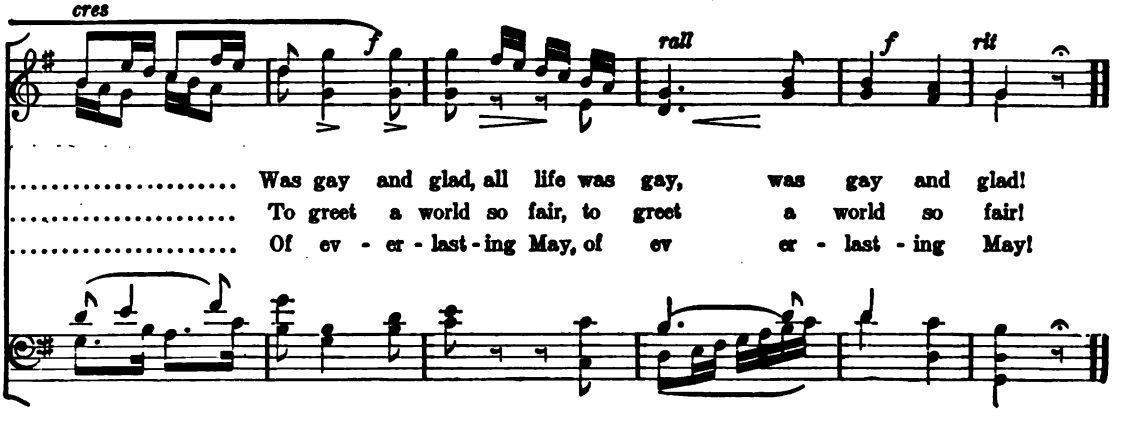
green and gold, And un - der - neath my feet there rolled The lit - tle sil - v'ry
time to all, The rich May mus - ic mys - ti - cal, Toned to the fresh - 'ning
bride-groom, king! Breathe on my heart and bid me sing, Or rath - er praise and

pp leggero sherzoso

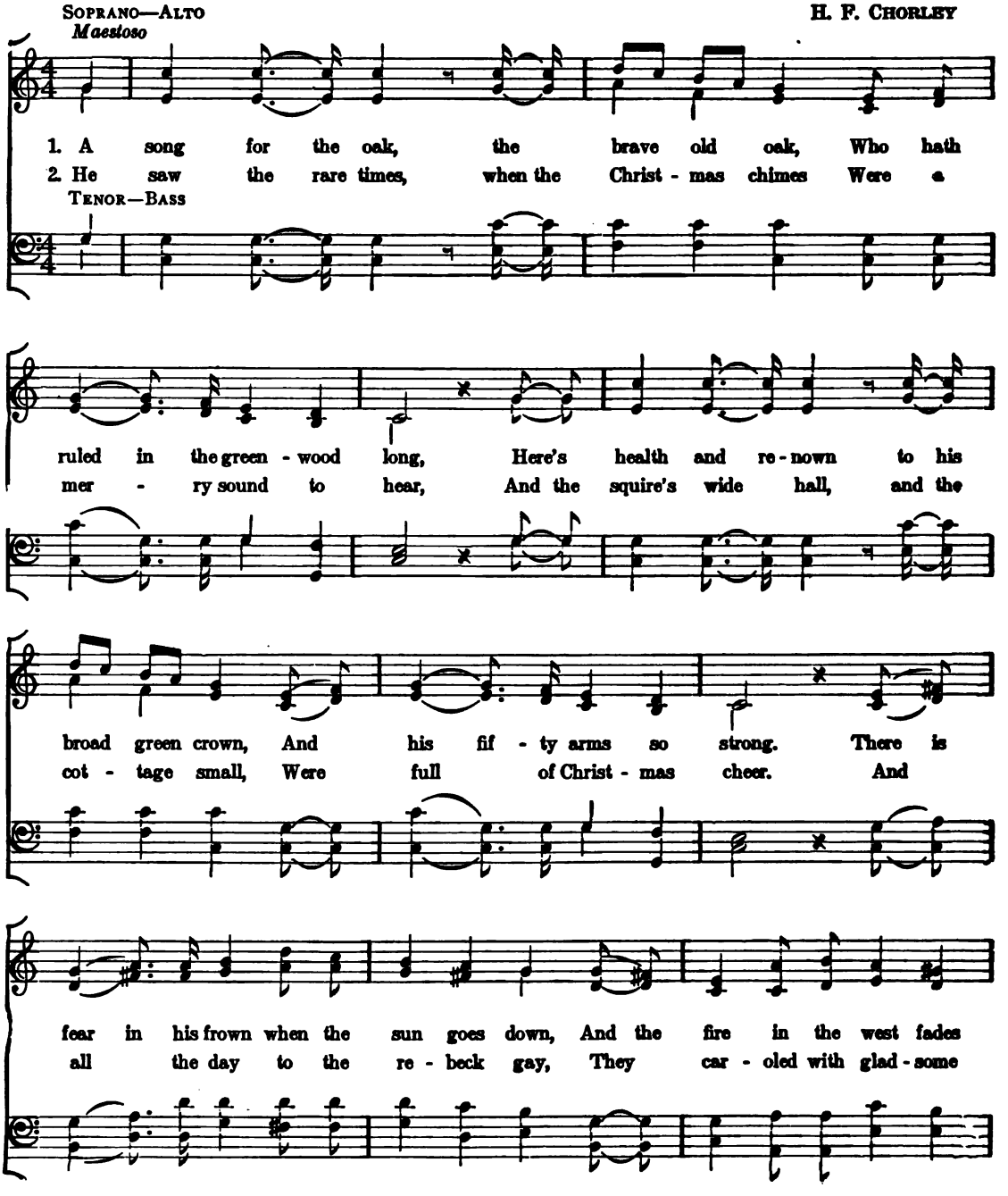
Gad; The cuck - oo and the thrush were sing - ing, sing - ing, sing-ing, The
air; Each rip - 'ning bud that o - - - pen, fresh - ly o - pen flies, Seemed
pray; For em - blems are these sun - ny, bright and sun - ny hours, These

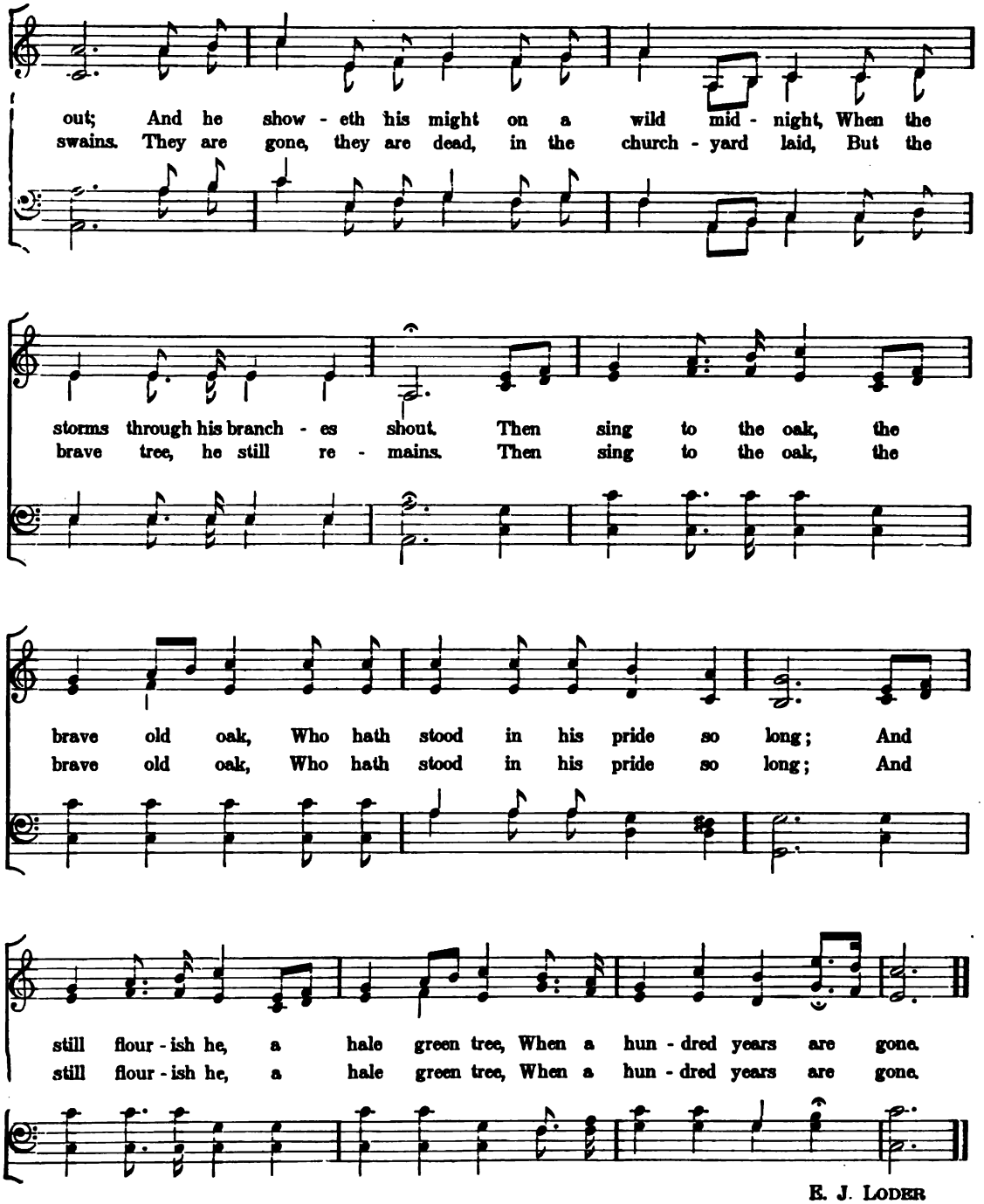

ff
sheep bells on the hills were ring - ing, ring - ing, ring-ing, All life was gay and
gasp - ing with a gay sur - prise, a gay sur - prise To greet a world so
gold - en meads and streams and flow'rs, and stream and flow'rs, Of ev - er - last-ing


meno
glad, all life was gay and glad, All life was gay and glad!.....
fair, to greet a world so fair, To greet a world so fair!.....
May, of ev - er - last-ing May, Of ev - er - last-ing May!.....


cres
f
rall
f
rit
..... Was gay and glad, all life was gay, was gay and glad!
..... To greet a world so fair, to greet a world so fair!
..... Of ev - er - last - ing May, of ev er - last - ing May!

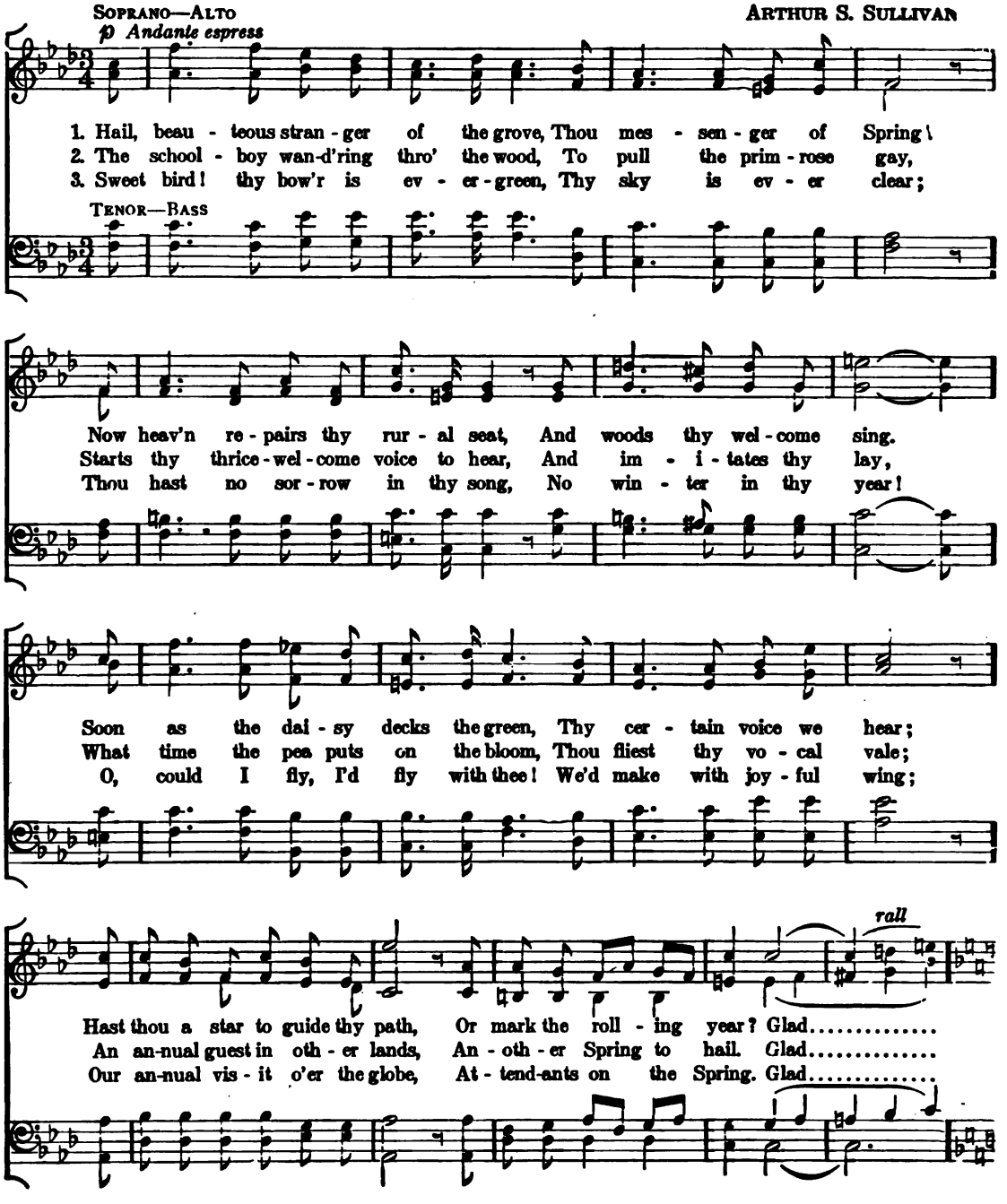
The Brave Old Oak

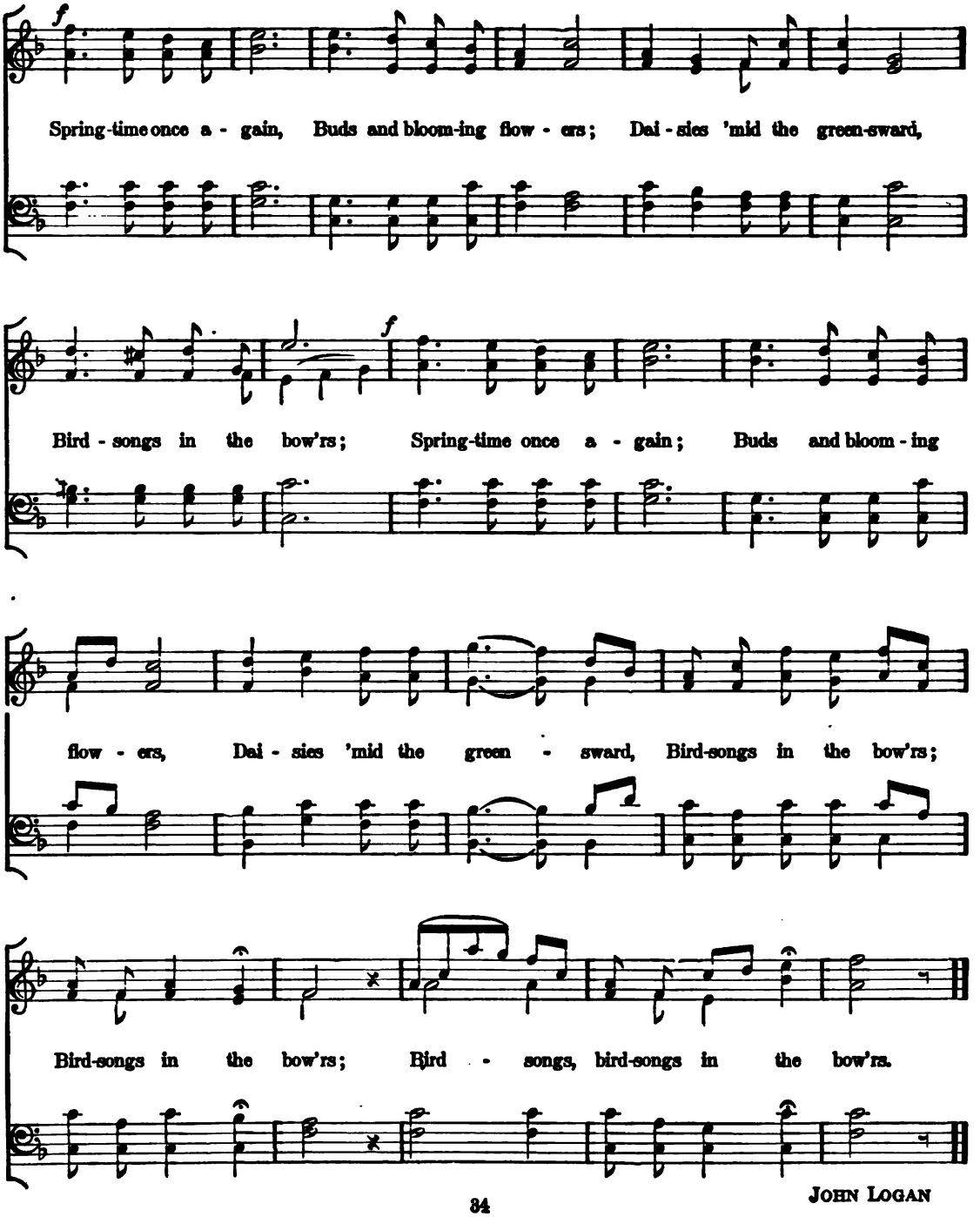



out; And he show - eth his might on a wild mid - night, When the
swains. They are gone, they are dead, in the church - yard laid, But the
storms through his branch - es shout. Then sing to the oak, the
brave tree, he still re - mains. Then sing to the oak, the
brave old oak, Who hath stood in his pride so long; And
brave old oak, Who hath stood in his pride so long; And
still flour - ish he, a hale green tree, When a hun - dred years are gone.
still flour - ish he, a hale green tree, When a hun - dred years are gone.

E. J. LODER

Spring-Time Once Again




f
Spring-time once a - gain, Buds and bloom-ing flow - ers; Dai - sies 'mid the green-sward,
f
Bird - songs in the bow'rs; Spring-time once a - gain; Buds and bloom - ing
flow - ers, Dai - sies 'mid the green - sward, Bird-songs in the bow'rs;
Bird-songs in the bow'rs; Bird - songs, bird-songs in the bow'rs.

JOHN LOGAN

The World is Full of Beauty

G. DONIZETTI

SOPRANO—ALTO

1. There is beau - ty in the for - est, Where the trees are green and fair,
2. There is beau - ty in the fount - ain, Toss - ing gai - ly in its play,
3. There is beau - ty in the moon - light When it falls up - on the sea,
4. There is beau - ty in the bright - ness Beam - ing from a lov - ing eye,

TENOR—BASS

There is beau - ty in the mead - ow Where wild flow-ers scent the air;
While the rain - bow hues are glit - t'ring On its sil - ver - y shin - ing spray.
While the blue foam-crest - ed bil - lows Dance and frol - ic joy-ous - ly;
In the warm blush of af - fec - tion, In the tear of sym - pa - thy!

There is beau - ty in the sun - light, And the soft blue beams a - bove.
There is beau - ty in the stream - let, Mur-m'ring soft - ly through the grove.
There is beau - ty in the light-ning gleam That fit - ful shines a - bove.
In the sweet, low voice whose ac - cents The spir - it's glad - ness prove.

O, the world is full of beau - ty,..... When the heart is full, the heart is full of love.

Farewell, O Joyous, Sunny Grove

H. Essber

Soprano—Alto

p *pp* Soli Chorus

1. Fare - well, O joy - ous, sun - ny grove, Fare - well, fare - well! Too
2. Fare - well, O for - est great and grand, Fare - well, fare - well! Fare-
3. If such pure joys are lost for aye, Fare - well, fare - well! And

Alto—Bass

p *pp* Soli *mf* Chorus

soon I hear the part - ing knell, Fare - well, fare - well! Up-
well, O flow'rs, a ra - diant band, Fare - well, fare - well! And
I a last fare - well must say, Fare - well, fare - well! Yet

cres

on the a - zure of the sky My spir - it's sad - ness seems to lie, Fare-
may your per - fume, strange - ly sweet, Some oth - er wea - ry wan - d'rer greet, Fare-
shall this mem - 'ry ev - er be A source of end - less joy to me; Fare-

f *p* *pp* *rit* *dim*

well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.
well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.
well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.

Sing for the Oak Tree

SOPRANO—ALTO

JOHN HULLAH

f *Allegro maestoso*

1. Sing, sing for the oak tree, The mon - arch of the wood; Sing,
2. Four cen - t'ries grows the oak tree, Nor doth its ver - dure fail; Its
3. The oak tree of the for - est Both east and west shall fly; The
4. Then sing for the oak tree, The mon - arch of the wood; Sing,

BASS

sing for the oak tree, That grow - eth green and good; That
heart is like the iron - wood, Its bark like plat - ed mail. Now
bless - ings of a thou-sand lands, Up - on our ship shall lie! She
sing for the oak tree, That grow - eth green and good; That

p

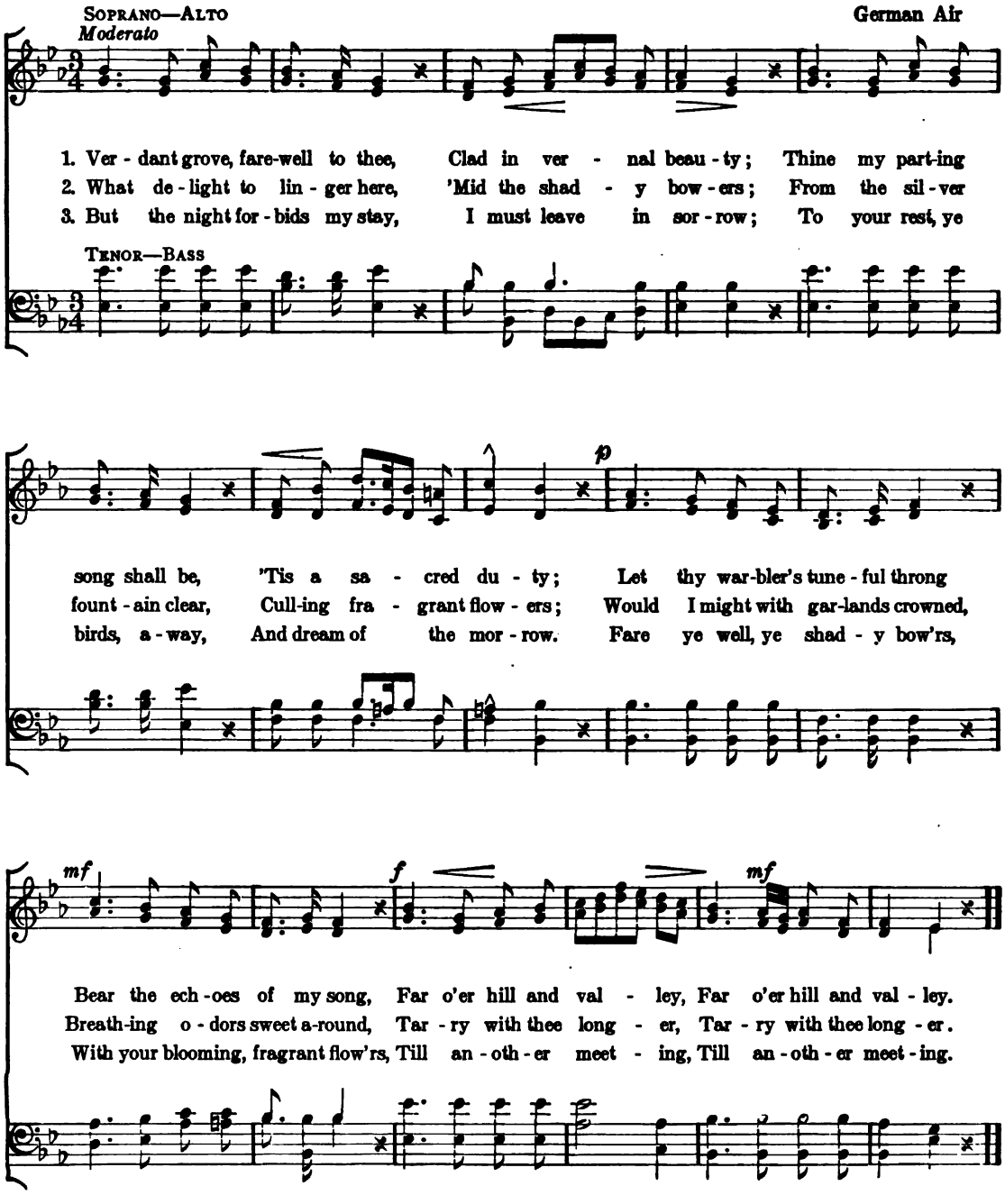
grow - eth broad and branch - ing With - in the for - est shade; That
cut us down the oak tree, The mon - arch of the wood; And
shall not be a man - of - war, Nor pi - rate shall she be; But a
grow - eth broad and branch - ing With - in the for - est shade; That

cres e rall *adagio*

grow - eth now, and yet shall grow, When we are low - ly laid!
of its tim - bers, stout and strong, We'll build a ves - sel good!
no - ble Chris - tian mer - chant ship, To sail up - on the sea.
grow - eth now, and yet shall grow, When we are low - ly laid!

MARY HOWITT

Farewell to the Woods



Song of May

German

SOPRANO—ALTO

1. I wel - come thee with glad - ness, Thou bright and bloom ing May,
2. No long - er earth lies dream - ing, No long - er hearts are sad,
3. Freed by the warm sun's pow - er The brook - lets speed a - long,
4. O, that to me were giv - en Some lit - tle bird's swift wing,

TENOR—BASS

So long in wea - ry sad - ness We mourned at thy de - lay,
But all the woods are gleam - ing, With ten - der ver - dure clad,
To kiss each bend - ing flow - er, And wake the wild - bird's song,
In - to the far blue heav - en That I might soar and sing,

So long in wea - ry sad - ness, We mourned at thy de - lay.
But all the woods are gleam - ing, With ten - der ver - dure clad.
To kiss each bend - ing flow - er, And wake the wild - bird's song.
In - to the far blue heav - en, That I might soar and sing.

PART IV.

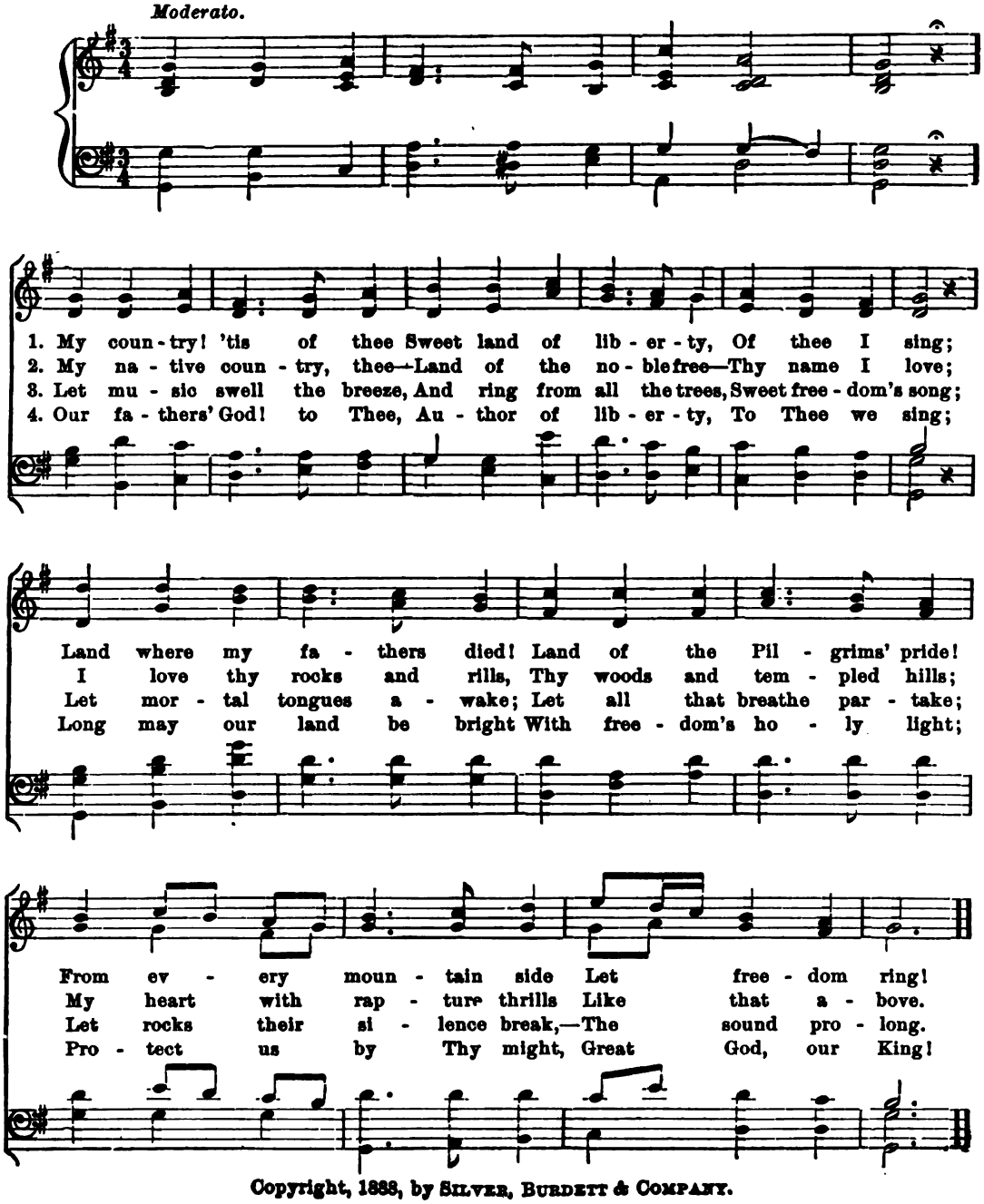
NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC

America

Words by SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D. D.

HENRY CAREY, (?)
Newly arr. by JOHN W. TUFTS

Moderato.



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The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY 1814

SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hail'd at the
2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vaunting - ly swore, That the hav - oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved home and wild

twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il - ous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - po - ses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower - ing steep, As it
bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A . . home and a country should leave us no more? Their
war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the

ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pol - lu - tion. No re - fuge could save the
pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a na - tion! Then conquer we must, when our

CHORUS. *ff*

burst-ing in air, gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there, Oh, say does that
morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled
hireling and slave From the ter-ror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-span-gled
cause it is just And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled

cres. *ff*

star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave
ban-ner: oh, long may it wave
ban-ner in tri - umph doth wave
ban-ner in tri - umph shall wave
} O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

The Breaking Waves Dashed High

FELICIA HEMANS — MISS BROWNE, arr.

1. The break - ing waves dash'd high On a stern and rock - bound coast,
2. Not as the conqueror comes, They, the true - heart - ed came;

ALTO.

3. A - mid the storm they sang, The stars heard and the sea!
4. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els of the mine?

The woods a - gainst a storm - y sky Their gi - ant branch - es tossed;
Not with the roll of stir - ring drums, Or trump that sings of fame,

The sound - ing aisles of wood - land rang With an - thems of the free,
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine!

The heav - y night hung dark, The hills and wa - ters o'er,
Nor as the fly - ing come, In si - lence and in fear,

The o - cean ea - gle soared O'er roll - ing wave's white foam,
Ay, call it ho - ly ground, The soil where first they trod;

When a band of ex - iles moor'd their bark On wild New Eng - land's shore.
They shook the depths of des - ert's gloom With hymns of lof - ty cheer.

The rock - ing pines in for - est roar'd, To bid them wel - come home.
They left unstained what there they found, Free - dom to wor - ship God.

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Hail Columbia

PRELUDE. Newly arr. by JOHN W. TUFTS.

Maestoso.

SOLO.

1. Hail, Columbia! hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in
2. Im-mortal patriots, rise once more! Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe, with

VOICES OR INSTRUMENT.

Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-
impious hand, Let no rude foe, with impious hand, Invade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of

joyed the peace your val-or won, Let in-de-pendence be our boast, Ev-er mindful
toil and blood the well-earned prize; While off'ring peace sincere and just, In Heav'n we place a

Written in 1798, by JOSEPH HOPKINSON; the music composed by PROF. PEYLA, of Philadelphia, and played for the first time in public, at Washington's Inauguration in New York in 1789.

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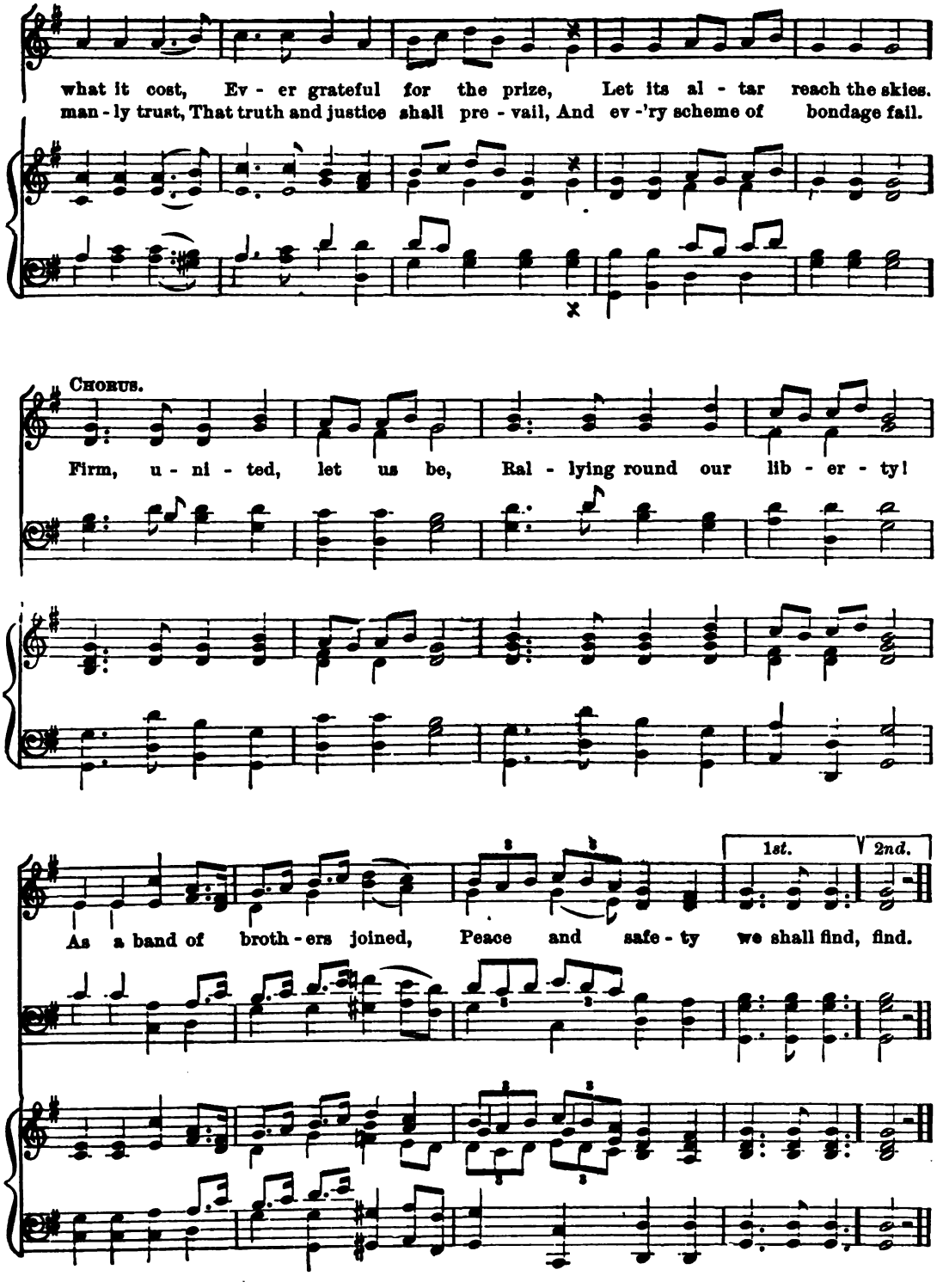
what it cost, Ev - er grateful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
man - ly trust, That truth and justice shall pre - vail, And ev -'ry scheme of bondage fail.
Chorus.
Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Ral - lying round our lib - er - ty!
1st.
2nd.
As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find, find.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

Allegretto

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com -ing of the Lord; He is trampling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is marching on.
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on.
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in burnished rows of steel; "As ye deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the He - ro, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel," Since God is marching on.
4. He has sounded forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

FULL CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.

NOTE:—This Song was inspired by a visit of MRS. HOWE to the "Circling Camps" around Washington, gathered for the defence of the Capital, early in the War of 1861—5.

Long Live, Long Live America

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. H. Pontius

Maestoso

1. A - mer - i - ca, so proud and free, My song, my heart I give to thee! Full
2. Thou art so sweet in thy re-pose, The world thy friend, abashed thy foes; Thou

high thy brave, strong wing has won, Thine ea - gle eye is on the sun; Still
seek - est not the bat - tle - plain, Thy fields wave with the gold - en grain; The

ff

up - ward be thy heav'nward flight, Still up - ward mount, till lost in light, Still
sheaves which thou dost gar - ner in, Come with the harvest's mer - ry din, Come

Chorus.

upward mount till lost in light. } A - mer - i - ca, so proud and free, My song, my heart I
with the harvest's mer - ry din. }

ff

give to thee; Long live, long live A - mer - i - ca! Long live, long live A - mer - i - ca.

emphatic.

3 For gladness floats on every breeze,
From city streets, from forest trees;
And when rings out toil's bell at noon,
Thy heart with joy is all in tune;
It thrills thine every vital chord,
For labor here has sure reward.

4 America, so proud and free,
I give my song, my heart to thee!
Still let thy heav'n-born symbol fly
In every clime, 'neath every sky;
Still rise a yeoman race, to stand
For God and home, and native land!

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The Red, White and Blue

D. T. Shaw.

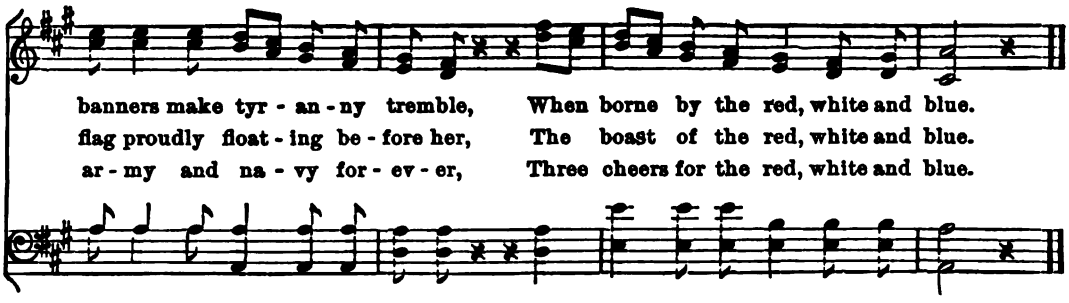
1. Oh, Co - lumbia, the gem of the o - cean The home of the brave and the free, The
2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threaten'd the land to de - form, The
3. The star spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave; May the

shrine of each patriot's de - vo - tion, A world of - fers hom - age to thee; Thy
ark then of freedom's foundation, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the
wreaths they have won never with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave; May the

mandates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy
garlands of vic - t'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her
ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er, But hold to their col - ors so true; The

banners make tyr - an - ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When
flag proudly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The



Recessional

JOHN H. GOWER
By permission of "Colorado Churchman"

f ALL VOICES IN UNISON

1. God of our fa - thers, known of old— Lord of our far - flung bat - tle - line—
2. The tu - mult and the shout - ing dies— The cap-tains and the kings de - part—
3. Far-called, our nav - ies melt a - way— On dune and head - land sinks the fire—
4. If drunk with sight of pow'r, we loose Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
5. For heath - en heart that puts her trust In reek-ing tube and i - ron shard—

ORGAN

Ped

VOICES AND ORGAN

Be-neath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine—
Still stands Thine an - cient sac - ri - fice, An hum-ble and a con - trite heart,
Lo, all our pomp of yes - ter - day Is one with Nin - e - vah and Tyre;
Such boast-ing as the Gen - tiles use Or less - er breeds with-out the law—
All val - iant dust that builds on dust, And guard-ing calls not Thee to guard—

slower *rall* *pp*

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get— lest we for - get!
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get— lest we for - get!
Judge of the na - tions, spare us yet, Lest we for - get— lest we for - get!
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get— lest we for - get!
For fran - tic boast and fool - ish word, Thy mer - cy on Thy peo - ple, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING

Rule, Britannia

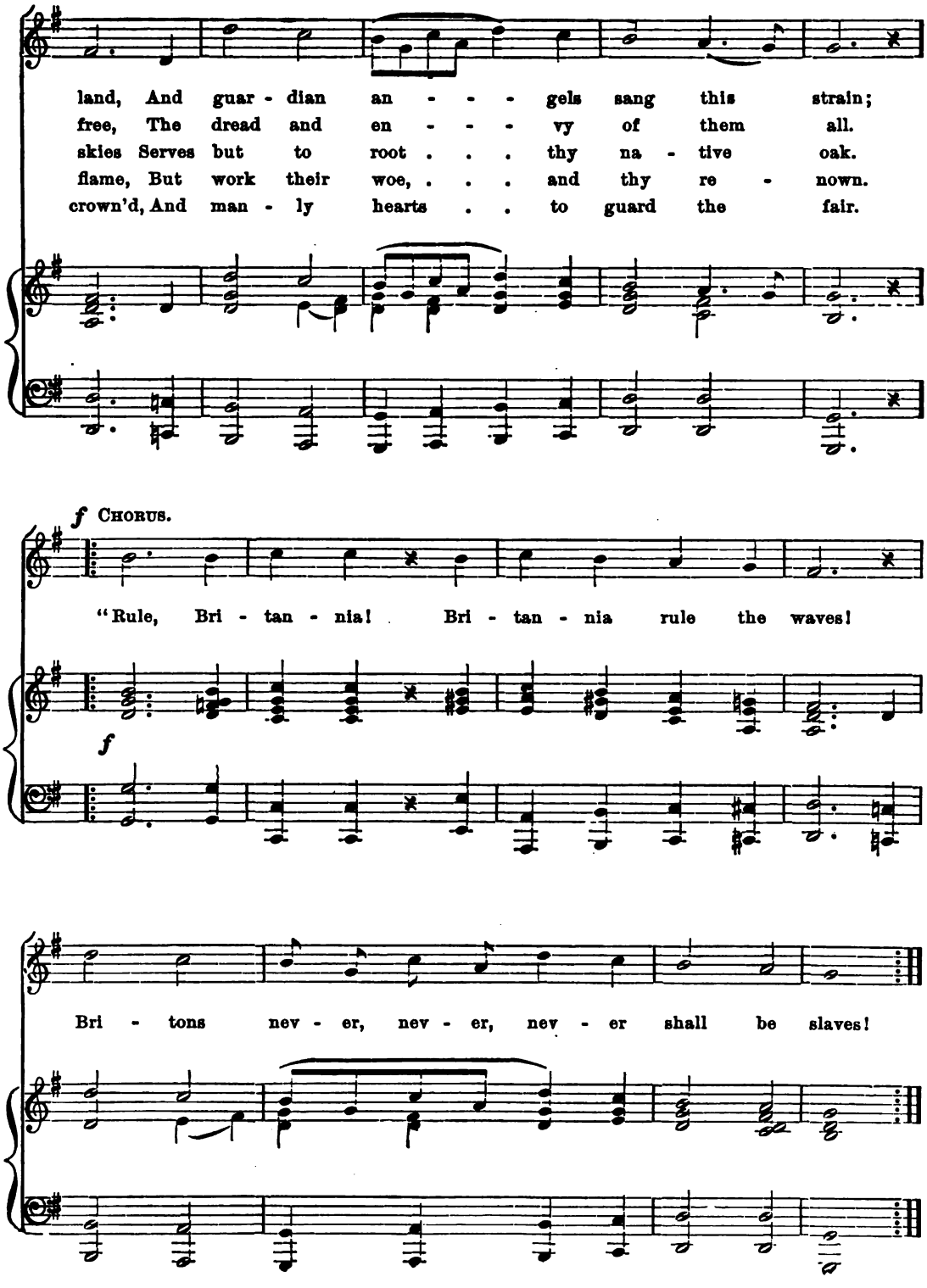
Words by THOMSON

Music by DR. ARNE

1. When Bri - tain first, . . . at Heav'n's com - mand, A - rose . . . .
2. The na - tions not . . . . so blest as thee Must in . . . .
3. Still more ma - jes - - - - - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - - -
4. Thee haugh - ty ty - - - - rants ne'er shall tame, All their . . . .
5. The Mu - ses, still . . . with free - dom found, Shall to . . . . .

. . from out the a - - zure main— A - rose from out, a - rose from out the
. . their turn to ty - - rants fall; Must in their turn, must in their turn to
. . ful from each for - - eign stroke; More dreadful from, more dreadful from each
. . at - tempts to bend . . thee down, All their at - tempts, all their at - tempts to
. . thy hap - py court . . re - pair; Shall to thy hap - py, shall to thy hap - py

a - zure main, This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the
ty - rants fall; While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and
for - eign stroke; As the loud blast that, loud blast that tears the
bend thee down, Will but a - rouse thy, a - rouse thy generous
court re - pair; Blest Isle! with match - less, with match - less beau - ty


land, And guar - dian an - - - gels sang this strain;
free, The dread and en - - - vy of them all.
skies Serves but to root . . . thy na - tive oak.
flame, But work their woe, . . . and thy re - nown.
crown'd, And man - ly hearts . . to guard the fair.
f Chorus.
"Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia rule the waves!
f
Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er shall be slaves!

Austrian National Hymn

Words by A. J. Foxwell — Music by Francis Joseph Haydn

Maestoso

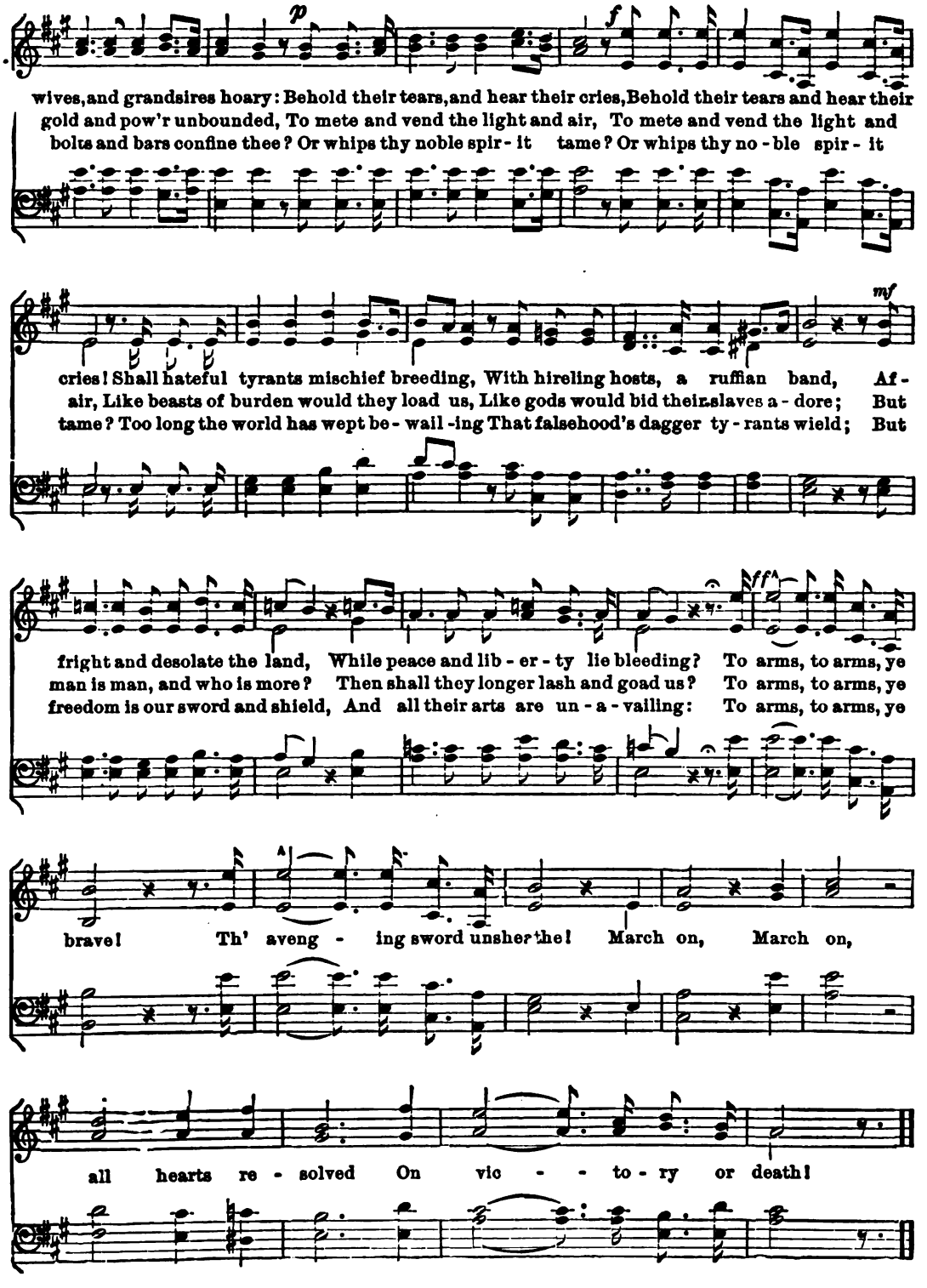
1. Land of greatness! Home of glo - ry! Mighty birthplace of the free! Famed a - like in song and sto - ry! All thy sons shall hon - or thee. North and South are firm - ly band - ed, East and West as one u - nite; All by hon - or well commanded, Strong in striv - ing for the right, All by hon - or well commanded, Strong in striv - ing for the right.
2. No - ble deeds of old in - spir - ing, Ev - 'ry heart with lof - ty aim, Now our em - u - la - tion fir - ing, Lead us on to great - er fame. So shall love and truth un - shak - en, Stur - dy cour - age, honest worth, Mighty ech - oes still a - wak - en, To the far - thest bounds of earth, Mighty echoes still a - wak - en, To the farthest bounds of earth.
3. Homes by safe de - fence sur - rounded, Rights which make our free - dom sure, Laws on e - qual justice found - ed, These will loy - al - ty se - cure. While with love and zeal un - ceas - ing, We are join - ing heart and hand, Shine, in brightness yet in - creas - ing, Shine, O dear - est Fatherland, Shine, in brightness yet increasing, Shine, O dear - est Fatherland.

Marseillaise Hymn

Rouget de Lisle

f — *mf*

1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glory! Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your children,
2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile, in - satiate despots dare, Their thirst for
3. Oh, Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once having felt thy gen'rous flame? Can dungeons,


p
f
wives, and grandsires hoary: Behold their tears, and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their
gold and pow'r unbounded, To mete and vend the light and air, To mete and vend the light and
bolts and bars confine thee? Or whips thy noble spir - it tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it
mf
cries! Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding, With hireling hosts, a ruffian band, Af -
air, Like beasts of burden would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a - dore; But
tame? Too long the world has wept be - wail - ing That falsehood's dagger ty - rants wield; But
ff
fright and desolate the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding? To arms, to arms, ye
man is man, and who is more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us? To arms, to arms, ye
freedom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vailing: To arms, to arms, ye
brave! Th' aveng - ing sword unsheathe! March on, March on,
all hearts re - solved On vic - - to - ry or death!

The Watch on the Rhine

Words by MAX SCHENKENBERGER — Music by CARL WILHELM, 1854

1. A cry is heard like thun - der sound, The clash of swords, the waves rebound;—On
2. A my - riad voic - es join the cry, A my - riad glanc - es flash re - ply, Each
3. To heav'n his ea - ger glanc - es fly, Whence He - roes gaze ap - prov - ing - ly, And
4. "While in my veins the blood-drops flow, While sword of mine can strike the foe, Or
5. The oath resounds, the stream runs by, The ban - ners flut - ter out on high, On

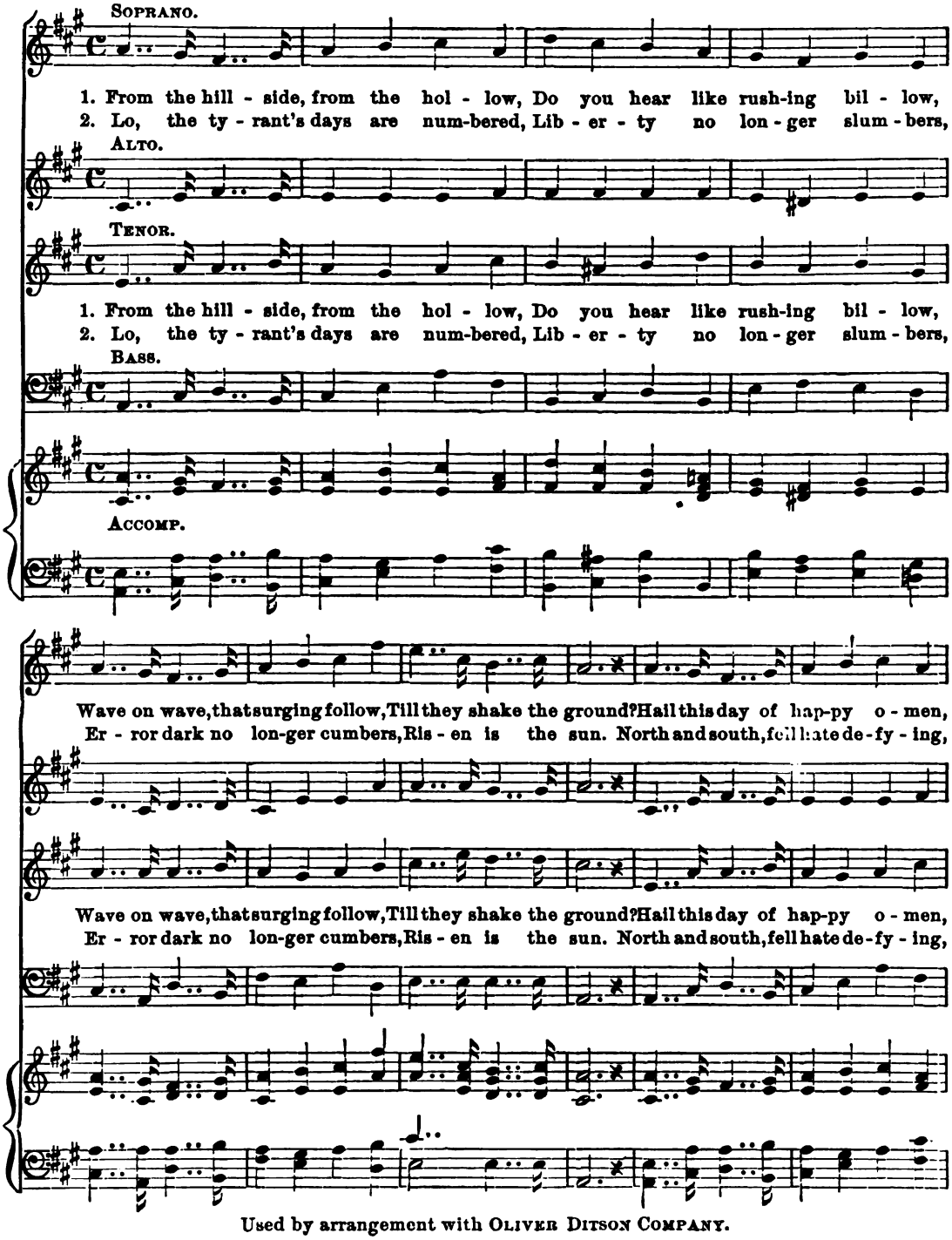
to the Rhine, our riv - er free! Who will its brave de - fend - ers be?
Ger - man, hon - est, true and bold, The sa - cred boun - da - ry will hold!
swears, with haughty pride, "The Rhine Shall Ger - man be while life is mine!"
ri - fle sure is in my hand, No en - e - my shall walk thy strand!"
to the Rhine, our riv - er free! We all will its de - fend - ers be!

1-5 Dear Fa - therland, may peace be thine! Dear Fa - therland, may peace be thine! Fast stands and

sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine, Fast stands and sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine.

The Men of Harlech

Words by H. A. Clarke. Harmonized by Joseph Barnby.



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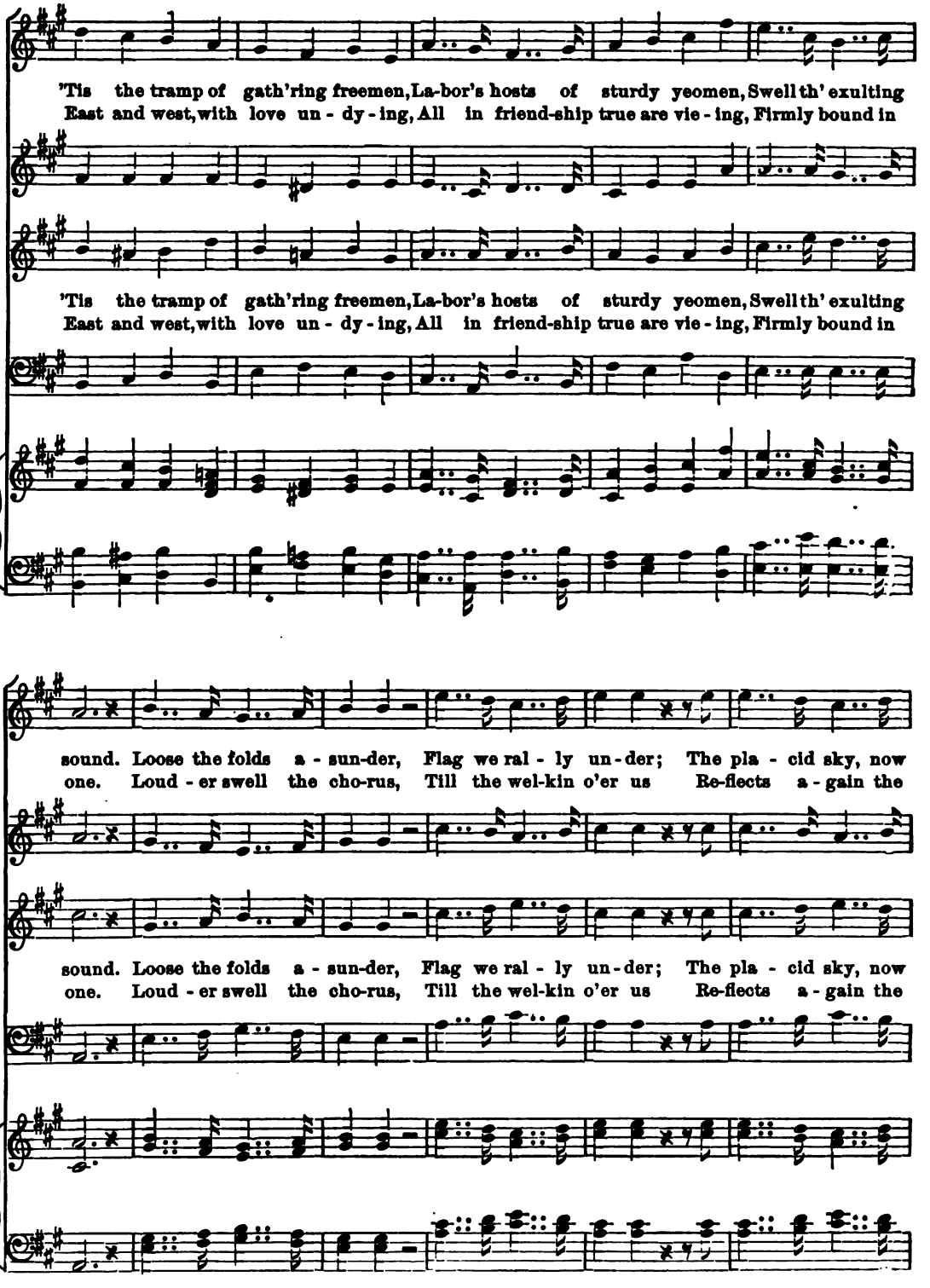
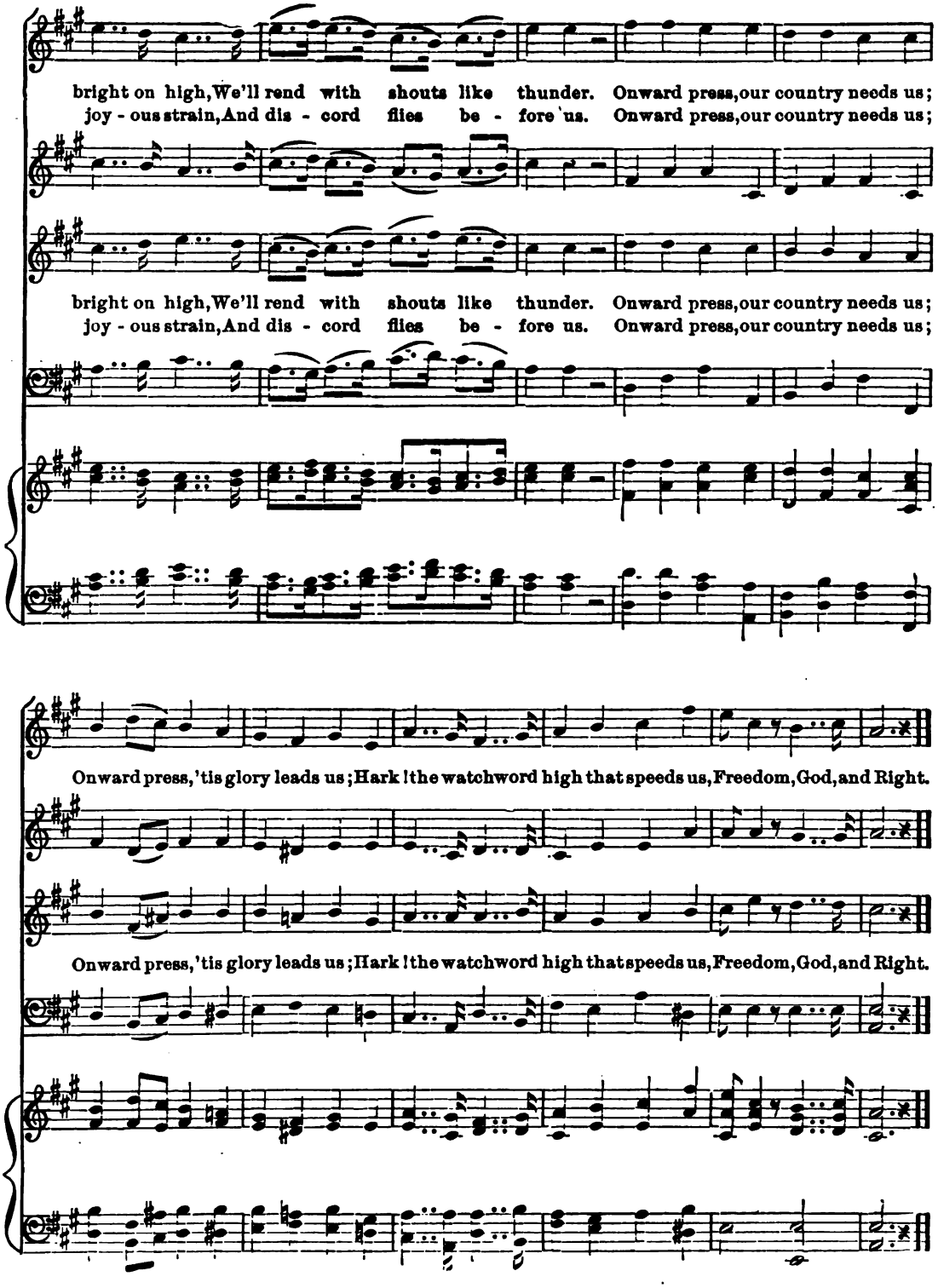

'Tis the tramp of gath'ring freemen, La-bor's hosts of sturdy yeomen, Swell th' exulting
East and west, with love un - dy - ing, All in friend-ship true are vie - ing, Firmly bound in
'Tis the tramp of gath'ring freemen, La-bor's hosts of sturdy yeomen, Swell th' exulting
East and west, with love un - dy - ing, All in friend-ship true are vie - ing, Firmly bound in
sound. Loose the folds a - sun-der, Flag we ral - ly un-der; The pla - cid sky, now
one. Loud - er swell the cho-rus, Till the wel-kin o'er us Re-flects a - gain the
sound. Loose the folds a - sun-der, Flag we ral - ly un-der; The pla - cid sky, now
one. Loud - er swell the cho-rus, Till the wel-kin o'er us Re-flects a - gain the


bright on high, We'll rend with shouts like thunder. Onward press, our country needs us;
joy - ous strain, And dis - cord flies be - fore us. Onward press, our country needs us;
bright on high, We'll rend with shouts like thunder. Onward press, our country needs us;
joy - ous strain, And dis - cord flies be - fore us. Onward press, our country needs us;
Onward press, 'tis glory leads us; Hark! the watchword high that speeds us, Freedom, God, and Right.
Onward press, 'tis glory leads us; Hark! the watchword high that speeds us, Freedom, God, and Right.

Russian National Hymn

ALEXIS T. LWOFF

Maestoso

1. God ev - er glo - ri - ous! Sov - 'reign of na - tions, Wav - ing the
2. Still may Thy bless - ing rest, Fa - - ther most Ho - ly, O - ver each

f

ban - ner of Peace o'er the land; land. Thine is the vic - to - ry,
moun - tain, rock, riv - er, and shore; shore; Sing Hal - le - lu - - jah!

mf *cres*

Thine the sal - va - tion, Strong to de - liv - er, Own we Thy hand. hand.
Shout in ho - san - nas! God keep our coun - try Free ev - er - more. more

f

S. F. SMITH

Charles John, Our Brave King

NATIONAL AIR OF SWEDEN.
DU PUY.

1. Charles John, our brave King Is home-ward re - turn - ing; Each heart's for him yearn-ing, Bells joy - ous - ly ring. The throne thou sus - all trib - u - la - tion, And plen - ty dost bring. Our cares thou dost tain - est, With firm hand thou reign - est, Charles John, our brave King! light - en, Our homes thou dost bright - en, All hail, O dear King!

2. Ha! when our brave King In bat - tle is lead - ing; To fame we are speed-ing! His prais - es we'll sing. In peace he is free - dom's pos - ses - sion, To him we may sing. 'Mongst Kings thou art glo - rious, In war he's vic - to - rious, Charles John, our brave King! peer - less, Of he - roes most fear - less, Long live our brave King!

3. All hail, O dear King! Thou rais - est thy na - tion, From

4. Long live our brave King! That free from op - pres - sion, In

Boer War Song

(NATIONAL HYMN)

G. F. VAN REES

Allegro moderato

p

1. Right no - bly gave, voor - trek - kers brave, Their blood, their lives, their
2. What realm so fair, so rich - ly fraught With treas - ures ev - er
3. With wis - dom, Lord, our ru - lers guide, And these Thy peo - ple

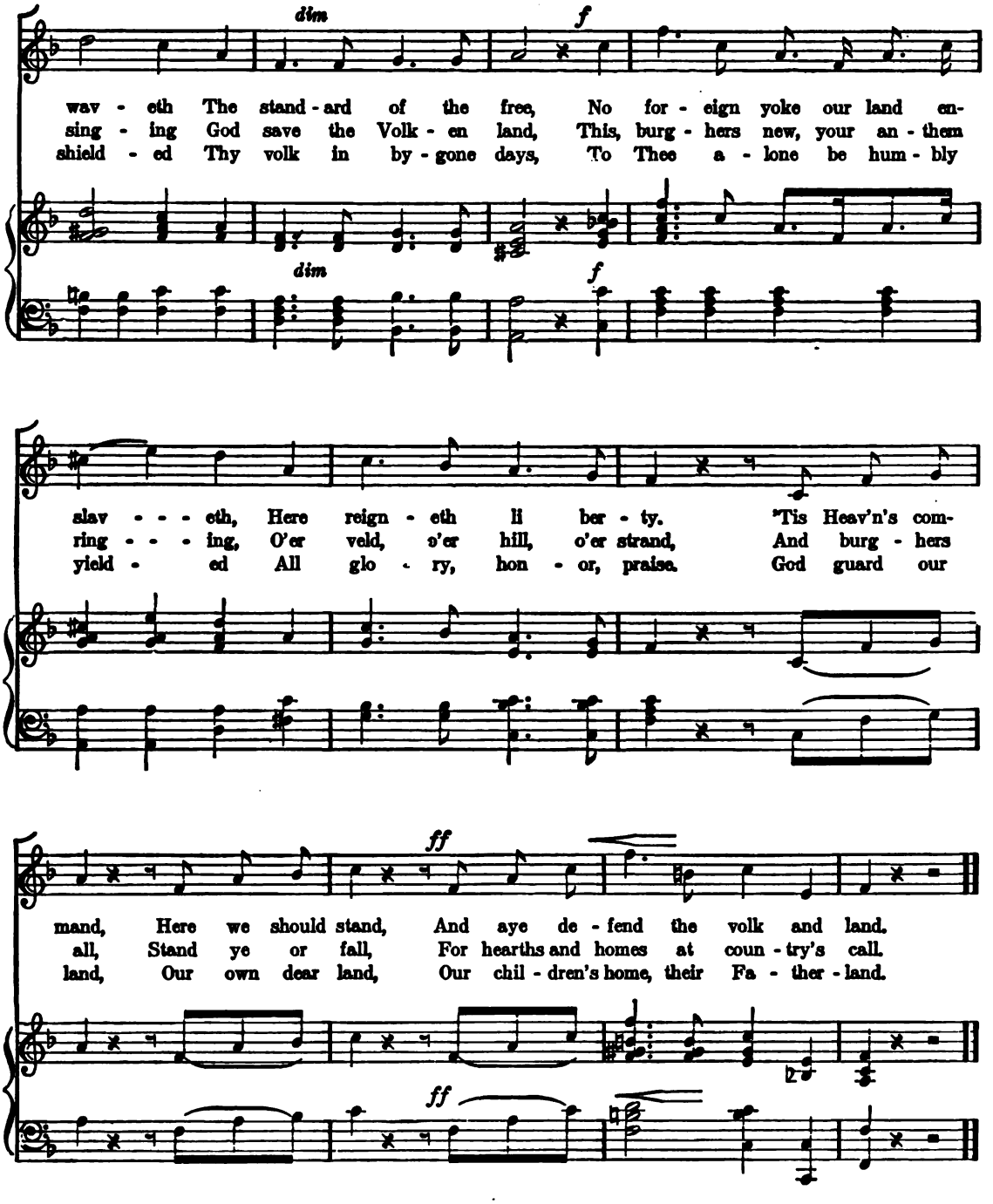
p

all For Free - dom's right in Death's de - spite, They
new, Where Na - ture hath her won - ders wrought, And
bless; May we with na - tions all a - bide In

f

fought at du - ty's call. Ho! burg - hers! High our ban - ner
free - ly spread to view? Ho! burg - hers old! be up and
peace and right - eous - ness. To Thee whose might - y arms hath

f


dim
f
wav - eth The stand - ard of the free, No for - eign yoke our land en-
sing - ing God save the Volk - en land, This, burg - hers new, your an - them
shield - ed Thy volk in by - gone days, To Thee a - lone be hum - bly
dim
f
slav - - - eth, Here reign - eth li ber - ty. 'Tis Heav'n's com-
ring - - - ing, O'er veld, o'er hill, o'er strand, And burg - hers
yield - ed All glo - ry, hon - or, praise. God guard our
ff
mand, Here we should stand, And aye de - fend the volk and land.
all, Stand ye or fall, For hearths and homes at coun - try's call.
land, Our own dear land, Our chil - dren's home, their Fa - ther - land.
ff

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer

THOMAS MOORE

p

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a-
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine . . . on the
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de-

lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and
stem, Since the love - ly are sleep - ing Go, sleep . . thou with
cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems . . drop a -

rit. e dim.

gone; No flower of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the
way! When true hearts lie with - ered, And fond ones are

rit. e dim.

pp *pp*

nigh, To re - flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
flown, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone!

Norwegian National Hymn

PEOPLE'S SONG

R. NORDRAAK

f *Tempo di marcia*

1. Yes, we love with fond de - vo - tion, Nor - way's moun - tain domes,
2. Peas - ants all their ax - es brightened, Read - y for the foe;

Ris - ing storm-lashed o'er the o - cean, With their thou-sand homes;
Tor - den-skjold in bat - tle light - en'd, Set the land a - glow.

p

Love our coun - try while we're bend - ing Thoughts to fa - thers grand, And to
E - ven wo - men did as - sem - ble On the blood - y plain, Oth - ers

cres. *f*

Sa - ga night that's send - ing Dreams up - on our land, And to
could but weep and trem - ble, Yet 'twas not in vain, Oth - ers

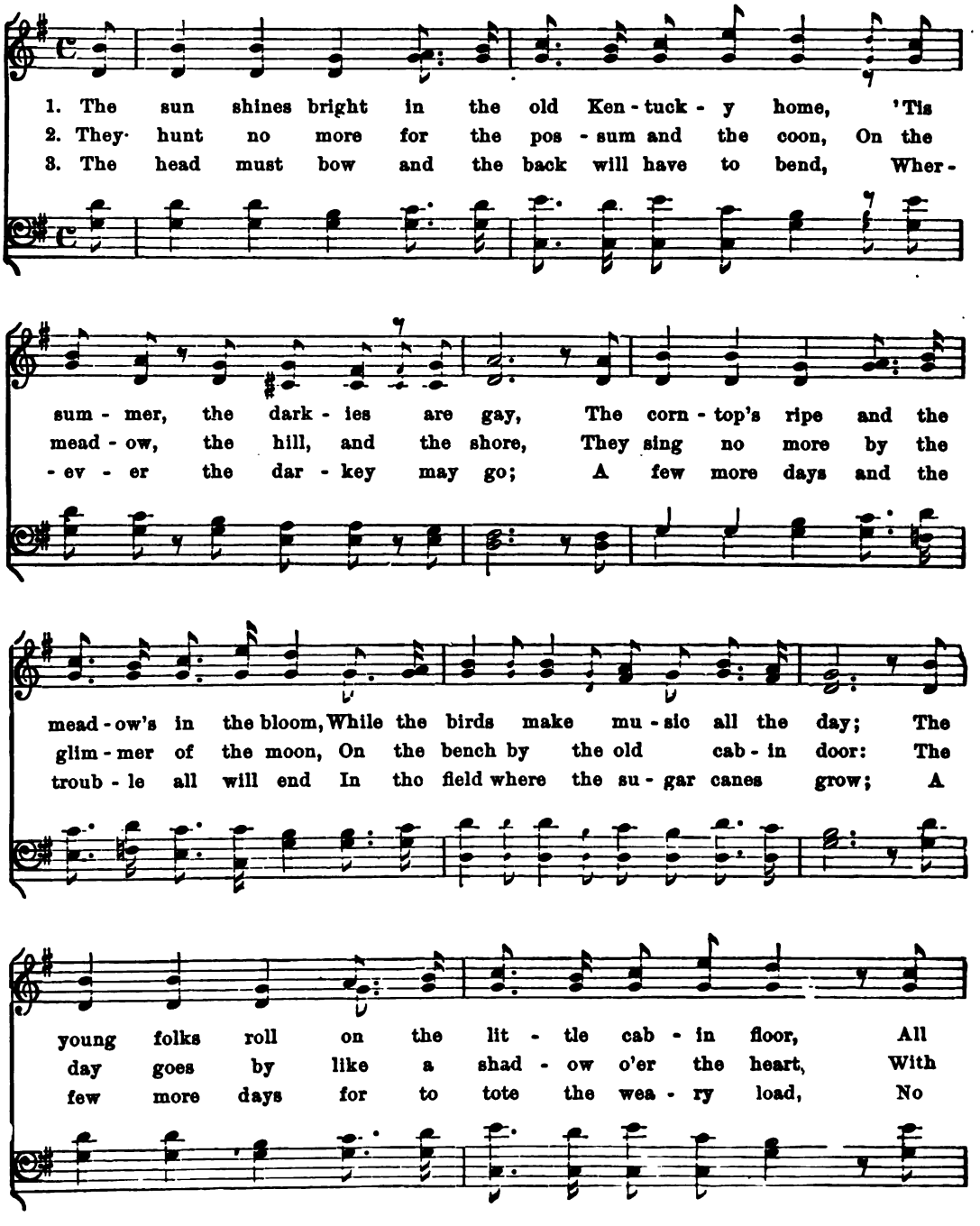
dreams up - on our land.
yet 'twas not in vain.

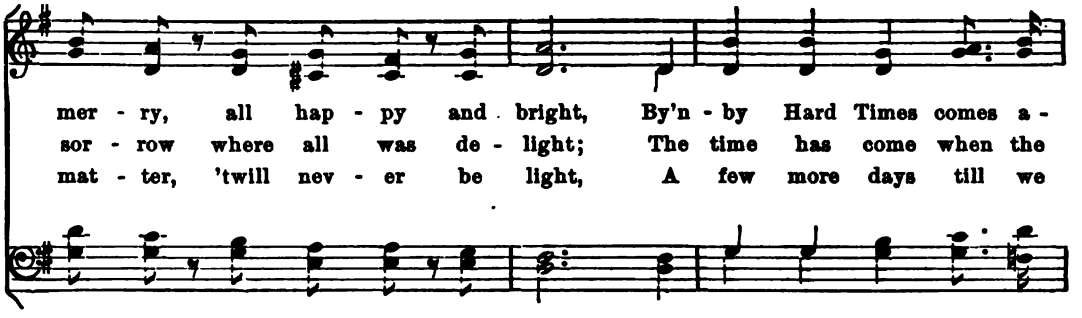
Sa - ga night that's send - ing, Send-ing, send-ing dreams up -on our land.
could but weep and trem - ble, Trem -ble, trem- ble, Yet 'twas not in vain.
dreams up - on our land.
yet 'twas not in vain.

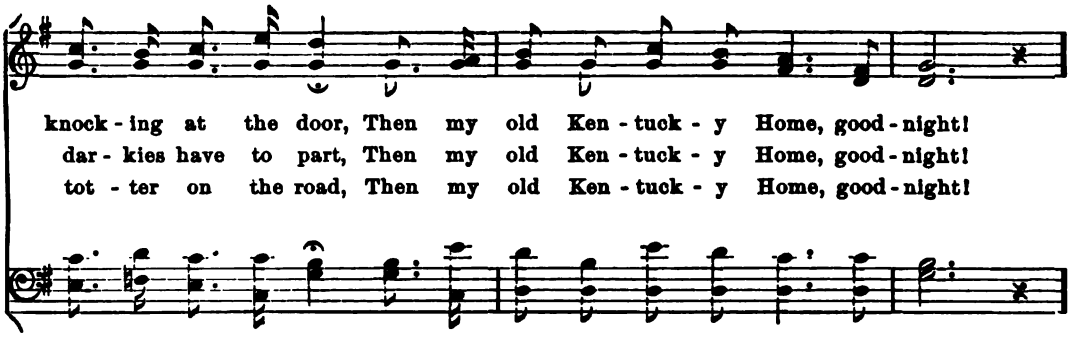
send-ing dreams up- on our land.
trem - ble, yet 'twas not in vain.

My Old Kentucky Home

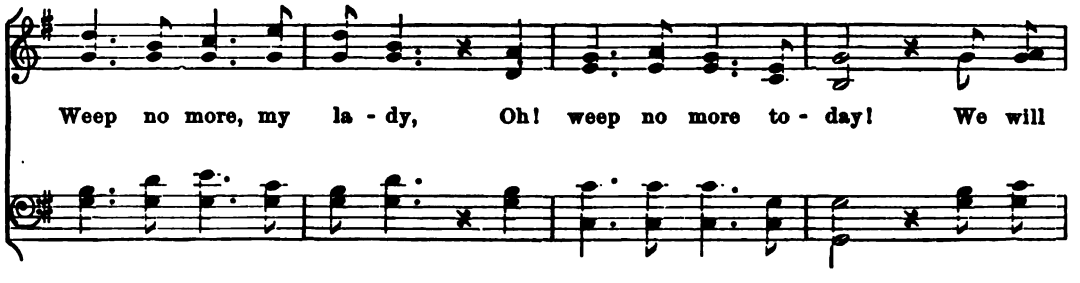
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

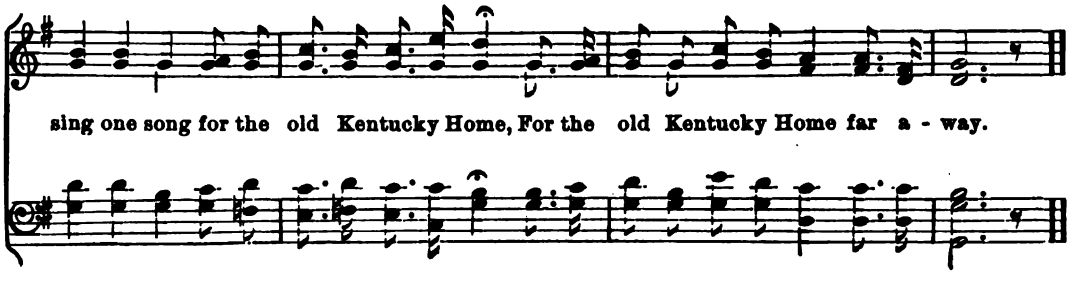



mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'n - by Hard Times comes a -
sor - row where all was de - light; The time has come when the
mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light, A few more days till we


knock - ing at the door, Then my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good - night!
dar - kies have to part, Then my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good - night!
tot - ter on the road, Then my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good - night!

CHORUS.


Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will


sing one song for the old Kentucky Home, For the old Kentucky Home far a - way.

Maryland, My Maryland

1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's
Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the

warlike thrust, And all thy slumb'rers with the just, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!
blade, the bowl, Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!

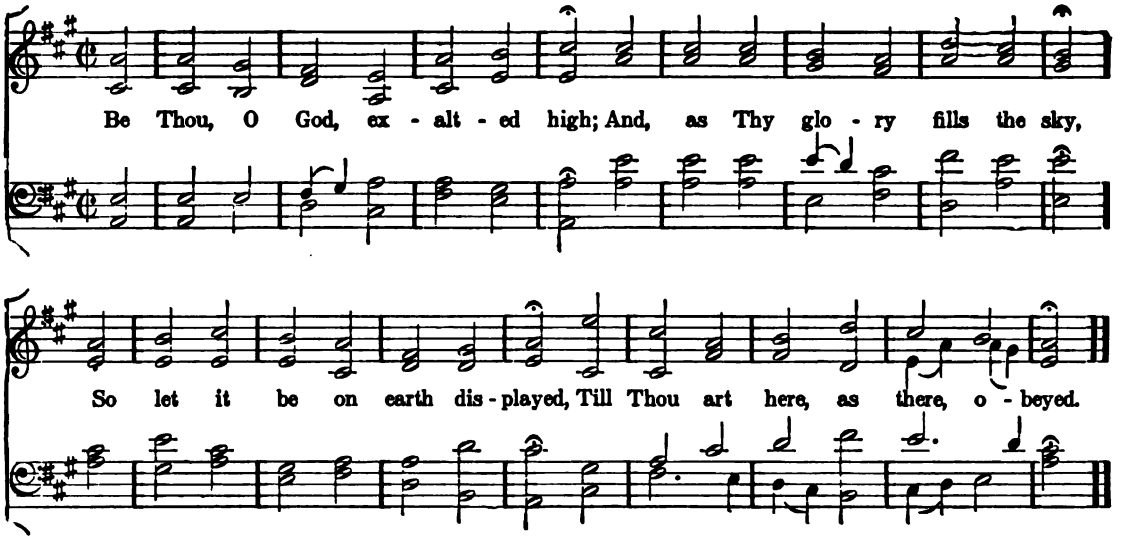
3 I see no blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Tho' thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! my Maryland!

4 I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! my Maryland!

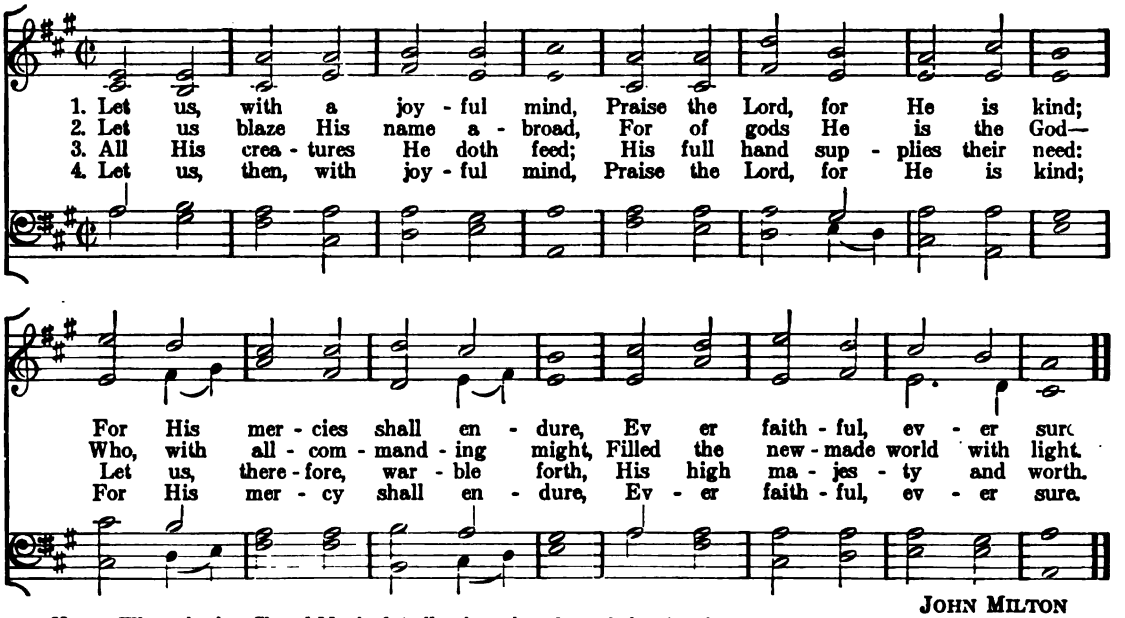
PART V

SACRED SELECTIONS

Old Hundred



Choral

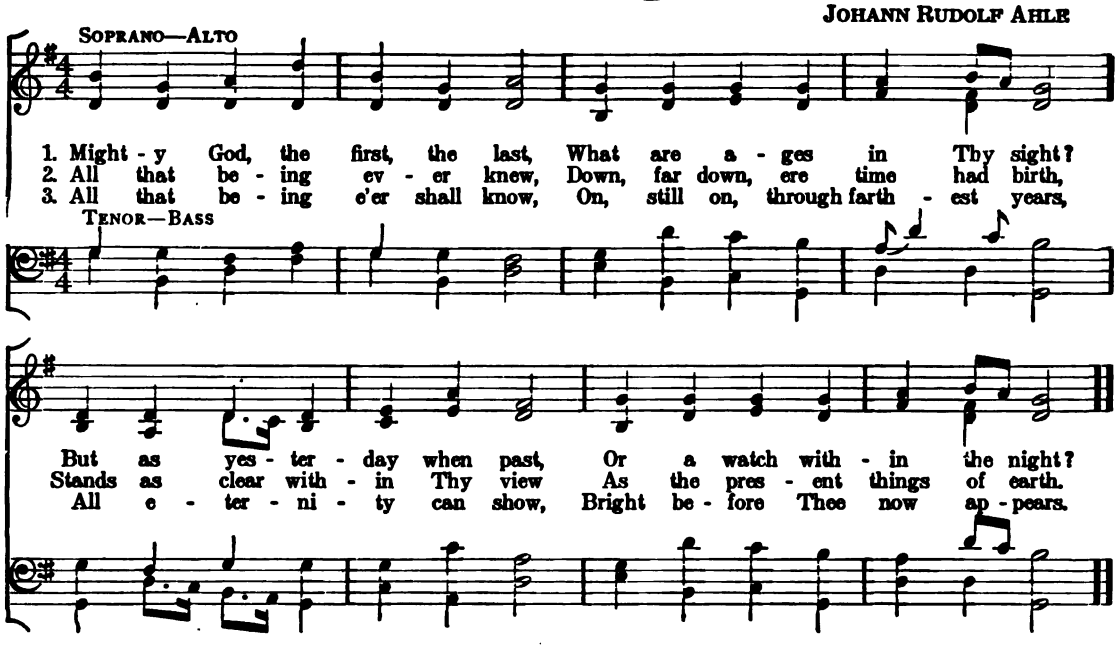


JOHN MILTON

Note.—When singing Choral Music, let all voices sing the melody, the piano or organ supplying the harmony.

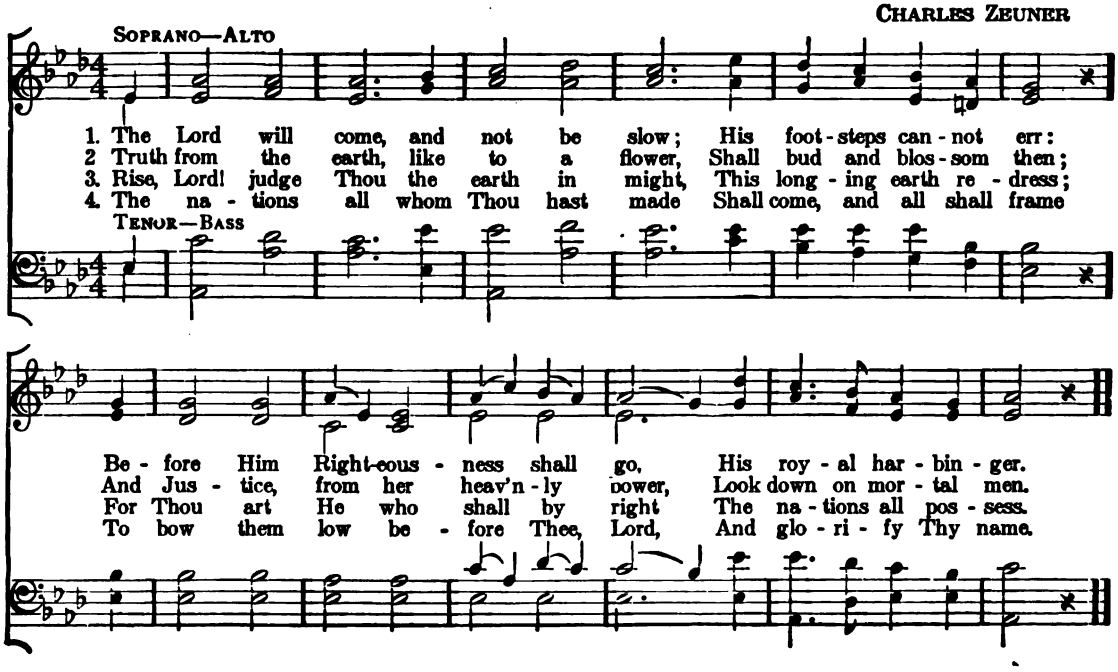
Nuremberg

JOHANN RUDOLF AHLE



Hummel

CHARLES ZEUNER



Nicæa

REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES

SOPRANO—ALTO

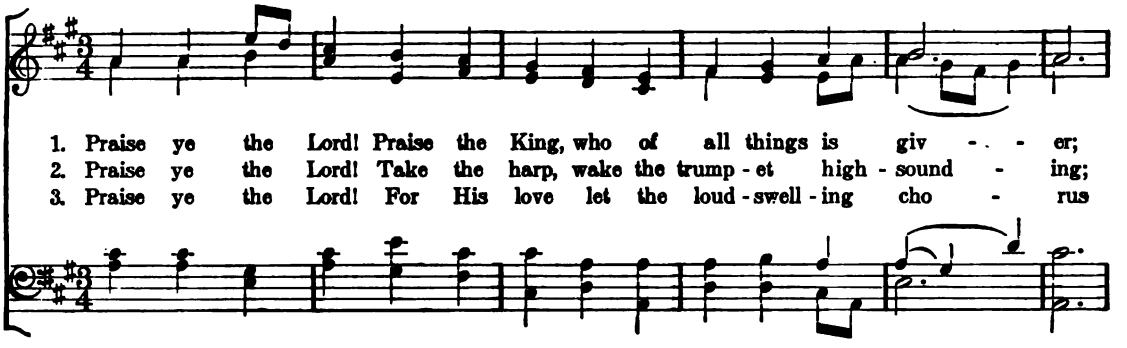
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky and sea.
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Thou who wast, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be!
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - - ly, there is none be - side Thee, In - fi - nite in power, in love, and pur - i - ty!

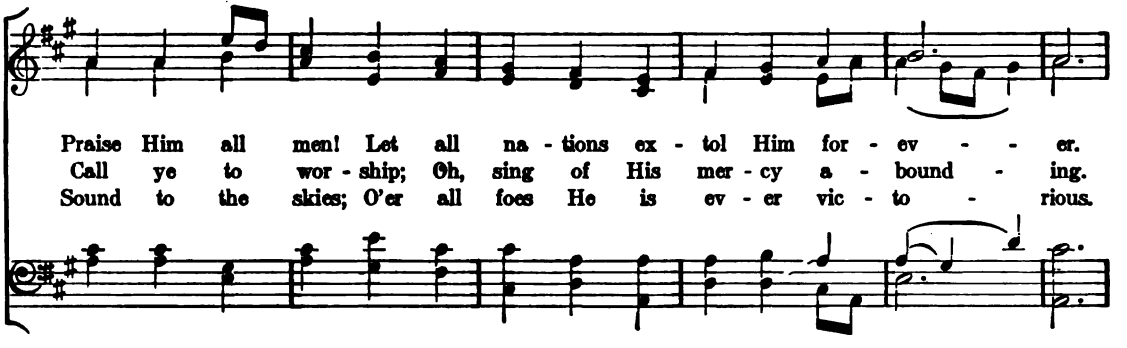
TENOR—BASS

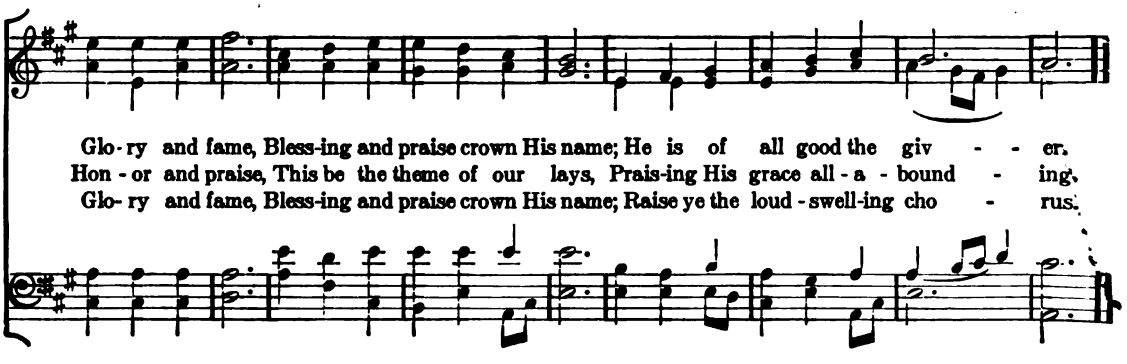
REGINALD HEBER

Praise Ye the Lord

CHORAL







Great God, We Sing That Mighty Hand

CHORAL

S. WEBBE

1. Great God, we sing that might - y hand, By which, sup - port - ed, still we stand;
2. By day, by night, at home, a - broad, Still are we guard - ed by our God;
3. With grate - ful hearts the past we own: The fu - ture, all to us un - known,
4. In scenes ex - alt - ed, or de - pressed, Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;

The o - pening year Thy mer - cy shows: That mer - cy crowns it till it close.
By His in - cess - ant boun - ty fed, By His un - err - ing coun - sel led.
We to Thy guard - ian care com - mit, And, peace - ful, leave be - fore Thy feet.
Thy good - ness all our hopes shall raise, A - dored through all our chang - ing days.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

God Moves In a Mysterious Way

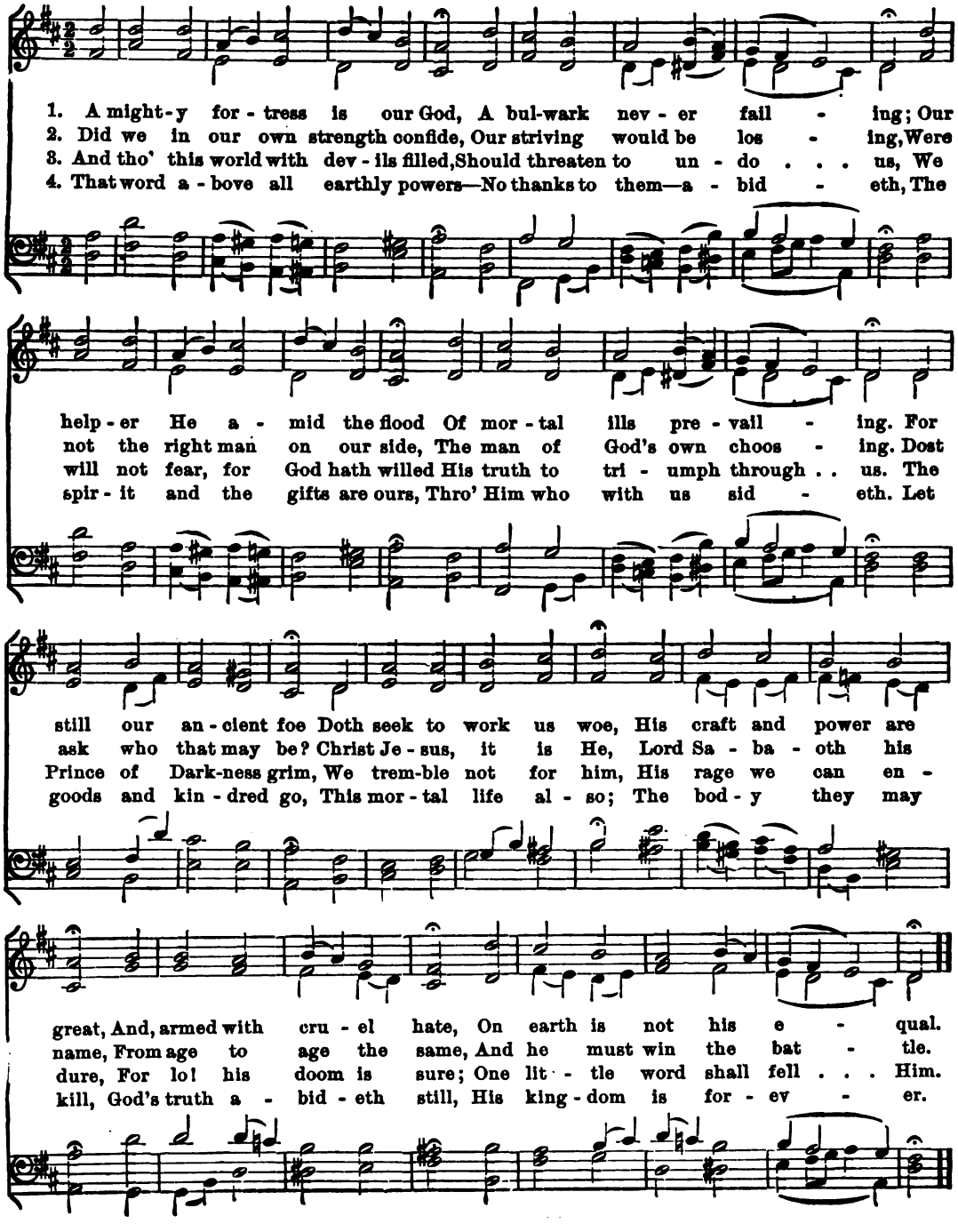
CHORAL

1. God moves in a mys - ter - ious way, His won - ders to per - form;
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill,
3. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;
4. His pur - pos - es will ri - pen fast, Un - fold - ing ev - 'ry hour;

He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
He treas - ures up His bright de - signs, And works His sov - 'reign will.
Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence, He hides a smil - ing face.
The bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flower.

Ein' Feste Burg

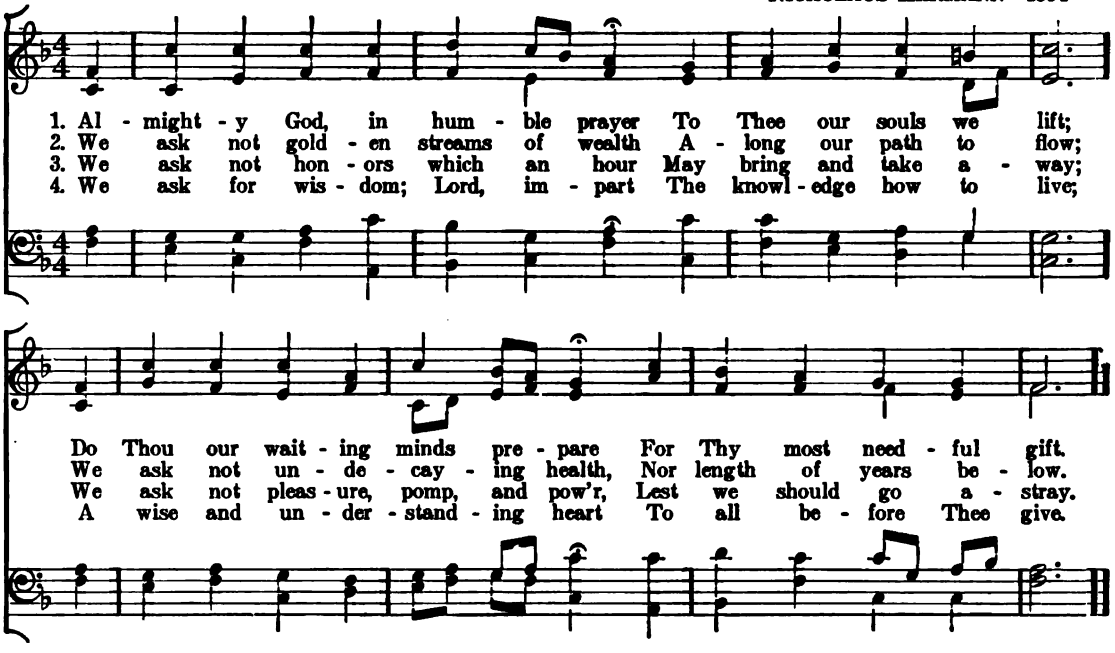
"Ein Feste Burg." Martin Luther, 1529



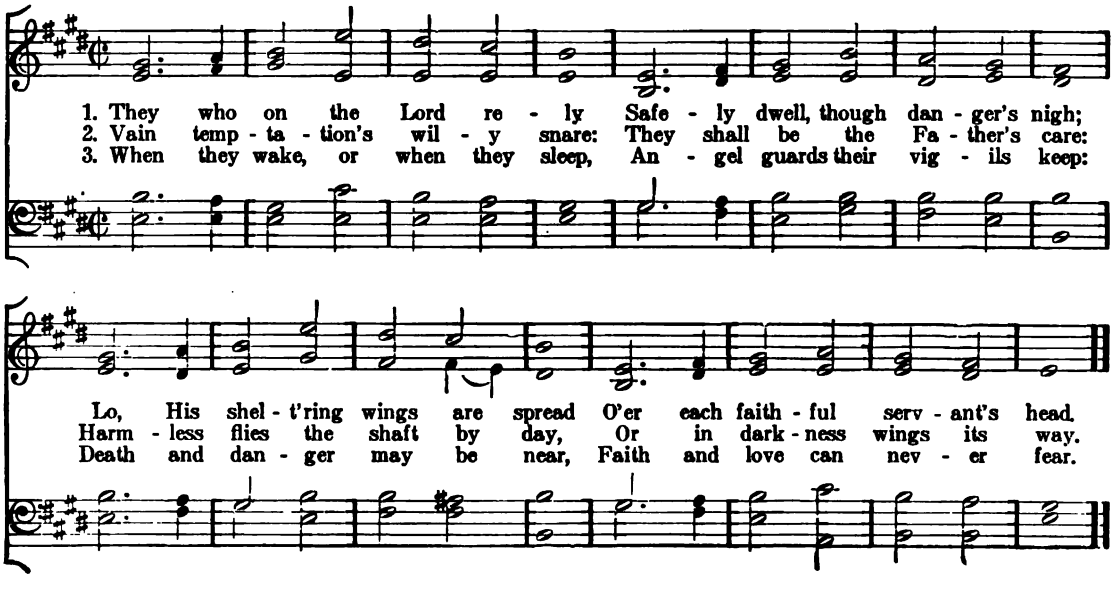
Almighty God

GERMAN CAROL

NICHOLAUS HERMANN 1554



Innocents



Morning Hymn

JOHN KEBLE. "GERMANY." FROM BEETHOVEN

1. Lord God of morn - ing and . . . of night,
2. Fresh hopes have wak - ened in . . . . the heart,

We thank Thee for Thy gifts . . . of light;
Fresh force to do our dai - - - ly part;

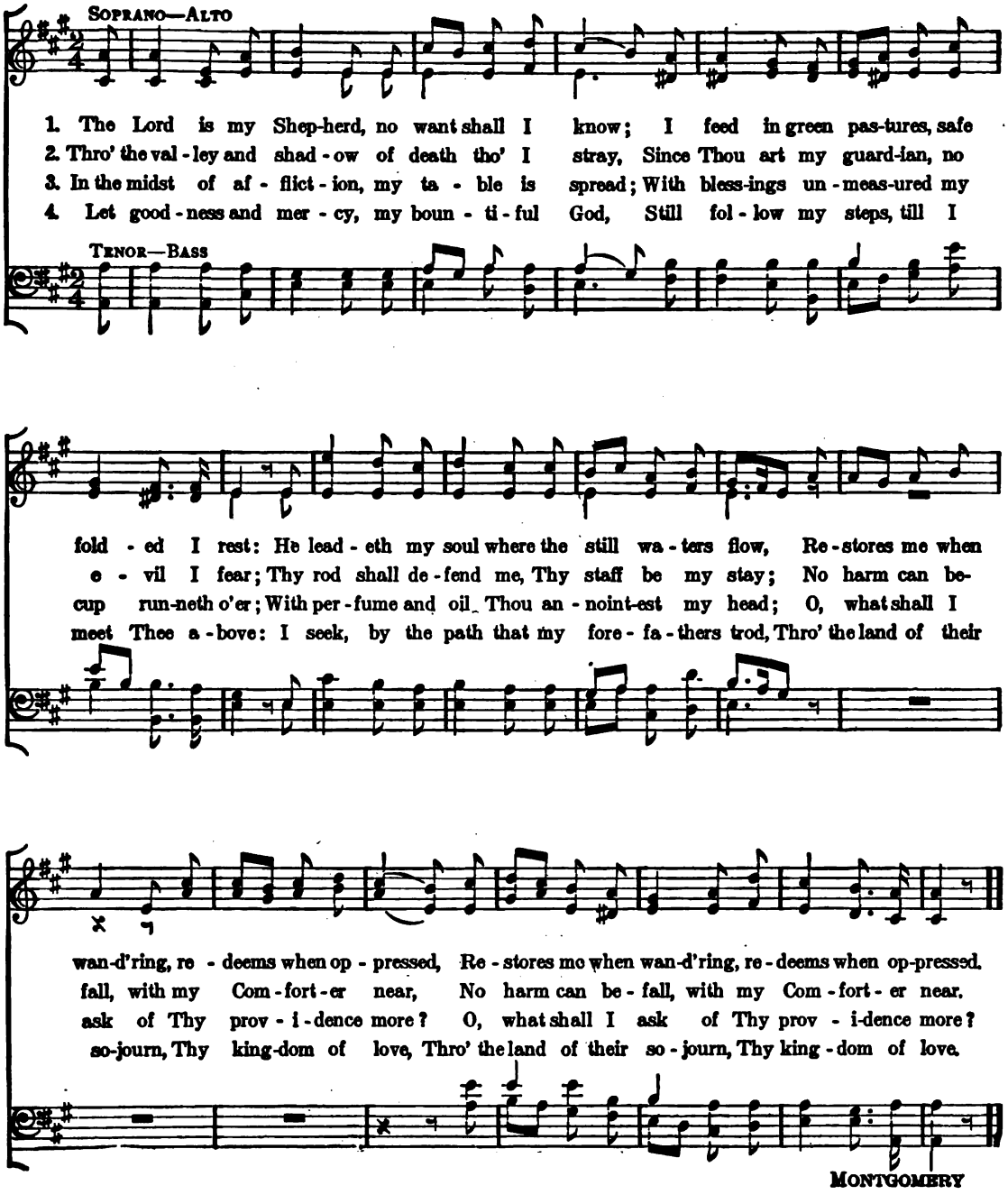
As in the dawn . . the shad - ows fly, . . .
Thy slum - ber - gifts . . our strength re - store, . .

We seem to find . . Thee now . . more nigh.
Through - out the day . . to serve . . Thee more.

3 O Lord of light, 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own;
O then be with us, Lord, that we
In Thy great day may wake to Thee.

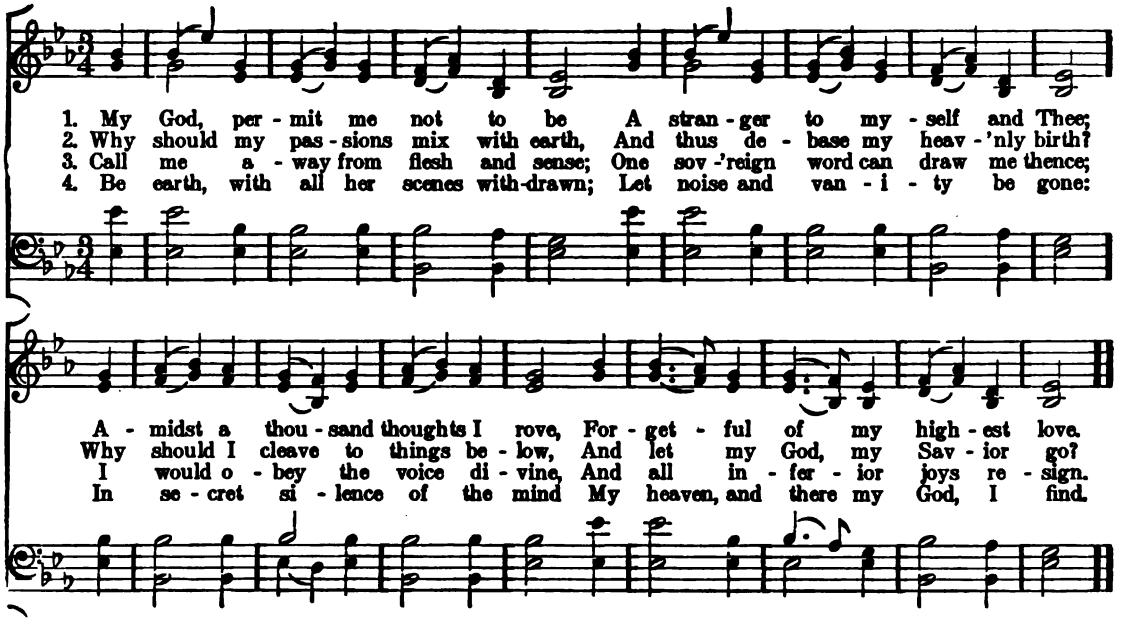
4 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end:
Till psalm and song His name adore,
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.

Portuguese Hymn



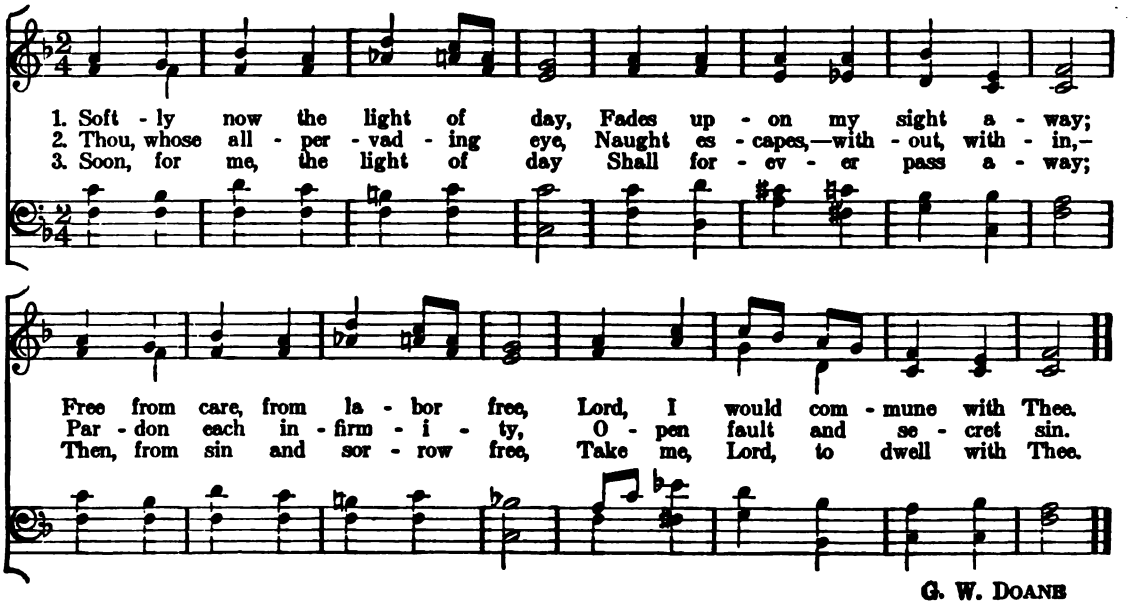
Gratitude

REV. AMI BOST



Seymour

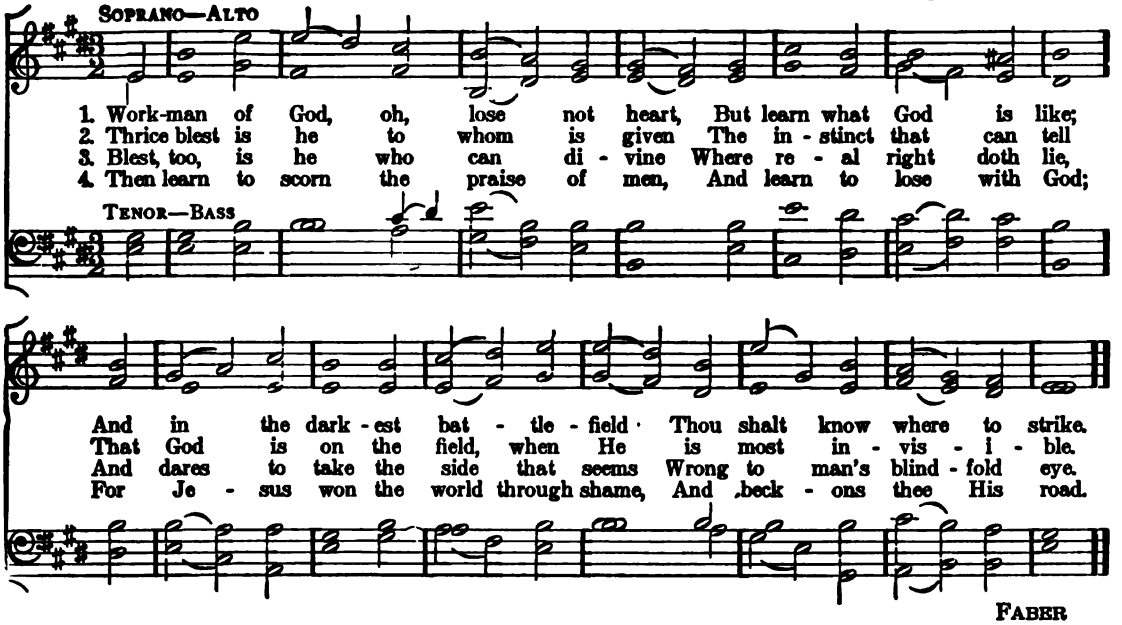
WEBER



G. W. DOANE

Abridge

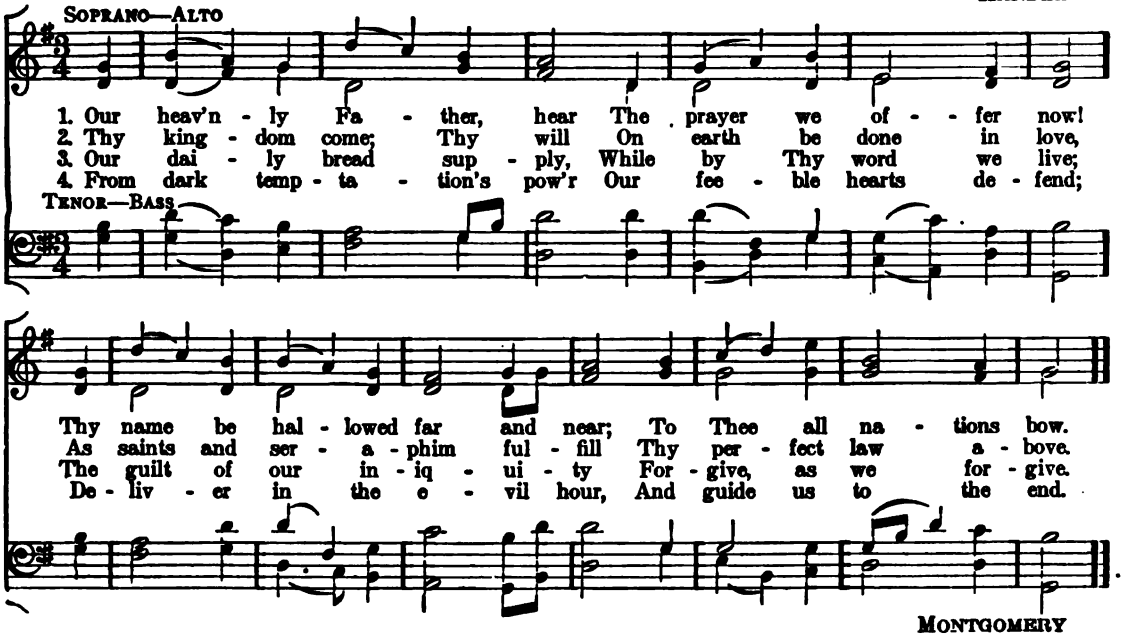
ISAAC SMITH



FABER

Thatcher

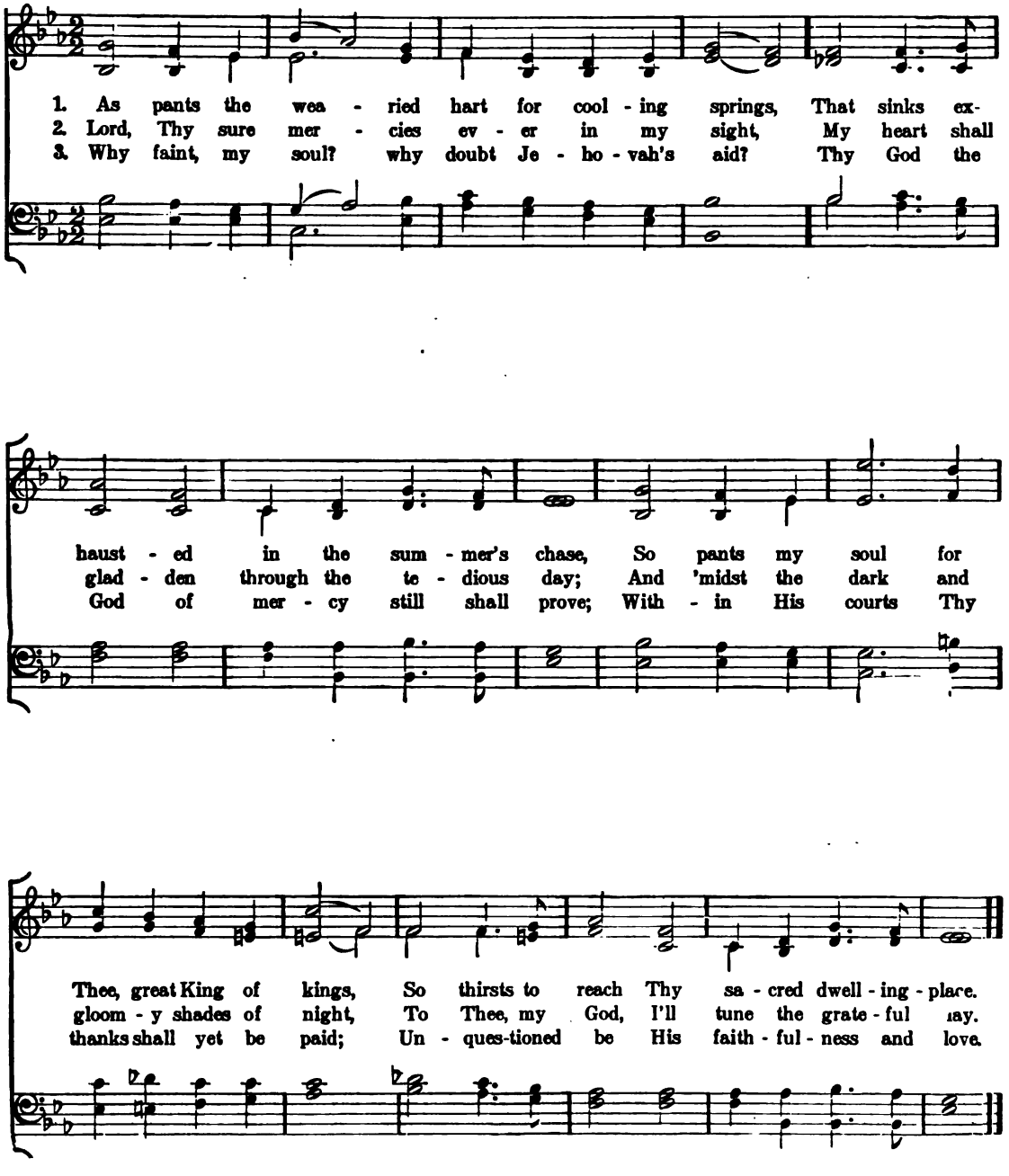
HANDEL



MONTGOMERY

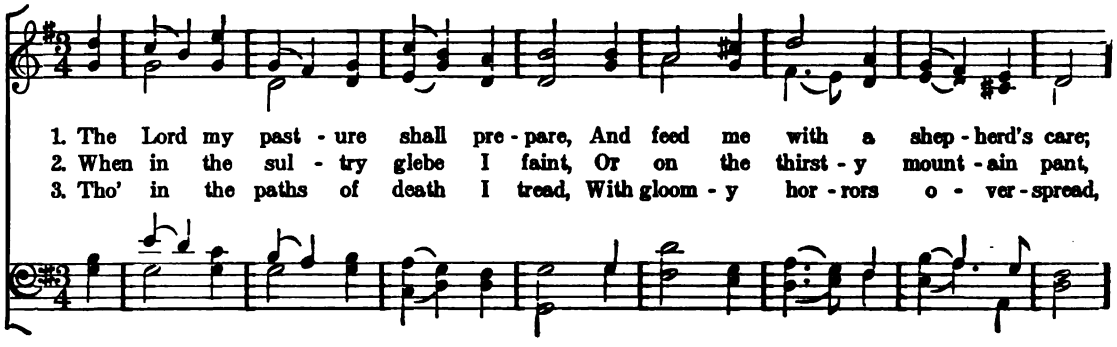
Consolation

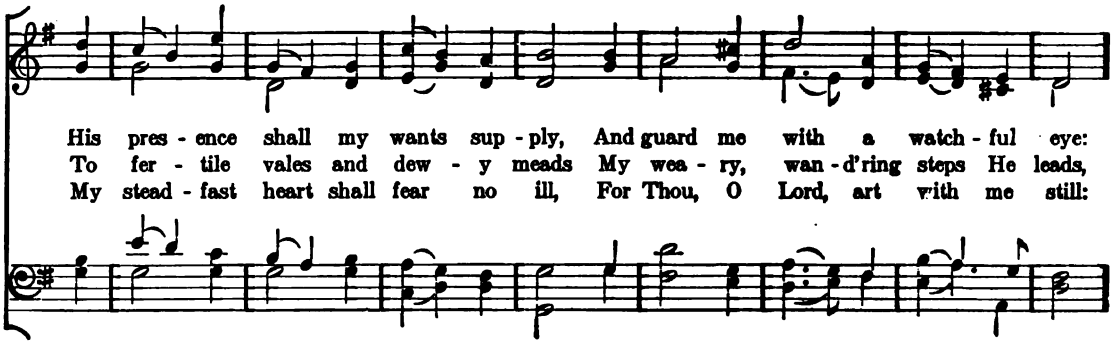
MENDELSSOHN

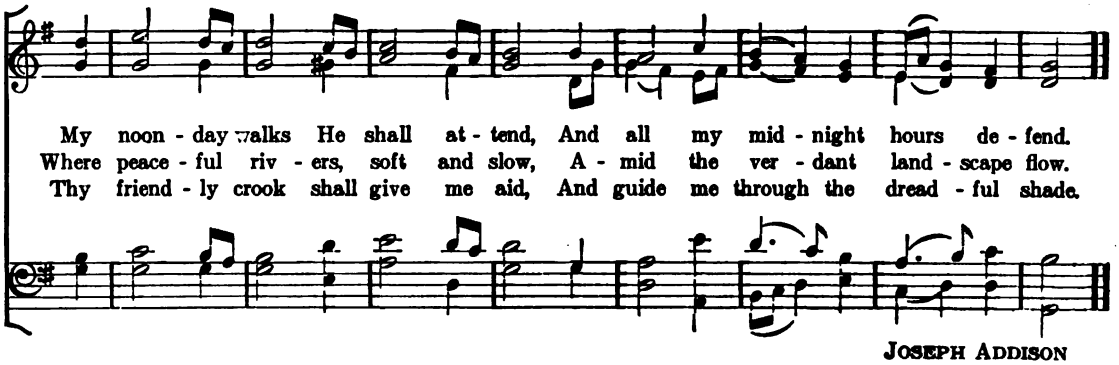


Surrey

HENRY CARY



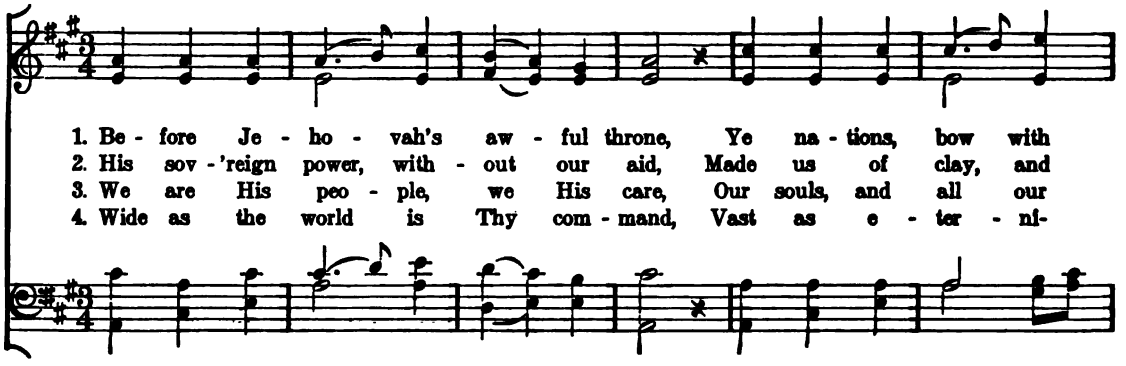




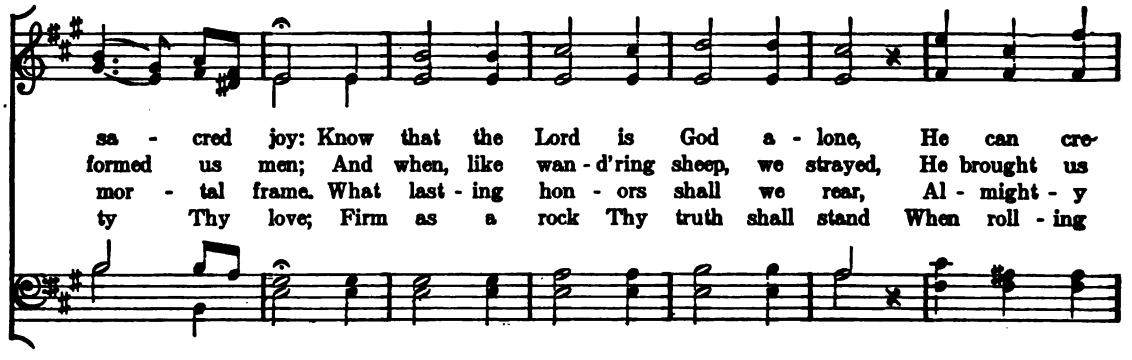
JOSEPH ADDISON

Park Street

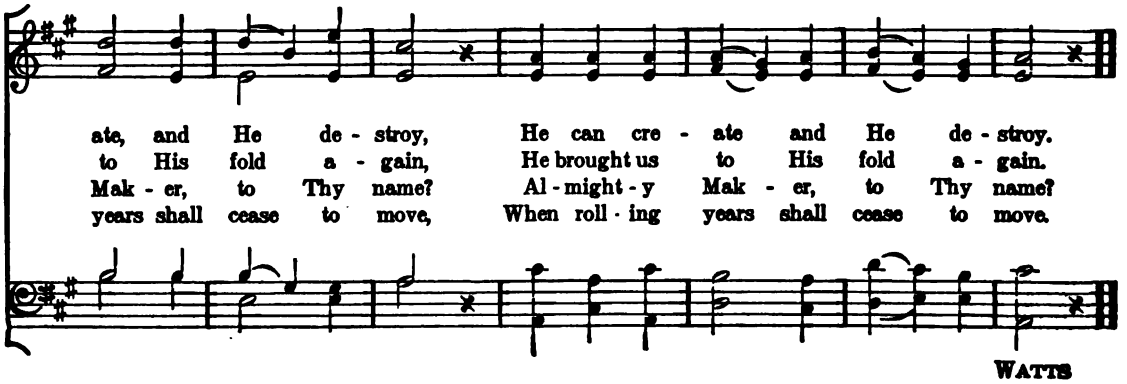
VENUA



1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with
2. His sov - 'reign power, with - out our aid, Made us of clay, and
3. We are His peo - ple, we His care, Our souls, and all our
4. Wide as the world is Thy com - mand, Vast as e - ter - ni-



sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is God a - lone, He can cre-
formed us men; And when, like wan - d'ring sheep, we strayed, He brought us
mor - tal frame. What last - ing hon - ors shall we rear, Al - might - y
ty Thy love; Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand When roll - ing



ate, and He de - stroy, He can cre - ate and He de - stroy.
to His fold a - gain, He brought us to His fold a - gain.
Mak - er, to Thy name? Al - might - y Mak - er, to Thy name?
years shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move.

WATTS

Amsterdam

DR. JAMES NARES

SOPRANO—ALTO

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course;

TENOR—BASS

Rise from trans - i - to - ry things, T'ward heav'n, thy na - tive place;
Fire, as - cend - ing, seeks the sun, Both speed them to their source;

Sun, and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;
So a soul that's born of God Pants to view His glo - rious face,

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.
Up - ward tends to His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace.

Dennis

SOPRANO—ALTO

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!.....
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;.....
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?.....
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved Down to the pres - ent day:.....

TENOR—BASS

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
That hand which bears all na - ture up Shall guard His chil - dren well.
Haste to your heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.
I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

DODDRIDGE

Hendon

SOPRANO—ALTO

Rev. C. H. A. MALAN

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now—At Thy feet we hum - bly bow; O do not our
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend; Fill our hearts with
3. In Thy own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay; Lord, we know not

TENOR—BASS

suit dis - dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise! Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
how to go, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow

Abide with Me

(EVENTIDE.) WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour,
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;

The dark - ness thick - ens, Lord, with me a - bide;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way:
What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's power?
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness:

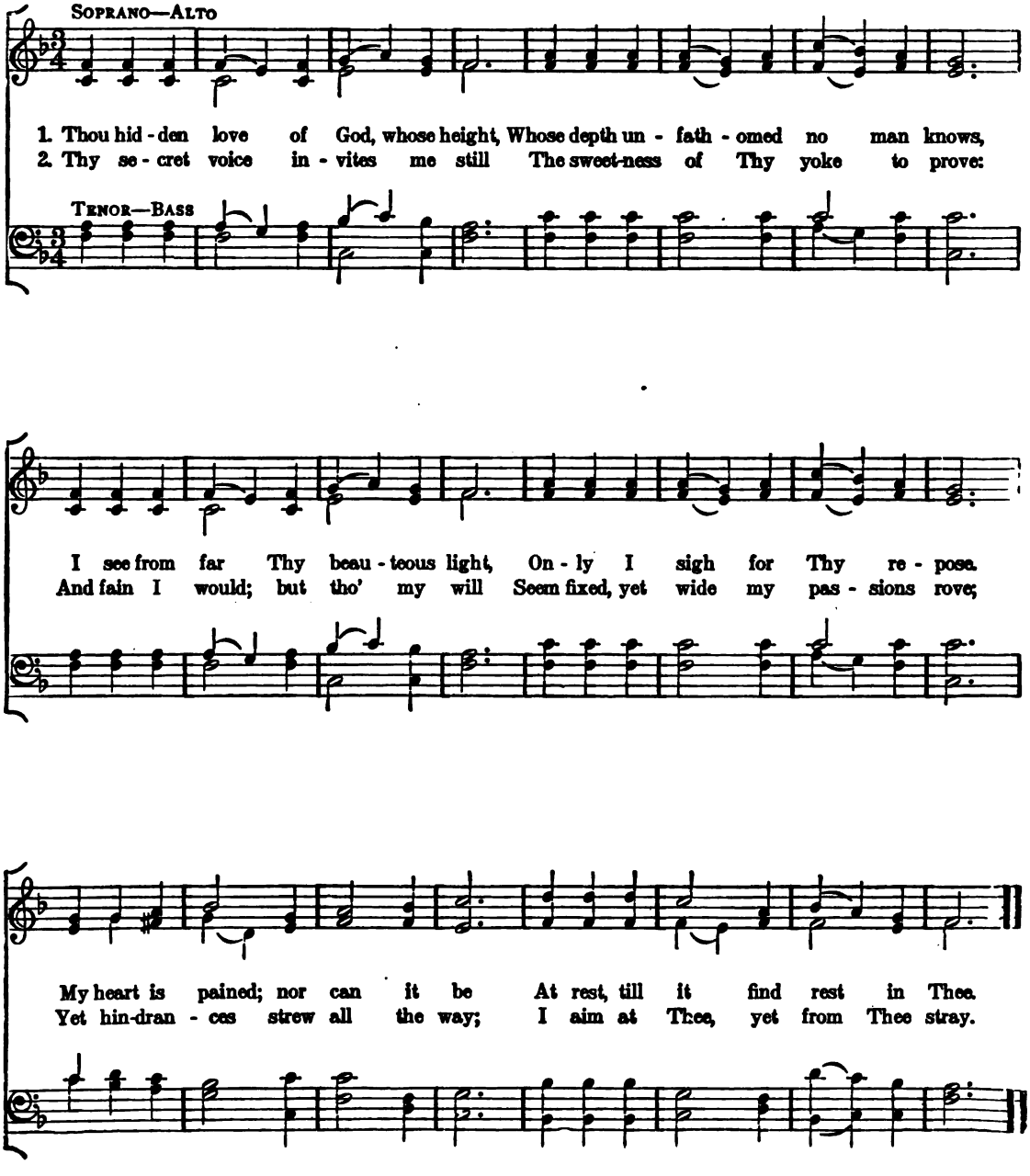
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?

Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
O Thou, Who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
Through cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!
I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

Hursley

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN
Arr. by WILLIAM HENRY MONK



Louvan

V. C. TAYLOR

SOPRANO—ALTO

1. My gra - cious God, I own Thy right To ev - 'ry serv - ice I can pay;
2. What is my be - ing but for Thee, Its sure sup - port, its no - blest end?
3. Thy work my fee - ble age shall bless, When youth - ful vig - or is no more;

TENOR—BASS

And call it my su - preme de - light To hear Thy dic - tates, and o - bey.
Thy ev - er - smil - ing face to see, And serve the cause of such a friend?
And my last hour of life con - fess Thy love hath an - i - mat - ing power.

DODDRIDGE

Bradford

HANDEL

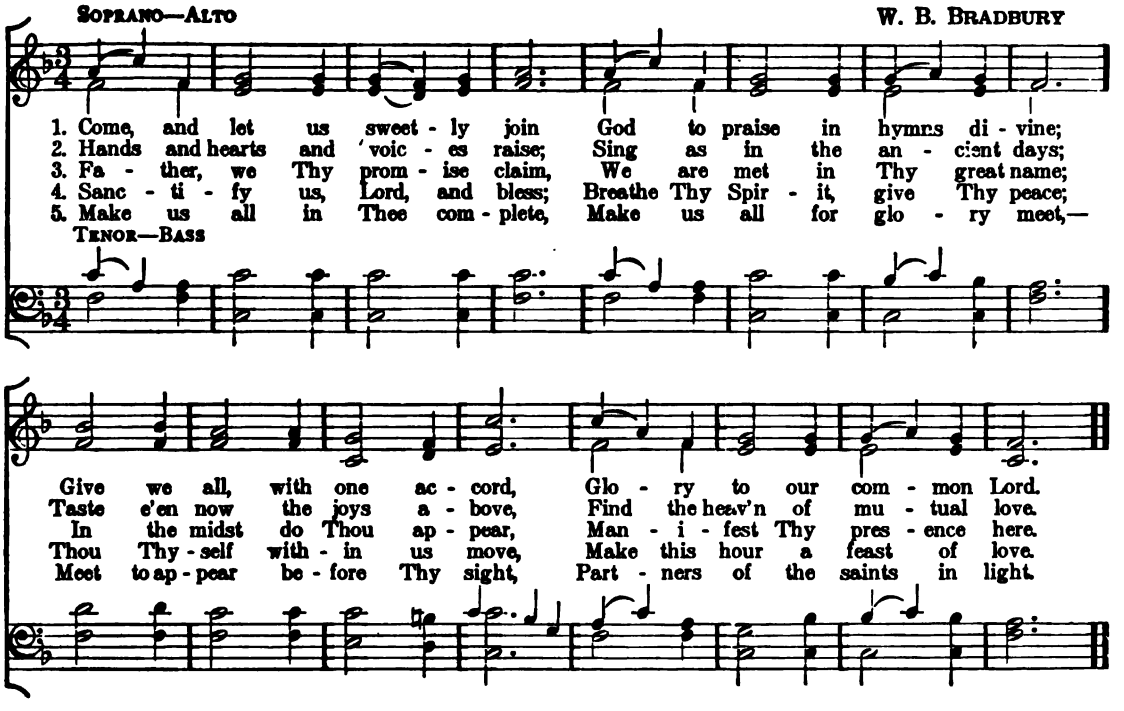
SOPRANO—ALTO

1. Oh, rich - ly, Fa - ther, have I been Blest ev - er - more by Thee!
2. And yet the love which Thou shouldst claim To i - dols I have giv'n;
3. Un - worth - y to be called Thy son, I come with shame to Thee,
4. Help me to break the heav - y chains The world has round me thrown,
5. That I may hence - forth heed what - e'er Thy voice with - in me saith,

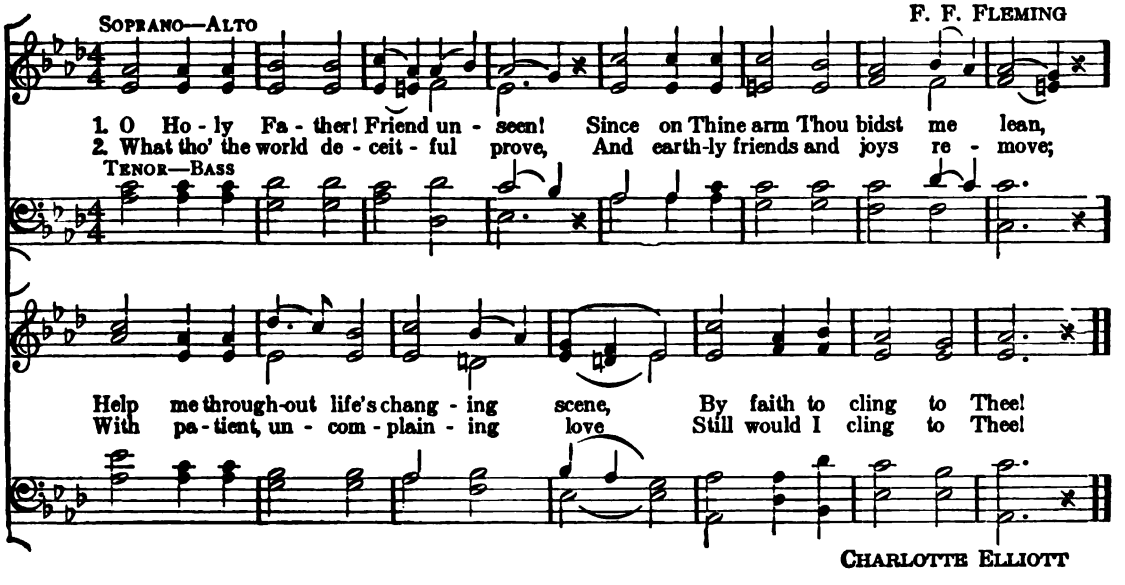
TENOR—BASS

And morn - ing, noon, and night Thou hast Pre - served me ten - der - ly.
Too oft have bound to earth the hopes That know no home but heav'n.
Fa - ther!— oh, more than Fa - ther Thou Hast al - ways been to me!
And know the glo - rious lib - er - ty Of an o - be - dient son.
Fix deep - ly in my heart of hearts A prin - ci - ple of faith.

Aletta

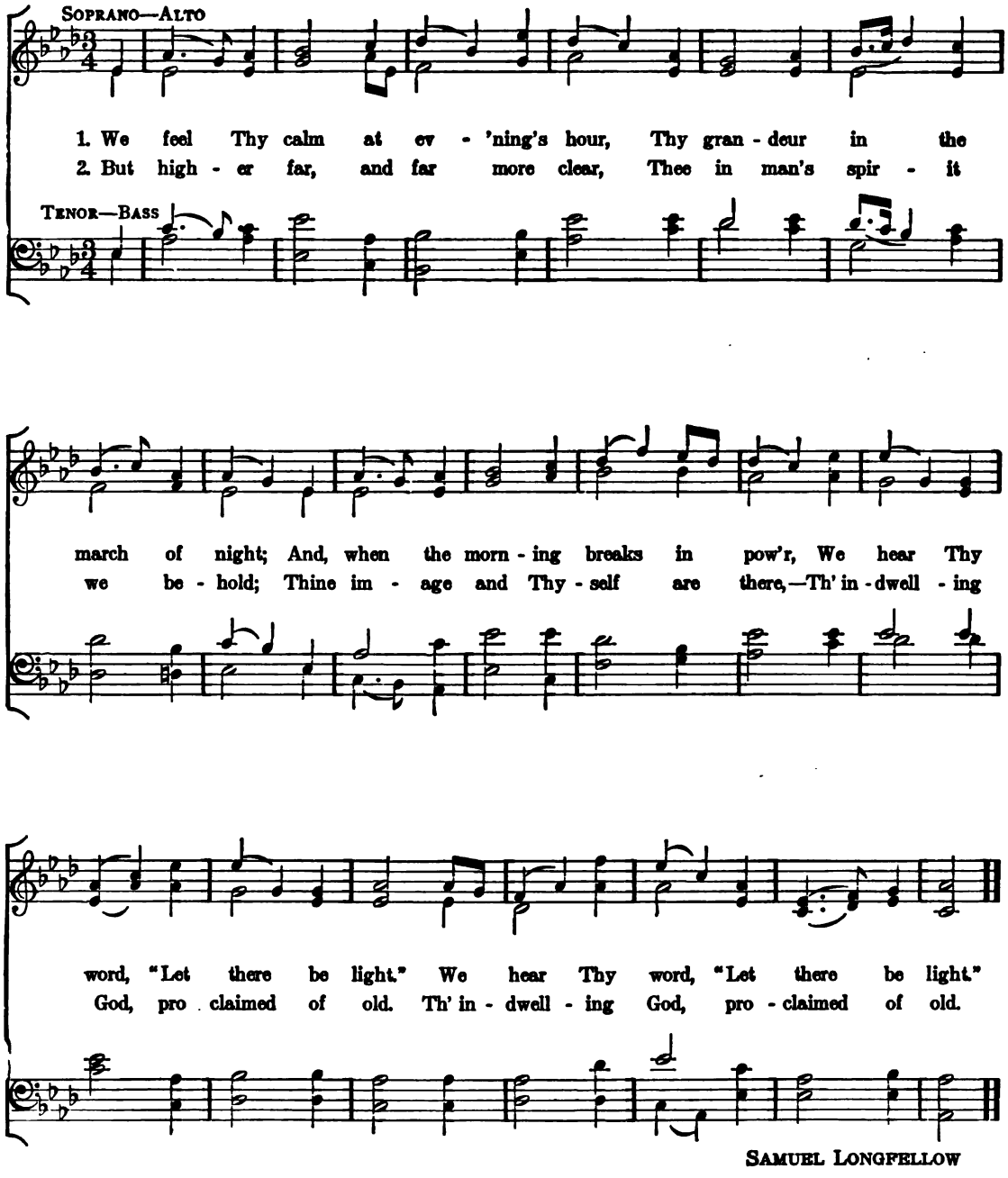


Integer Vitæ



Verdure

HAYDN'S "Creation"



SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

Creation

HAYDN'S "Creation"

SOPRANO—ALTO

1. The spa-cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,
2. Soon as the ev - 'ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the won - drous tale,

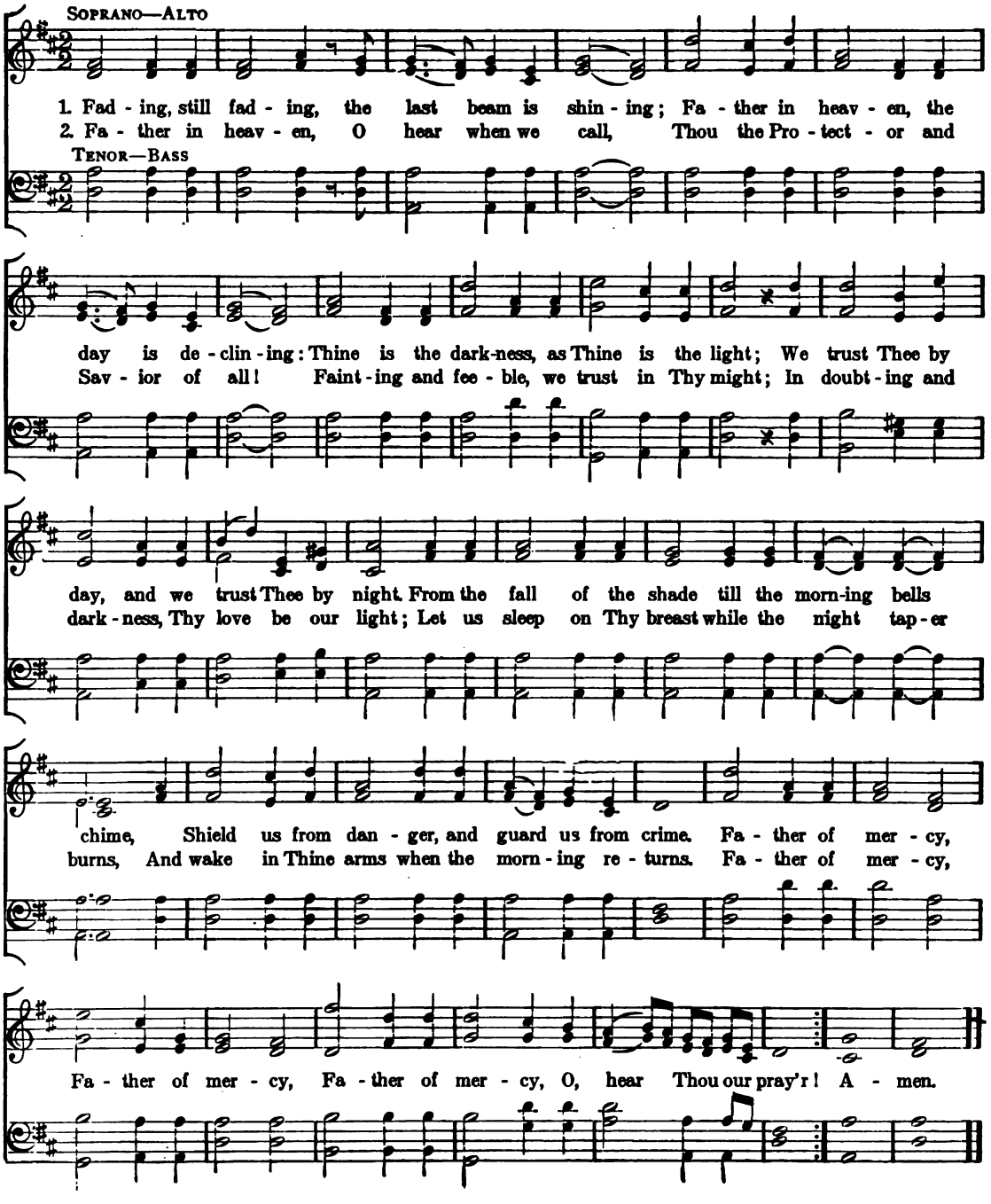
TENOR—BASS

And span-gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great Or - ig - i - nal pro - claim.
And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth;

Th' un-wea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play,
While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets, in their turn,

And pub - lish - es..... to ev - 'ry land, The work of an al - might - y hand.
Con - firm the ti - dings, as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

Fading, Still Fading



O Paradise

F. W. Faber. Joseph Barnby

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow - ing old,
3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, We want to sin no more,

Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that love are blest?
Who would not be at rest and free, Where love is nev - er cold?
We want to be as pure on earth As on Thy spot - less shore.

Cho.—Where loy - al hearts and true

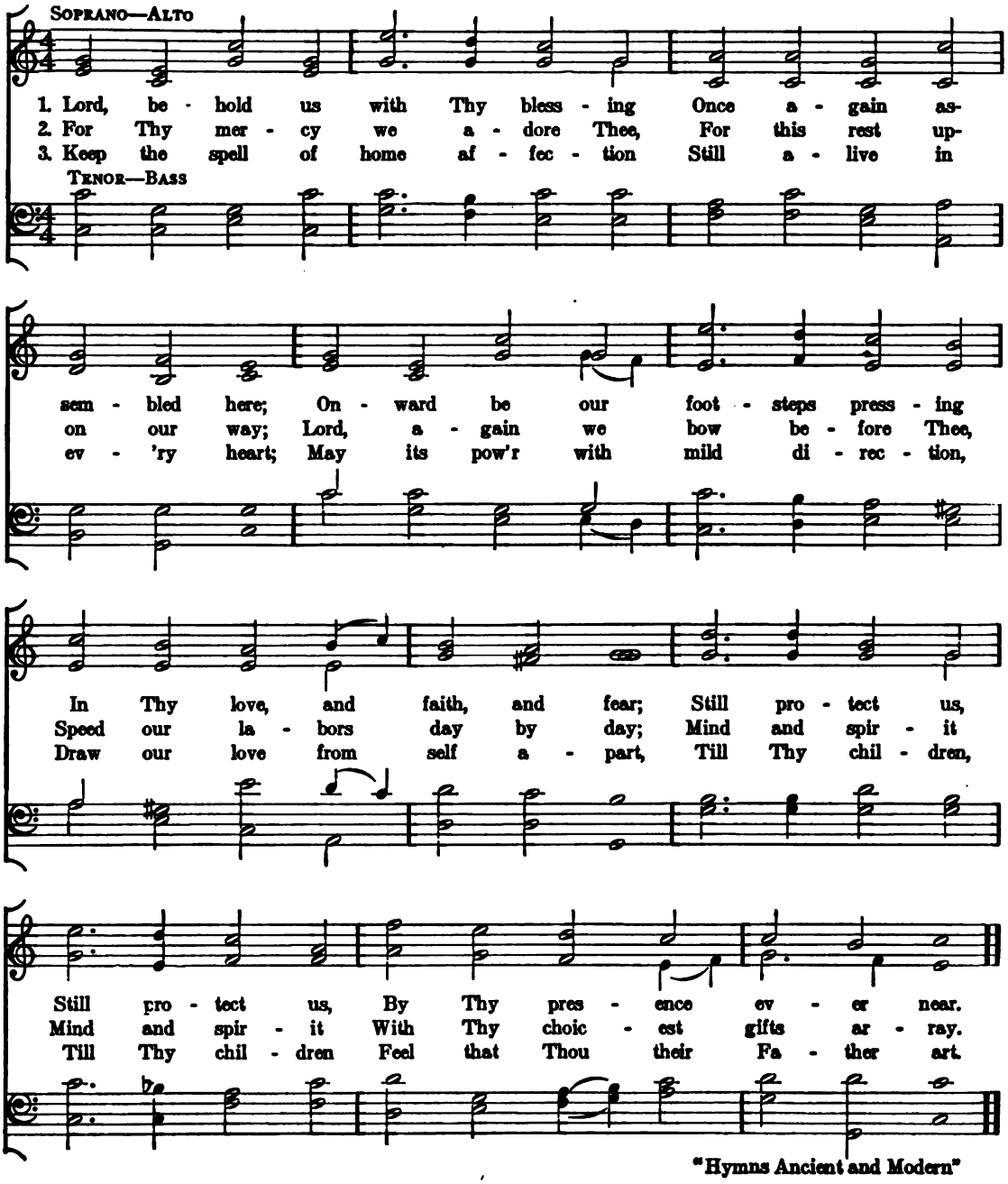
Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

For last verse.

All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

Behold Us With Thy Blessing

HENRY SMART



"Hymns Ancient and Modern"

Sleep! Holy Babe

J. T. FIELD

Andante — *rall* — *p* SOPRANO—ALTO

1. Sleep, Ho - ly
2. Sleep, Ho - ly

TENOR—BASS

f

Babe! up - on Thy Moth-er's breast; Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky, How
Babe! while I with Ma - ry gaze In joy up - on that Face a - while, Up-

dim — *p* — *pp*

sweet it is to see Thee lie In such a place of rest. Sleep, Ho - ly
on the lov - ing In - fant smile Which there di - vine - ly plays. Sleep, Ho - ly

cres

Babe!..... Thine An - gels watch a - round,..... All bend - ing low with
Babe!..... ah! take Thy brief re - pose;..... Too quick - ly will Thy

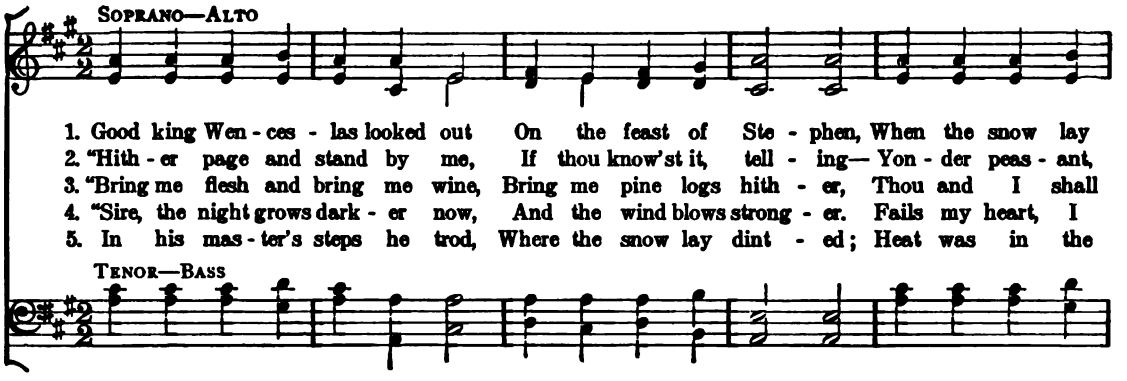
mf — *rall e dim*

fold - ed wings Be - fore th' In-car - nate King of kings, In rev - 'rent awe pro - found.
slum-bers break, And Thou to length-ened pains a - wake, That death a - lone shall close.

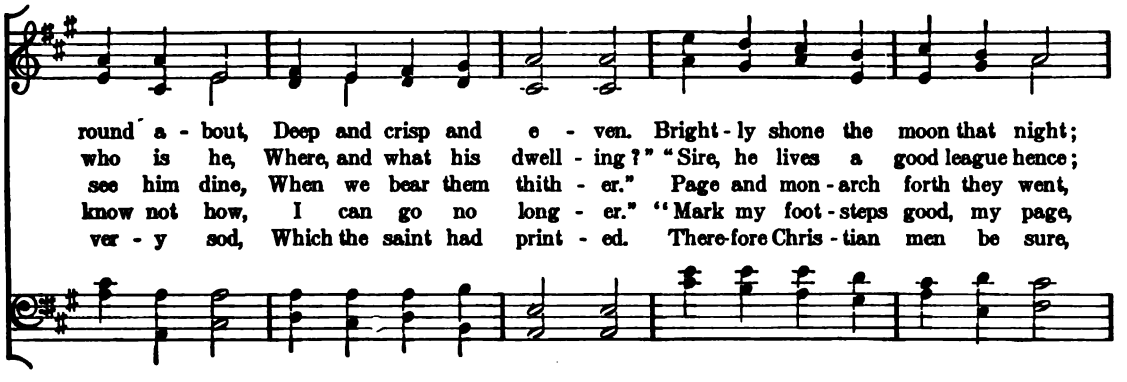
Rev. E. CASWALL

Good King Wenceslas

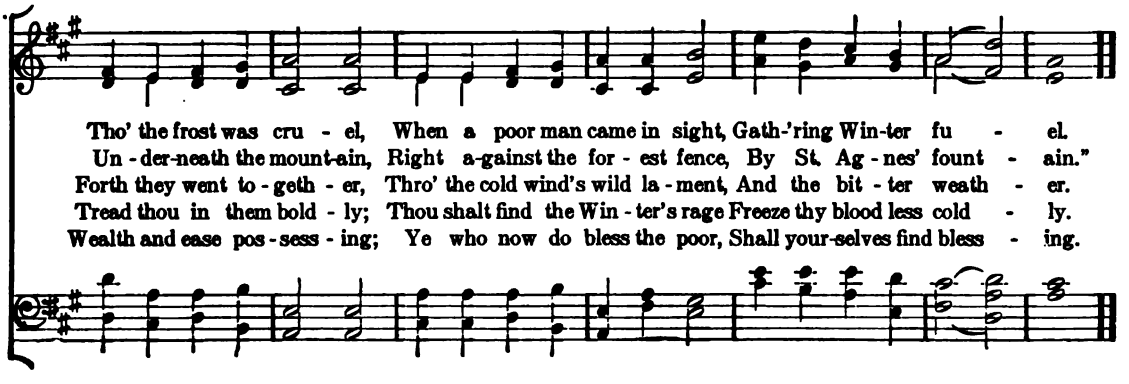
Ancient Carol



1. Good king Wen - ces - las looked out On the feast of Ste - phen, When the snow lay
2. "Hith - er page and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing— Yon - der peas - ant,
3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hith - er, Thou and I shall
4. "Sire, the night grows dark - er now, And the wind blows strong - er. Fails my heart, I
5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint - ed; Heat was in the



round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven. Bright - ly shone the moon that night;
who is he, Where, and what his dwell - ing?" "Sire, he lives a good league hence;
see him dine, When we bear them thith - er." Page and mon - arch forth they went,
know not how, I can go no long - er." "Mark my foot - steps good, my page,
ver - y sod, Which the saint had print - ed. There-fore Chris - tian men be sure,



Tho' the frost was cru - el, When a poor man came in sight, Gath-'ring Win-ter fu - el.
Un - der-neath the mount-ain, Right a-gainst the for - est fence, By St. Ag - nes' fount - ain."
Forth they went to - geth - er, Thro' the cold wind's wild la - ment, And the bit - ter weath - er.
Tread thou in them bold - ly; Thou shalt find the Win - ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly.
Wealth and ease pos - sess - ing; Ye who now do bless the poor, Shall your-selves find bless - ing.

Christmas Carol

HERBERT GRIGGS

SOPRANO—ALTO

1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for His bed.
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor ba - by wakes;

TENOR—BASS

The in - fant Lord Je - sus, Lay down His sweet head.
But lit - tle Lord Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes.

The stars in the sky, Looked down where He lay.
I love Thee, Lord, Je - sus, Look down from the sky.

The in - fant, Lord, Je - sus, A - sleep in the hay.
And stay by my side, Till the day - light is nigh.

Folsom

JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART

SOPRANO—ALTO

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing, Low lies His
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of
4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion; Vain - ly with
5. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our

TENOR—BASS

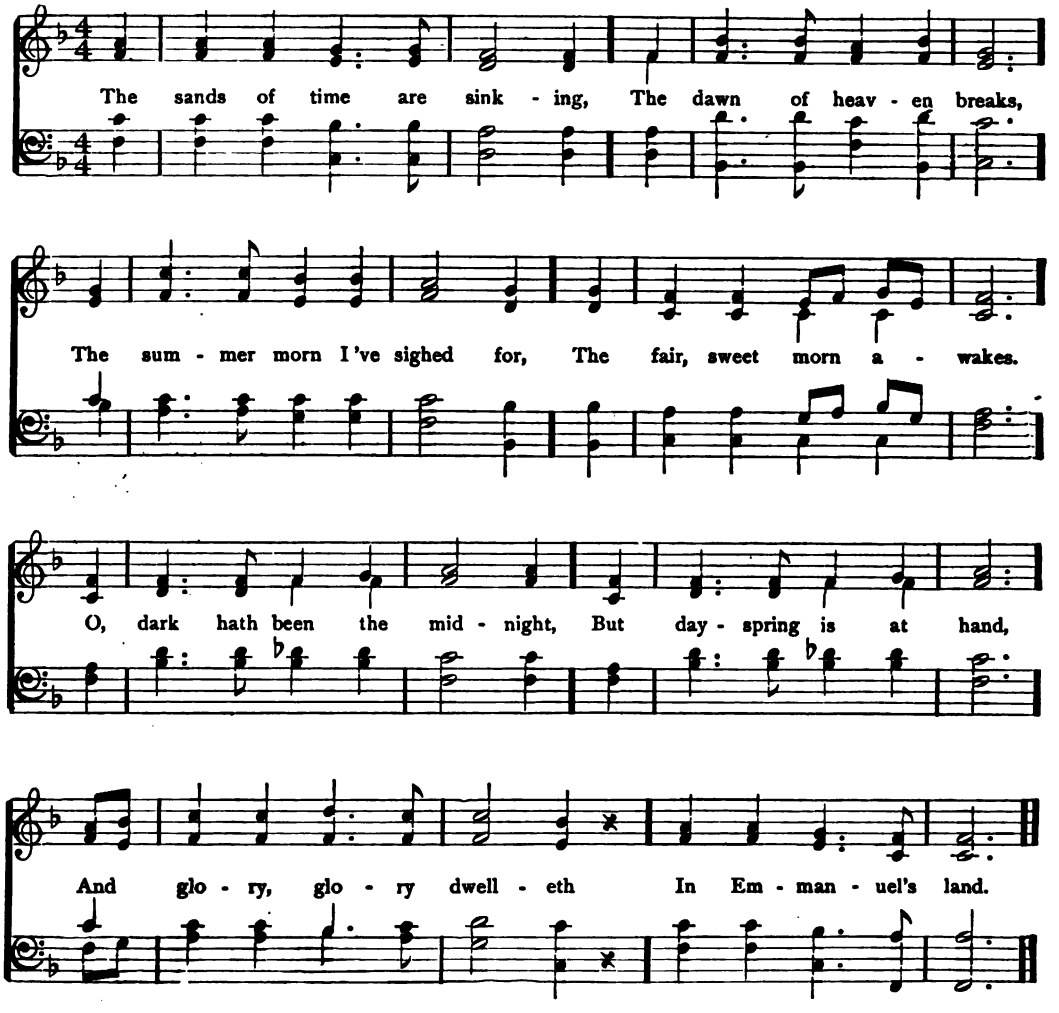
dark - ness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the east, the hor-
head with the beasts of the stall, An - gels a - dore Him in
E - dom, and off - 'rings di - vine? Gems of the mount - ain, and
gifts would His fa vors se - cure: Rich - er by far is the
dark - ness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the east, the hor-

i - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
slum - ber re - clin - ing, Cho - sen of God, the Re - deem - er of all.
pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?
heart's ad - o - ra - tion; Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.
i - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

REGINALD HEBER

Faith and Trust

CHRÉTIEN D'URHAN, 1834. Har. by E. F. RIMBAULT, 1845.



2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams of earth I've tasted;
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4 Oh! I am my Belovèd's
And my Belovèd's mine,
He brings a poor, vile sinner,
Into His house divine.
Upon the Rock of Ages
My soul redeemed shall stand,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

ANNIE R. COUSIN, 1857.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1865. Abbr. WM. A. MAY.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth- ers we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On - ward then, ye peo - ple, Join the hap - py throng, Blend with ours your vol - ces,

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe,
Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;
In tri - um - phant song! Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King,

REFRAIN.

For - ward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ners go. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can - not fail!
This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an - gels sing!

March - ing as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

Copyright, 1891, by WM. A. MAY.

Manoah

Arr. from G. Rossini

Soprano—Alto

1. O God, our strength! to Thee the song With grate - ful hearts we raise;
2. In troub - le's dark and storm - y hour, Thine ear hath heard our pray'r;
3. And Thou, O ev - er gra - cious Lord! Wilt keep Thy prom - ise still,

Tenor—Bass

To Thee, and Thee a - lone, be - long All wor - ship, love and praise.
And gra - cious - ly Thine arm of pow'r Hath saved us from de - spair.
If, meek - ly heark - 'ning to Thy word, We seek to do Thy will.

Bernard

Mozart

Soprano—Alto

1. O Lord, I would de - light in Thee, And on Thy care de - pend:
2. When all cre - a - ted streams are dried, Thy full - ness is the same;
3. No good on earth can e'er be found But must be found through Thee:

Tenor—Bass

To Thee in ev - 'ry troub - le flee, My best, my dear - est Friend!
May I with this be sat - is - fied, And glo - ry in Thy name!
I shall have all things, and a - bound, When Thou art God to me.

It Singeth Low

HERBERT GRIGGS

SOPRANO—ALTO

1. It sing - eth low in ev - 'ry heart, We hear it each and all,—
2. 'Tis hard to take the bur - den up, When these have laid it down:
3. More home - like seems the vast un - known, Since they have en - tered there;

TENOR—BASS

A song of those who an - swer not, How - ev - er we may call.
They bright - ened all the joy of life, They soft - ened ev - 'ry frown.
To fol - low them were not so hard, Wher - ev - er they may fare.

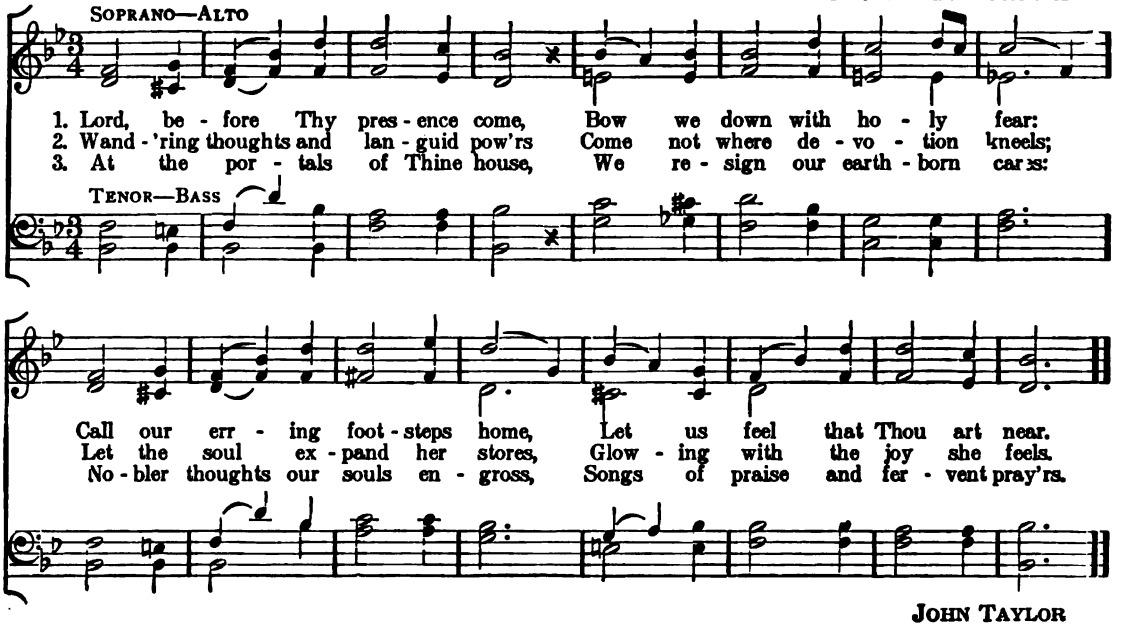
They throng the si - lence of the breast; We see them as of yore,—
But, oh! 'tis good to think of them When we are troub - led sore;
They can - not be where God is not, On a - ny sea or shore.

The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, Who walk with us no more.
Thanks be to God that such have been, Al - though they are no more!
What - e'er be - tides, Thy love a - bides, Our God for ev - er - more!

JOHN W. CHADWICK

Gottschalk

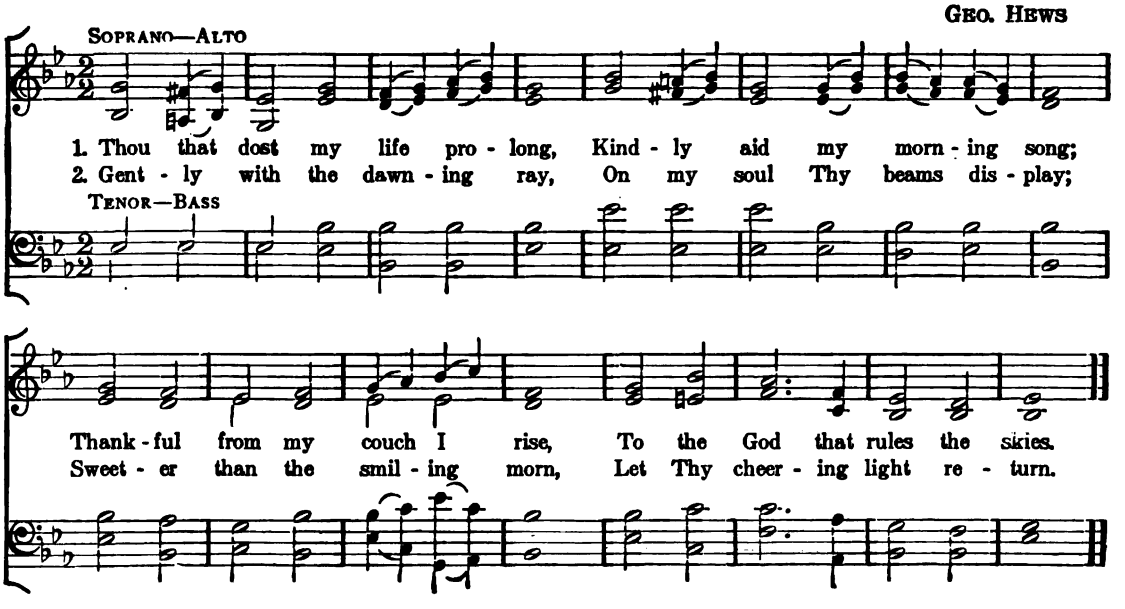
Arr. from GOTTSCHALK



JOHN TAYLOR

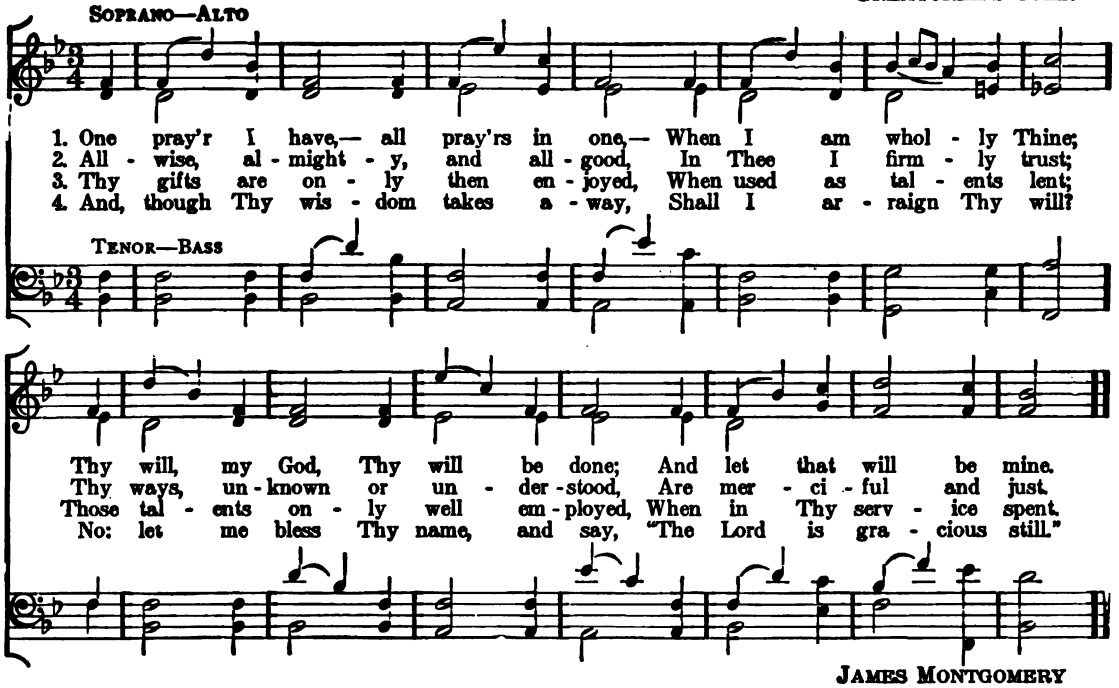
Holley

GEO. HEWS



Geer

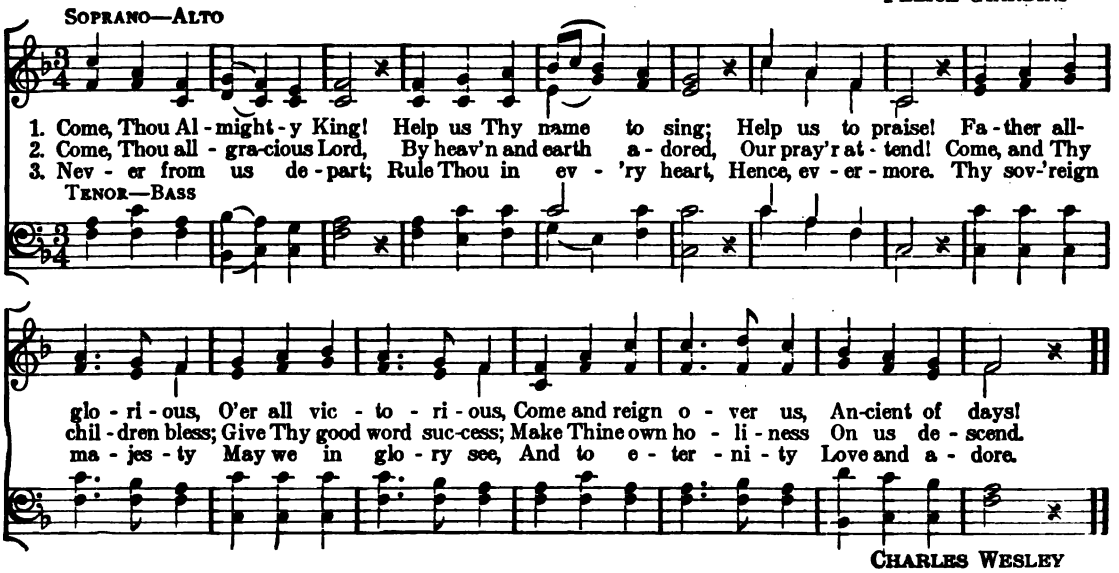
GREATOREX'S COLL.



JAMES MONTGOMERY

Italy

FELICE GIARDINI



CHARLES WESLEY

Messiah

SOPRANO—ALTO

Moderato

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

1. Oh, hap - py is the man that hears In - struc - tion's warn - ing voice;
2. For she hath treas - ures great - er far Than east and west un - fold;
3. She guides the young with in - no - cence In pleas - ure's paths to tread;
4 Ac - cord - ing as her la - bors rise, So her re - wards in - crease;

TENOR—BASS

And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear ly, on - ly choice.
And her re - wards more pre - cious are than all their stores of gold.
A crown of glo - ry she be - stows Up - on the hoar - y head.
Her ways are ways of pleas - ant - ness, And all her paths are peace.

LOGAN

Wilmot

C. M. VON WEBER

SOPRANO—ALTO

1. Fa - ther, source of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to grate - ful lays:
2. Teach me some me - lo - dious meas - ure, Sung by rap - tured saints a - bove;
3. Thou didst seek me when a stran - ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold a - bove;
4. By Thy hand re - stored, de - fend - ed, Safe thro' life thus far I've come:

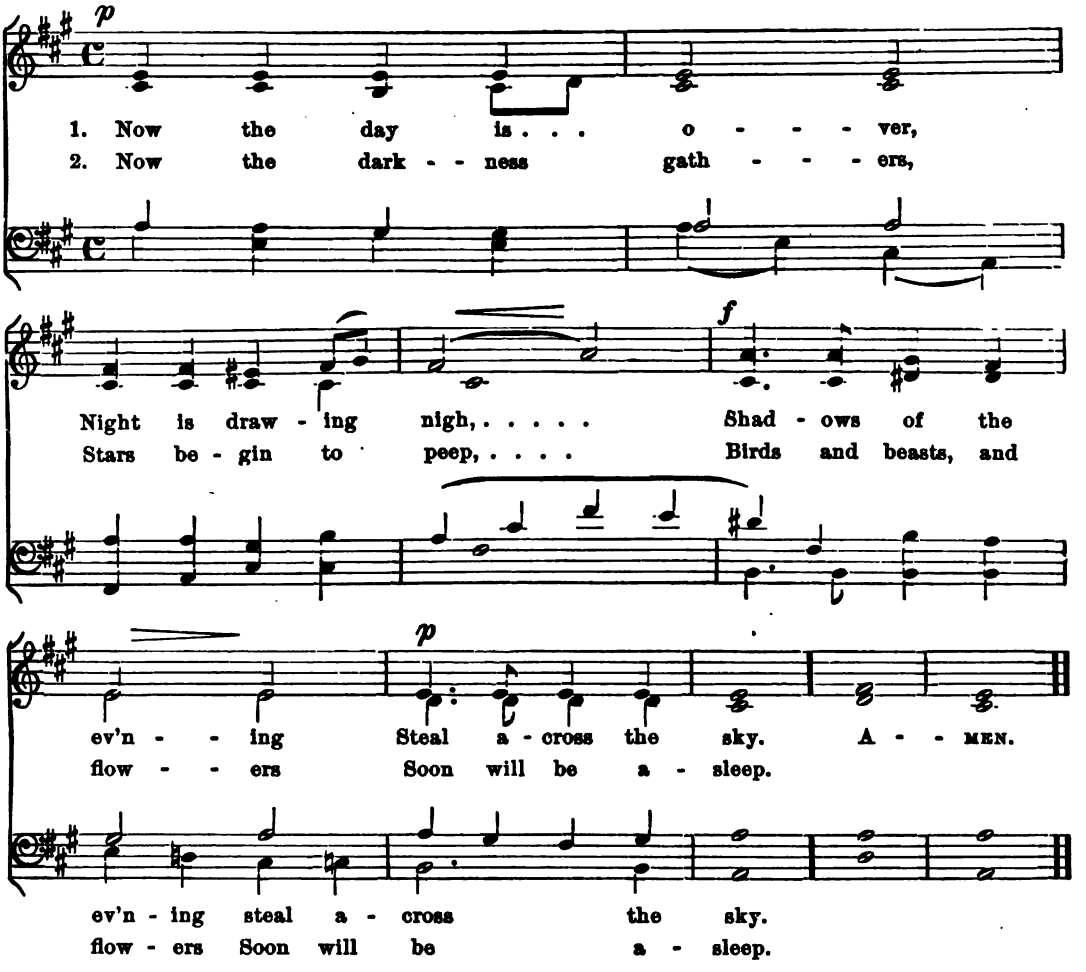
TENOR—BASS

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise.
Fill my soul with sa - cred pleas - ure, While I sing re - deem - ing love.
Thou, to save my soul from dan - ger, Didst re - deem me with Thy love.
Safe, O Lord! when life is end - ed, Bring me to my heav'n - ly home.

ROBINSON

Now the Day is Over

SABINE BARING-GOULD. J. BARNBY.



3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee,
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

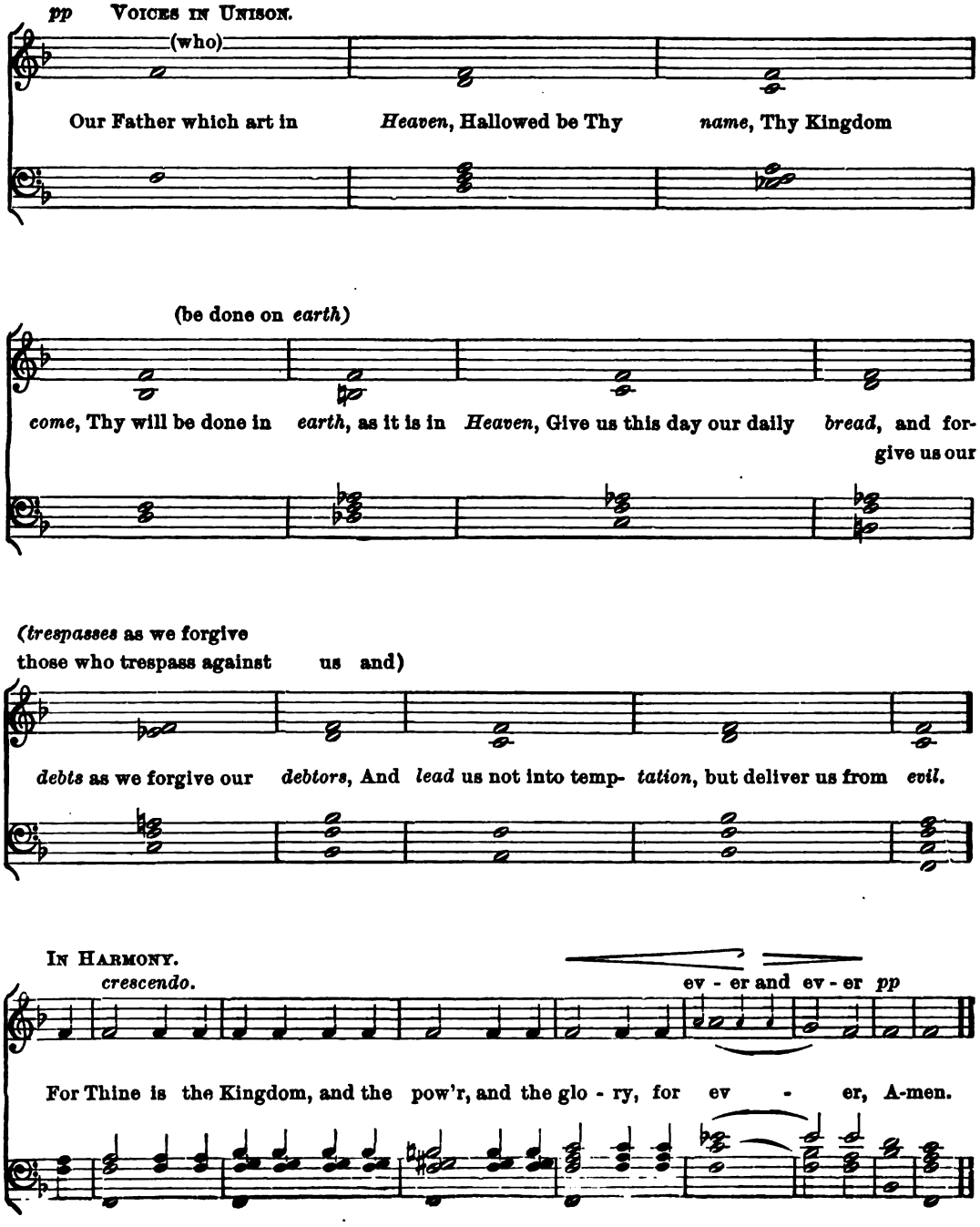
5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain,
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.—AMEN.

The Lord's Prayer



Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

CHARLES WESLEY. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail! the Son of Righteous - ness!

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled."
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of the fa - vored one.
Light and life to all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings.

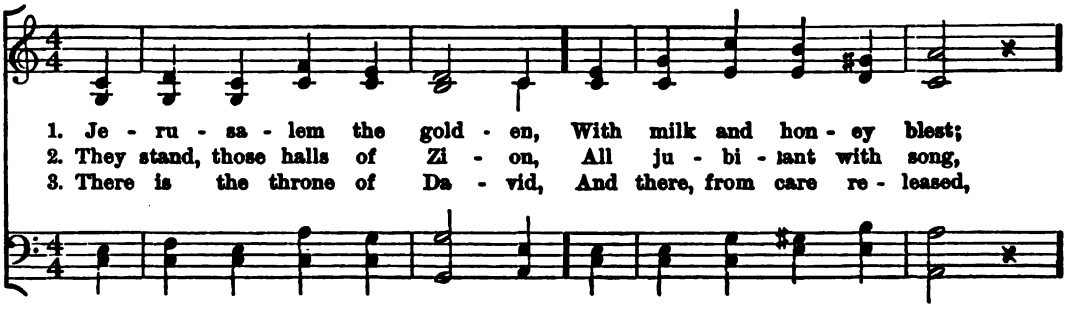
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions rise, Join the tri - umph or the skies;
Veil'd in flesh, the God - head see; Hail th' in - car - nate De - i - ty:
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die:

With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Pleased, as man, with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el!
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.

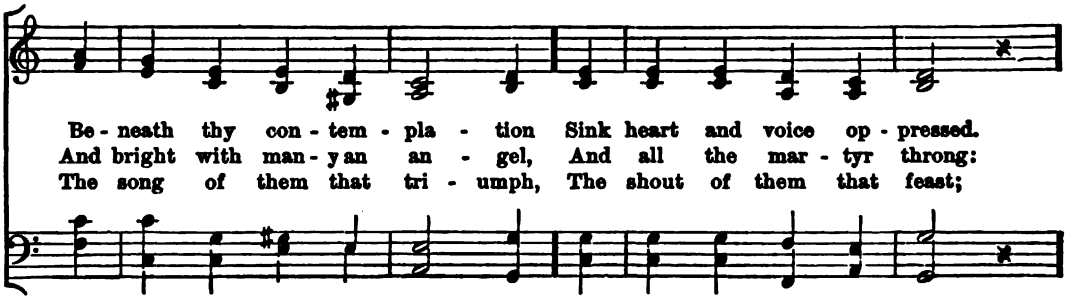
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!

Jerusalem the Golden

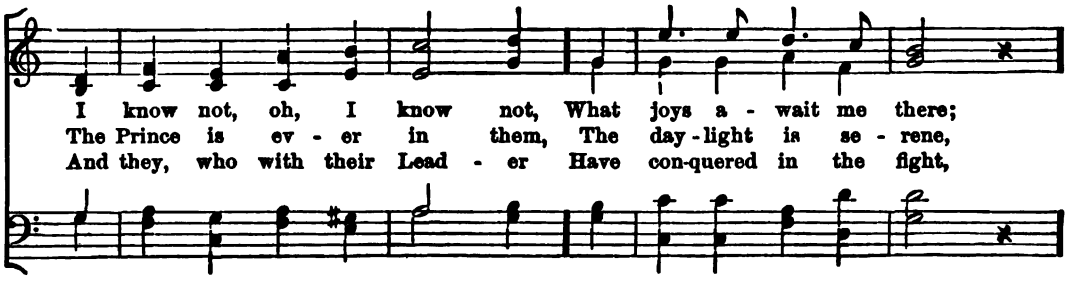
ALEXANDER EWING.



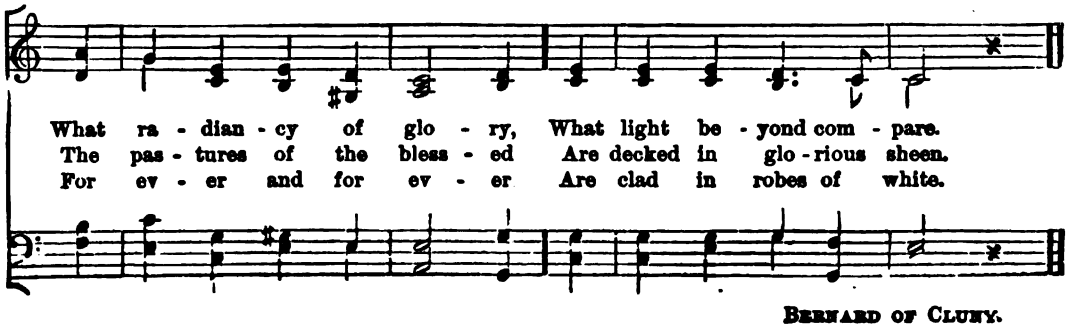
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest;
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed.
And bright with man - y an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng:
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;



I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait me there;
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene,
And they, who with their Lead - er Have con-quered in the fight,



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

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